

THE
WORKS
OF
WILLIAM COWPER.

COMPRISING
HIS POEMS,
CORRESPONDENCE, AND TRANSLATIONS.

WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR
BY THE EDITOR,
ROBERT SOUTHEY, •LL.D
POET LAUREATE, ETC

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY FINE ENGRAVINGS.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL VII.

LONDON:
H. G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN
MDCCCLIV.

THE

ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED BY

WILLIAM COWPER.

EDITED BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D.

POET LAUREATE, ETC

ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, AFTER DRAWINGS

BY W HARVEY

LONDON

HENRY G BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCLIV

PLATES IN THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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ADVERTISEMENT

IT is incumbent upon the present Editor to state the reasons which have induced him, between two editions of Cowper's Homer, differing so materially from each other that they might almost be deemed different versions, to prefer the first

Whoever has perused the Translator's letters must have perceived that he had considered with no ordinary care the scheme of his versification, and that when he resolved upon altering it in a second edition, it was in deference to the opinion of others

It seems to the Editor that Cowper's own judgement is entitled to more respect than that of any, or all his critics, and that the version which he composed when his faculties were most active and his spirits least subject to depression,—indeed in the happiest part of his life,—ought not to be superseded by a revisal, or rather reconstruction, which was undertaken three years before his death,—not like the first translation as “a pleasant work, an innocent luxury,” the cheerful and delightful occupation of hope and ardour and ambition,—but as “a hopeless employment,” a task which he gave in “all his miserable days, and often many hours of the night,” seeking to beguile the sense of utter wretchedness, by altering as if for the sake of alteration

The Editor has been confirmed in this opinion by the concurrence of every person with whom he has communicated on the subject. Among others he takes the liberty of mentioning Mr Cary, whose authority upon such a question is of

especial weight, the Translator of Dante being the only one of our countrymen who has ever executed a translation of equal magnitude and not less difficulty, with the same perfect fidelity and admirable skill

In support of this determination, the case of Tasso may be cited as curiously in point. The great Italian poet altered his Jerusalem, like Cowper, against his own judgement, in submission to his critics: he made the alteration in the latter years of his life, and in a diseased state of mind, and he proceeded upon the same prescribed rule of smoothing down his versification, and removing all the elisions. The consequence has been that the reconstructed poem is utterly neglected, and has rarely, if ever, been reprinted, except in the two great editions of his collected works, while the original poem has been and continues to be in such demand, that the most diligent bibliographer might vainly attempt to enumerate all the editions through which it has passed

ROBERT SOUTHBY

PREFACE.

WHETHER a translation of HOMER may be best executed in blank verse or in rhyme, is a question in the decision of which no man can find difficulty, who has ever duly considered what translation ought to be, or who is in any degree practically acquainted with those very different kinds of versification. I will venture to assert that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme, is impossible. No human ingenuity can be equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense of his original. The translator's ingenuity, indeed, in this case, becomes itself a snare, and the readier he is at invention and expedient, the more likely he is to be betrayed into the widest departures from the guide whom he professes to follow. Hence it has happened, that although the public have long been in possession of an English HOMER by a poet whose writings have done immortal honour to his country, the demand of a new one, and especially in blank verse, has been repeatedly and loudly made by some of the best judges and ablest writers of the present day.

I have no contest with my predecessor. None is supposeable between performers on different instruments. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties in his version of HOMER that it was possible to surmount in rhyme. But he was fettered, and his fetters were his choice. Accustomed always to rhyme, he had formed to himself an ear which probably could not be much gratified by verse that wanted it, and determined to encounter even impossibilities, rather than abandon a mode of writing in which he had excelled everybody, for the sake of another to which, unexercised in it as he was, he must have felt strong objections.

I number myself among the warmest admirers of Mr. Pope as an original writer, and I allow him all the merit he can

justly claim as the translator of this chief of poets. He has given us the *Tale of Troy divine* in smooth verse, generally in correct and elegant language, and in diction often highly poetical. But his deviations are so many, occasioned chiefly by the cause already mentioned, that, much as he has done, and valuable as his work is on some accounts, it was yet in the humble province of a translator that I thought it possible even for me to follow him with some advantage.

That he has sometimes altogether suppressed the sense of his author, and has not seldom intermingled his own ideas with it, is a remark which, on this occasion, nothing but necessity should have extorted from me. But we differ sometimes so widely in our matter, that unless this remark, invidious as it seems, be premised, I know not how to obviate a suspicion, on the one hand, of careless oversight, or of factitious embellishment on the other. On this head, therefore, the English reader is to be admonished, that the matter found in me, whether he like it or not, is found also in HOMER, and that the matter not found in me, how much soever he may admire it, is found only in Mr Pope. I have omitted nothing, I have invented nothing.

There is indisputably a wide difference between the case of an original writer in rhyme and a translator. In an original work the author is free, if the rhyme be of difficult attainment, and he cannot find it in one direction, he is at liberty to seek it in another. the matter that will not accommodate itself to his occasions he may discard, adopting such as will. But in a translation no such option is allowable, the sense of the author is required, and we do not surrender it willingly even to the plea of necessity. Fidelity is indeed of the very essence of translation, and the term itself implies it. For which reason, if we suppress the sense of our original, and force into its place our own, we may call our work an *imitation*, if we please, or perhaps a *paraphrase*, but it is no longer the same author only in a different dress, and therefore it is not translation. Should a painter, professing to draw the likeness of a beautiful woman, give her more or fewer features than belong to her, and a general cast of countenance of his own invention, he might be said to have produced a *jeu d'esprit*, a curiosity perhaps in its way, but by no means the lady in question.

It will however be necessary to speak a little more largely to this subject, on which discordant opinions prevail even among good judges

The free and the close translation have, each, their advocates But inconveniences belong to both The former can hardly be true to the original author's style and manner, and the latter is apt to be servile. The one loses his peculiarities, and the other his spirit Were it possible, therefore, to find an exact medium, a manner so close that it should let slip nothing of the text, nor mingle any thing extraneous with it, and at the same time so free as to have an air of originality, this seems precisely the mode in which an author might be best rendered I can assure my readers from my own experience, that to discover this very delicate line is difficult, and to proceed by it when found, through the whole length of a poet voluminous as HOMER, nearly impossible I can only pretend to have endeavoured it

It is an opinion commonly received, but, like many others, indebted for its prevalence to mere want of examination, that a translator should imagine to himself the style which his author would probably have used, had the language into which he is rendered been his own, a direction which wants nothing but practicability to recommend it For suppose six persons, equally qualified for the task, employed to translate the same Ancient into their own language, with this rule to guide them In the event it would be found that each had fallen on a manner different from that of all the rest, and by probable inference it would follow that none had fallen on the right On the whole, therefore, as has been said, the translation which partakes equally of fidelity and liberality, that is close, but not so close as to be servile, free, but not so free as to be licentious, promises fairest. and my ambition will be sufficiently gratified, if such of my readers as are able, and will take the pains to compare me in this respect with Homer, shall judge that I have in any measure attained a point so difficult

As to energy and harmony, two grand requisites in a translation of this most energetic and most harmonious of all poets, it is neither my purpose nor my wish, should I be found deficient in either, or in both, to shelter myself under an unfilial imputation of blame to my mother-tongue Our language is indeed less musical than the Greek, and there is no language

with which I am at all acquainted that is not. But it is musical enough for the purposes of melodious verse, and if it seem to fail, on whatsoever occasion, in energy, the blame is due, not to itself, but to the unskilful manager of it. For so long as Milton's works, whether his prose or his verse, shall exist, so long there will be abundant proof that no subject, however important, however sublime, can demand greater force of expression than is within the compass of the English language.

I have no fear of judges familiar with Homer in the original. They need not be told that a translation of him is an arduous enterprize, and as such, entitled to some favour. From these, therefore, I shall expect, and shall not be disappointed, considerable candour and allowance. Especially *they* will be candid, and I believe that there are many such, who have occasionally tried their own strength in this *bow of Ulysses*. They have not found it supple and pliable, and with me are perhaps ready to acknowledge that they could not always even approach with it the mark of their ambition. But I would willingly, were it possible, obviate uncandid criticism, because to answer it is lost labour, and to receive it in silence has the appearance of stately reserve, and self-importance.

To those, therefore, who shall be inclined to tell me hereafter that my diction is often plain and unelevated, I reply beforehand that I know it,—that it would be absurd were it otherwise, and that Homer himself stands in the same predicament. In fact, it is one of his numberless excellencies, and a point in which his judgement never fails him, that he is grand and lofty always in the right place, and knows infallibly how to rise and fall with his subject. *Big words on small matters* may serve as a pretty exact definition of the burlesque, an instance of which they will find in the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, but none in the *Iliad*.

By others I expect to be told that my numbers, though here and there tolerably smooth, are not always such, but have, now and then, an ugly hitch in their gait, ungraceful in itself, and inconvenient to the reader. To this charge also I plead guilty, but beg leave in alleviation of judgement to add, that my limping lines are not numerous, compared with those that limp not. The truth is, that not one of them all escaped me, but, such as they are, they were all made such with a wilful

intention In poems of great length there is no blemish more to be feared than sameness of numbers, and every art is useful by which it may be avoided A line, rough in itself, has yet its recommendations, it saves the ear the pain of an irksome monotony, and seems even to add greater smoothness to others Milton, whose ear and taste were exquisite, has exemplified in his *Paradise Lost* the effect of this practice frequently

Having mentioned Milton, I cannot but add an observation on the similitude of his manner to that of Homer. It is such, that no person familiar with both, can read either without being reminded of the other, and it is in those breaks and pauses, to which the numbers of the English poet are so much indebted both for their dignity and variety, that he chiefly copies the Grecian But these are graces to which rhyme is not competent, so broken, it loses all its music, of which any person may convince himself by reading a page only of any of our poets anterior to Denham, Waller, and Dryden A translator of Homer, therefore, seems directed by Homer himself to the use of blank verse, as to that alone in which he can be rendered with any tolerable representation of his manner in this particular A remark which I am naturally led to make by a desire to conciliate, if possible, some, who, rather unreasonably partial to rhyme, demand it on all occasions, and seem persuaded that poetry in our language is a vain attempt without it Verse, that claims to be verse in right of its metre only, they judge to be such rather by courtesy than by kind, on an apprehension that it costs the writer little trouble, that he has only to give his lines their prescribed number of syllables, and, so far as the mechanical part is concerned, all is well Were this true, they would have reason on their side, for the author is certainly best entitled to applause who succeeds against the greatest difficulty, and in verse that calls for the most artificial management in its construction But the case is not as they suppose To rhyme, in our language, demands no great exertion of ingenuity, but is always easy to a person exercised in the practice Witness the multitudes who rhyme, but have no other poetical pretensions. Let it be considered too, how merciful we are apt to be to unclassical and indifferent language for the sake of rhyme, and we shall soon see that the labour lies principally on the other side. Many ornaments of no easy purchase are required to atone for

the absence of this single recommendation. It is not sufficient that the lines of blank verse be smooth in themselves, they must also be harmonious in the combination. Whereas the chief concern of the rhymist is to beware that his couplets and his sense be commensurate, lest the regularity of his numbers should be (too frequently at least) interrupted. A trivial difficulty this, compared with those which attend the poet unaccompanied by his bells. He, in order that he may be musical, must exhibit all the variations, as he proceeds, of which ten syllables are susceptible, between the first syllable and the last there is no place at which he must not occasionally pause, and the place of the pause must be perpetually shifted. To effect this variety, his attention must be given, at one and the same time, to the pauses he has already made in the period before him, as well as to that which he is about to make, and to those which shall succeed it. On no lighter terms than these is it possible that blank verse can be written which will not, in the course of a long work, fatigue the ear past all endurance. If it be easier, therefore, to throw five balls into the air and to catch them in succession, than to sport in that manner with one only, then may blank verse be more easily fabricated than rhyme. And if to these labours we add others equally requisite, a style in general more elaborate than rhyme requires, farther removed from the vernacular idiom both in the language itself and in the arrangement of it, we shall not long doubt which of these two very different species of verse threatens the composer with most expense of study and contrivance. I feel it unpleasant to appeal to my own experience, but, having no other voucher at hand, am constrained to it. As I affirm, so I have found. I have dealt pretty largely in both kinds, and have frequently written more verses in a day, with tags, than I could ever write without them. To what has been here said (which whether it have been said by others or not, I cannot tell, having never read any modern book on the subject) I shall only add, that to be poetical without rhyme, is an argument of a sound and classical constitution in any language.

A word or two on the subject of the following translation, and I have done.

My chief boast is that I have adhered closely to my original, convinced that every departure from him would be punished

with the forfeiture of some grace or beauty for which I could substitute no equivalent. The epithets that would consent to an English form I have preserved as epithets, others that would not, I have melted into the context. There are none, I believe, which I have not translated in one way or other, though the reader will not find them repeated so often as most of them are in HOMER, for a reason that need not be mentioned.

Few persons of any consideration are introduced either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* by their own name only, but their patronymic is given also. To this ceremonial I have generally attended, because it is a circumstance of my author's manner.

HOMER never allots less than a whole line to the introduction of a speaker. No, not even when the speech itself is no longer than the line that leads it. A practice to which, since he never departs from it, he must have been determined by some cogent reason. He probably deemed it a formality necessary to the majesty of his narration. In this article, therefore, I have scrupulously adhered to my pattern, considering these introductory lines as heralds in a procession, important persons, because employed to usher in persons more important than themselves.

It has been my point everywhere to be as little verbose as possible, though at the same time, my constant determination not to sacrifice my author's full meaning to an affected brevity.

In the affair of style, I have endeavoured neither to creep nor to bluster, for no author is so likely to betray his translator into both these faults, as HOMER, though himself never guilty of either. I have cautiously avoided all terms of new invention, with an abundance of which, persons of more ingenuity than judgement have not enriched our language, but incumbered it. I have also everywhere used an unabbreviated fullness of phrase as most suited to the nature of the work, and above all, have studied perspicuity, not only because verse is good for little that wants it, but because HOMER is the most perspicuous of all poets.

In all difficult places I have consulted the best commentators, and where they have differed, or have given, as is often the case, a variety of solutions, I have ever exercised my best judgement, and selected that which appears, at least to myself, the most probable interpretation. On this ground, and on

account of the fidelity which I have already boasted, I may venture, I believe, to recommend my work as promising some usefulness to young students of the original

The passages which will be least noticed, and possibly not at all, except by those who shall wish to find me at a fault, are those which have cost me abundantly the most labour. It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and to prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. Difficult also, without sinking below the level of poetry, to harness mules to a waggon, particularizing every article of their furniture, straps, rings, staples, and even the tying of the knots that kept all together. HOMER, who writes always to the eye, with all his sublimity and grandeur, has the minuteness of a Flemish painter

But in what degree I have succeeded in my version either of these passages, and such as these, or of others more buoyant and above-ground, and especially of the most sublime, is now submitted to the decision of the reader, to whom I am ready enough to confess that I have not at all consulted their approbation, who account nothing grand that is not turgid, or elegant that is not bedizened with metaphor

I purposely decline all declamation on the merits of HOMER, because a translator's praises of his author are liable to a suspicion of dotage, and because it were impossible to improve on those which this author has received already. He has been the wonder of all countries that his works have ever reached, even deified by the greatest names of antiquity, and in some places actually worshipped. And to say truth, were it possible that mere man could entitle himself by preeminence of any kind to divine honours, Homer's astonishing powers seem to have given him the best pretensions

I cannot conclude without due acknowledgements to the best critic in HOMER I have ever met with, the learned and ingenious Mr FUSELI. Unknown as he was to me when I entered on this arduous undertaking, (indeed to this moment I have never seen him) he yet voluntarily and generously offered himself as my reviser. To his classical taste and just discernment I have been indebted for the discovery of many blemishes in my own work, and of beauties, which would otherwise have escaped me in the original. But his necessary avocations would not suffer him to accompany me farther than

to the latter books of the *Iliad*, a circumstance which I fear my readers, as well as myself, will regret with too much reason¹.

I have obligations likewise to many friends, whose names, were it proper to mention them here, would do me great honour. They have encouraged me by their approbation, have assisted me with valuable books, and have eased me of almost the whole labour of transcribing.

And now I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the study, in the garden, and in the field, and no measure of success, let my labours succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed, as a Translator of HOMER.

¹ Some of the few notes subjoined to my translation of the *Odyssey* are by Mr FUSELI, who had a short opportunity to peruse the MS. while the *Iliad* was printing. They are marked with his initial

PREFACE

PREPARED BY MR COWPER,

FOR A

SECOND EDITION

SOON after my publication of this work, I began to prepare it for a second edition, by an accurate revisal of the first. It seemed to me, that here and there, perhaps, a slight alteration might satisfy the demands of some, whom I was desirous to please, and I comforted myself with the reflection, that if I still failed to conciliate all, I should yet have no cause to account myself in a singular degree unfortunate. To please an unqualified judge, an author must sacrifice too much, and the attempt to please an uncandid one were altogether hopeless. In one or other of these classes may be ranged all such objectors, as would deprive blank verse of one of its principal advantages, the variety of its pauses, together with all such as deny the good effect, on the whole, of a line, now and then, less harmonious than its fellows.

With respect to the pauses, it has been affirmed with an unaccountable rashness, that Homer himself has given me an example of verse without them. Had this been true, it would by no means have concluded against the use of them in an English version of Homer, because, in one language, and in one species of metre, that may be musical, which in another would be found disgusting. But the assertion is totally unfounded. The pauses in Homer's verse are so frequent and various, that to name another poet, if pauses are a fault, more faulty than He, were, perhaps, impossible. It may even be questioned, if a single passage of ten lines flowing with uninterrupted smoothness could be singled out from all the thousands that he has left us. He frequently pauses at the first word of the line, when it consists of three or more syllables, not seldom when of two, and sometimes even when of one only. In this practice he was followed, as was observed in my Preface to the first Edition, by the Author of the *Paradise*

Lost An example inimitable indeed, but which no writer of English heroic verse without rhyme can neglect with impunity.

Similar to this is the objection which proscribes absolutely the occasional use of a line irregularly constructed. When Horace censured Lucilius for his lines *incomposito pede currentes*, he did not mean to say, that he was chargeable with such in some instances, or even in many, for then the censure would have been equally applicable to himself, but he designed by that expression to characterize all his writings. The censure therefore was just, Lucilius wrote at a time when the Roman verse had not yet received its polish, and instead of introducing artfully his rugged lines, and to serve a particular purpose, had probably seldom, and never but by accident, composed a smooth one. Such has been the versification of the earliest poets in every country. Children lisp, at first, and stammer, but, in time, their speech becomes fluent, and, if they are well taught, harmonious.

Homer himself is not invariably regular in the construction of his verse. Had he been so, Eustathius, an excellent critic and warm admirer of Homer, had never affirmed, that some of his lines want a head, some a tail, and others a middle. Some begin with a word that is neither Dactyl nor Spondee, some conclude with a Dactyl, and in the intermediate part he sometimes deviates equally from the established custom. I confess that instances of this sort are rare, but they are surely, though few, sufficient to warrant a sparing use of similar license in the present day.

Unwilling, however, to seem obstinate, in both these particulars, I conformed myself in some measure to these objections, though unconvinced myself of their propriety. Several of the rudest and most unshapely lines I composed anew, and several of the pauses least in use I displaced for the sake of an easier enunciation.—And this was the state of the work after the revisal given it about seven years since.

Between that revisal and the present a considerable time intervened, and the effect of long discontinuance was, that I became more dissatisfied with it myself, than the most difficult to be pleased of all my judges. Not for the sake of a few uneven lines or unwonted pauses, but for reasons far more substantial. The diction seemed to me in many passages either not sufficiently elevated, or deficient in the grace of ease,

and in others I found the sense of the original either not adequately expressed or misapprehended. Many elisions still remained unsoftened, the compound epithets I found not always happily combined, and the same sometimes too frequently repeated.

There is no end of passages in Homer, which must creep unless they are lifted, yet in such, all embellishment is out of the question. The hero puts on his clothes, or refreshes himself with food and wine, or he yokes his steed, takes a journey, and in the evening preparation is made for his repose. To give relief to subjects prosaic as these without seeming unseasonably tumid is extremely difficult. Mr Pope much abridges some of them, and others he omits, but neither of these liberties was compatible with the nature of my undertaking. These, therefore, and many similar to these, have been new-modelled, somewhat to their advantage I hope, but not even now entirely to my satisfaction. The lines have a more natural movement, the pauses are fewer and less stately, the expression as easy as I could make it without meanness, and these were all the improvements that I could give them.

The elisions, I believe, are all cured, with only one exception. An alternative proposes itself to a modern versifier, from which there is no escape, which occurs perpetually, and which, choose as he may, presents him always with an evil. I mean in the instance of the particle (*the*). When this particle precedes a vowel, shall he melt it into the substantive, or leave the *hiatus* open? Both practices are offensive to a delicate ear. The particle absorbed occasions harshness, and the open vowel a vacuity equally inconvenient. Sometimes, therefore, to leave it open, and sometimes to ingraft it into its adjunct seems most advisable, this course Mr Pope has taken, whose authority recommended it to me, though of the two evils I have most frequently chosen the elision as the least.

Compound epithets have obtained so long in the poetical language of our country, that I employed them without fear or scruple. To have abstained from them in a blank verse translation of Homer, who abounds with them, and from whom our poets probably first adopted them, would have been strange indeed. But though the genius of our language favours the formation of such words almost as much as that of the Greek, it happens sometimes, that a Grecian compound either cannot

be rendered in English at all, or, at best, but awkwardly. For this reason, and because I found that some readers much disliked them, I have expunged many, retaining, according to my best judgement, the most eligible only, and making less frequent the repetitions even of these

I know not that I can add anything material on the subject of this last revisal, unless it be proper to give the reason why the *Iliad*, though greatly altered, has undergone much fewer alterations than the *Odyssey*. The true reason I believe is this. The *Iliad* demanded my utmost possible exertions, it seemed to meet me like an ascent almost perpendicular, which could not be surmounted at less cost than of all the labour that I could bestow on it. The *Odyssey* on the contrary seemed to resemble an open and level country, through which I might travel at my ease. The latter therefore, betrayed me into some negligence, which, though little conscious of it at the time, on an accurate search, I found had left many disagreeable effects behind it

I now leave the work to its fate. Another may labour hereafter in an attempt of the same kind with more success, but more industriously, I believe, none ever will

P R E F A C E

BY

J JOHNSON, LL B

CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

I HAVE no other pretensions to the honourable name of Editor on this occasion, than as a faithful transcriber of the Manuscript, and a diligent corrector of the Press, which are, doubtless, two of the very humblest employments in that most extensive province. I have wanted the ability to attempt any thing higher, and, fortunately for the Reader, I have also wanted the presumption. What, however, I can do, I will. Instead of critical remark, I will furnish him with anecdote. He shall trace from beginning to end the progress of the following Work, and in proportion as I have the happiness to engage his attention, I shall merit the name of a fortunate Editor.

It was in the darkest season of a most calamitous depression of his spirits, that I was summoned to the house of my inestimable friend the Translator, in the month of January 1794. He had happily completed a revisal of his Homer, and was thinking of the Preface to his new Edition, when all his satisfaction in the one, and whatever he had projected for the other, in a moment vanished from his mind. He had fallen into a deplorable illness, and though the foremost wish of my heart was to lessen the intenseness of his misery, I was utterly unable to afford him any aid.

I had however a pleasing though a melancholy opportunity of tracing his recent footsteps in the Field of Troy, and in the Palace of Ithaca. He had materially altered both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and, so far as my ability allowed me to judge, they were each of them greatly improved. He had, also at the request of his bookseller, interspersed the two Poems with copious Notes, for the most part translations of the ancient Scholia, and gleaned, at the cost of many valuable hours, from the pages of Barnes, Clarke, and Villoisson. It has been a constant subject of regret to the admirers of "The Task,"

that the exercise of such marvellous, original powers, should have been so long suspended by the drudgery of Translation ; and, in this view, their quarrel with the illustrious Greek will be, doubtless, extended to his Commentators¹.

During two long years from this most anxious period, the Translation continued as it was, and though, in the hope of its being able to divert his melancholy, I had attempted more than once to introduce it to its Author, I was every time painfully obliged to desist. But in the summer of ninety-six, when he had resided with me in Norfolk twelve miserable months, the introduction, long wished for, took place. To my inexpressible astonishment and joy, I surprised him, one morning, with the *Iliad* in his hand, and with an excess of delight, which I am still more unable to describe, I the next day discovered that he had been writing — Were I to mention one of the happiest moments of my life, it might be that which introduced me to the following lines —

Mistaken meanings corrected,
admonente G. Wakefield.

B xxiii

L 429

that the nave

Of thy neat wheel seem e'en to grind upon it

L 865

As when (the North wind freshening) near the bank

Up springs a fish in air, then falls again

And disappears beneath the sable flood,

So at the stroke, he bounded

L 1018

Thenceforth Tydides o'er his ample shield

Aim'd and still aim'd to pierce him in the neck

Or better thus—

Tydides, in return, with spear high-poised

O'er the broad shield, aim'd ever at his neck

¹ Very few signatures had at this time been affixed to the Notes ; but I afterward compared them with the Greek, note by note, and endeavoured to supply the defect, more especially in the last three Volumes, where the Reader will be pleased to observe that all the notes without signatures are Mr Cowper's, and that those marked B. C. V. are respectively found in the Editions of Homer by Barnes, Clarke, and Villoison. But the employment was so little to the taste and inclination of the Poet, that he never afterward revised them, or added to their number more than these which follow — In the *Odyssey*, Vol. I. Book xi, the note 32 — Vol. II. Book xv, the note 13 — The note 10, Book xvi, of that volume, and the note 14, Book xix. of the same.

Or best of all—

Then Tydeus' son, with spear high-poised above
The ample shield, stood aiming at his neck

He had written these lines with a pencil, on a leaf at the end of his *Iliad*, and when I reflected on the cause which had given them birth, I could not but admire its disproportion to the effect. What the voice of persuasion had failed in for a year, accident had silently accomplished in a single day. The circumstance I allude to was this. I received a copy of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Pope, then recently published by the Editor above-mentioned, with illustrative and critical notes of his own. As it commended Mr. Cowper's Translation in the Preface, and occasionally pointed out its merits in the Notes, I was careful to place it in his way, though it was more from a habit of experiment which I had contracted, than from well-grounded hopes of success. But what a fortunate circumstance was the arrival of this work! and by what name worthy of its influence shall I call it? In the mouth of an indifferent person it might be chance, but in mine, whom it rendered so peculiarly happy, common gratitude requires that it should be Providence.

As I watched him with an indescribable interest in his progress, I had the satisfaction to find, that, after a few mornings given to promiscuous correction, and to frequent perusal of the above-mentioned Notes, he was evidently settling on the sixteenth Book. This he went regularly through, and the fruits of an application so happily resumed were, one day with another, about sixty new lines. But with the end of the sixteenth Book he had closed the corrections of the year. An excursion to the Coast, which immediately followed, though it promised an accession of strength to the body, could not fail to interfere with the pursuits of the mind. It was therefore with much less surprise than regret, that I saw him relinquish the "*Tale of Troy Divine*."

Such was the prelude to the Last Revisal, which, in the month of January, ninety-seven, Mr. Cowper was persuaded to undertake, and to a faithful copy, as I trust, of which, I have at this time the honour to conduct the Reader. But it may not be amiss to observe, that with regard to the earlier Books of the *Iliad*, it was less a revisal of the altered text, than of the text as it stands in the first Edition. For though the inter-

leaved copy was always at hand, and in the multitude of its altered places could hardly fail to offer some things worthy to be preserved, but which the ravages of illness and the lapse of time might have utterly effaced from his mind, I could not often persuade the Translator to consult it. I was therefore induced, in the course of transcribing, to compare the two Revisals as I went along, and to plead for the continuance of the first correction, when it forcibly struck me as better than the last. This, however, but seldom occurred, and the practice, at length, was completely left off, by his consenting to receive into the number of the Books which were daily laid open before him, the interleaved Copy to which I allude.

At the end of the first six Books of the *Iliad*, the arrival of Spring brought the usual interruptions of exercise and air, which increased as the Summer advanced to a degree so unfavourable to the progress of Homer, that in the requisite attention to their salutary claims, the Revisal was, at one time, altogether at a stand. Only four Books were added in the course of nine months, but opportunity returning as the Winter set in, there were added, in less than seven weeks, four more and thus ended the year ninety-seven.

As the Spring that succeeded was a happier Spring, so it led to a happier Summer. We had no longer air and exercise alone, but exercise and Homer hand in hand. He even followed us thrice to the Sea, and whether our walks were

“on the margin of the land,
O’er the green summit of the” cliffs, “whose base
Beats back the roaring surge,”

“or on the shore
Of the untillable and barren Deep,”

they were always within hearing of his magic Song. About the middle of this busy summer, the revisal of the *Iliad* was brought to a close, and on the very next day, the 24th of July, the correction of the *Odyssey* commenced,—a morning rendered memorable by a kind and unexpected visit from the Patroness of that Work, the Dowager Lady Spencer!

It is not my intention to detain the Reader with a progressive account of the *Odyssey* revised, as circumstantial as that of the *Iliad*, because it went on smoothly from beginning to end, and was finished in less than eight months.

I cannot deliver these Volumes to the Public without feeling

emotions of gratitude towards Heaven, in recollecting how often this corrected Work has appeared to me an instrument of divine mercy, to mitigate the sufferings of my excellent Relation. Its progress in our private hours was singularly medicinal to his mind: may its presentment to the Public prove not less conducive to the honour of the departed Author, who has every claim to my veneration! As a copious Life of the Poet is already in the Press, from the pen of his intimate friend Mr. Hayley, it is unnecessary for me to enter on such extensive commendation of his character, as my own intimacy with him might suggest, but I hope the reader will kindly allow me the privilege of indulging, in some degree, the feelings of my heart, by applying to Him, in the close of this Preface, an expressive verse (borrowed from Homer) which He inscribed Himself, with some little variation, on a Bust of his Grecian Favourite.

**Ὡς τε πατήρ ὦ παιδὶ, καὶ ἔποτε λήσομαι αὐτῷ*

Loved as his Son, in him I early found
A Father, such as I will ne'er forget

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THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK I

ARGUMENT.

The book opens with an account of a pestilence that prevailed in the Grecian camp, and the cause of it is assigned. A council is called, in which fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter solemnly renounces the field. Agamemnon by his heralds demands Briseis, and Achilles resigns her. He makes his complaint to Thetis, who undertakes to plead his cause with Jupiter. She pleads it, and prevails. The book concludes with an account of what passed in Heaven on that occasion.

The English reader will be pleased to observe, that by Achæans, Argives, Danaï, are signified Grecians. Homer himself having found these various appellatives both graceful and convenient, it seemed unreasonable that a Translator of him should be denied the same advantage.

ACHILLES sing, O Goddess ! Peleus' son ;
His wrath pernicious, who ten thousand woes
Caused to Achæa's host, sent many a soul
Illustrious into Hades premature,
And Heroes gave (so stood the will of Jove) 5
To dogs and to all ravening fowls a prey,
When fierce dispute had separated once
The noble Chief Achilles from the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, King of men
Who them to strife impell'd ? What power divine ? 10
Latona's son and Jove's For He, incensed
Against the King, a foul contagion raised
In all the host, and multitudes destroy'd,
For that the son of Atreus had his priest
Dishonoured, Chryses To the fleet he came 15
Bearing rich ransom glorious to redeem

His daughter, and his hands charged with the wreath
And golden sceptre of the God shaft-arm'd.

His supplication was at large to all
The host of Greece, but most of all to two, 20
The sons of Atreus, highest in command

Ye gallant Chiefs, and ye their gallant host,
(So may the Gods who in Olympus dwell
Give Priam's treasures to you for a spoil
And ye return in safety,) take my gifts 25
And loose my child, in honour of the son
Of Jove, Apollo, archer of the skies

At once the voice of all was to respect
The priest, and to accept the bounteous price,
But so it pleased not Atreus' mighty son, 30
Who with rude threatenings stein him thence dismiss'd

Beware, old man ! that at these hollow barks
I find thee not now lingering, or henceforth
Returning, lest the garland of thy God
And his bright sceptre should avail thee nought. 35

I will not loose thy daughter, till old age
Steal on her. From her native country far,
In Argos, in my palace, she shall ply
The loom, and shall be partner of my bed
Move me no more Begone, hence while thou may'st. 40

He spake, the old priest trembled and obey'd.
Forlorn he roamed the ocean's sounding shore,
And, solitary, with much prayer his King
Bright-hair'd Latona's son, Phœbus, implored

God of the silver bow, who with thy power 45
Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
In Tenedos and Cilla the divine,

Sminthian¹ Apollo ! If I e'er adorned
Thy beauteous fame, or on thy altar burn'd
The fat acceptable of bulls or goats, 50
Grant my petition With thy shafts avenge
On the Achaian host thy servant's tears

Such prayer he made, and it was heard. The God,
Down from Olympus with his radiant bow
And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung, 55

¹ So called on account of his having saved the people of Troas from a plague of mice, sminthos in their language meaning a mouse

Marched in his anger, shaken as he moved
 His rattling arrows told of his approach
 Gloomy he came as night, sat from the ships
 Apart, and sent an arrow Clang'd the cord
²Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow. 60
 Mules first and dogs he struck, but at themselves
 Dispatching soon his bitter arrows keen,
 Smote them Death-piles on all sides always blazed
 Nine days throughout the camp his arrows flew,
 The tenth, Achilles from all parts convened 65
 The host in council Juno the white-armed,
 Moved at the sight of Grecians all around
 Dying, imparted to his mind the thought
 The full assembly, therefore, now convened,
 Uprose Achilles ardent, and began. 70

Atrides ! Now, it seems, no course remains
 For us, but that the seas roaming again,
 We hence return, at least if we survive;
 But haste, consult we quick some prophet here
 Or priest, or even interpreter of dreams, 75
 (For dreams are also of Jove,) that we may learn
 By what crime we have thus incensed Apollo,
 What broken vow, what hecatomb unpaid
 He charges on us, and if soothed with steam
 Of lambs or goats unblemish'd, he may yet 80
 Be won to spare us, and avert the plague

He spake and sat, when Thestor's son arose
 Calchas, an augur foremost in his ait,
 Who all things, present, past, and future knew,
 And whom his skill in prophecy, a gift 85
 Confer'd by Phœbus on him, had advanced
 To be conductor of the fleet to Troy,
 He, prudent, them admonishing, replied
 Jove-loved Achilles ! Would'st thou learn from me
 What cause hath moved Apollo to this wrath, 90
 The shaft-arm'd King ? I shall divulge the cause.
 But thou, swear first and covenant on thy part

² For this singular line the Translator begs to apologize, by pleading the strong desire he felt to produce an English line, if possible, somewhat resembling in its effect the famous original one

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γενετ' ἀργυρεῖοιο βιβῖο

That speaking, acting, thou wilt stand prepared
 To give me succour, for I judge amiss,
 Or he who rules the Aigives, the supreme 95
 O'er all Achaia's host, will be incensed.
 Woe to the man who shall provoke the King!
 For if, to-day, he smother close his wrath,
 He harbours still the vengeance and in time
 Performs it Answer, therefore, wilt thou save me? 100
 To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift
 What thou hast learn'd in secret from the God,
 That speak, and boldly By the son of Jove,
 Apollo, whom thou, Calchas, seek'st in prayer
 Made for the Danaï, and who thy soul 105
 Fills with futurity, in all the host
 The Grecian lives not, who while I shall breathe,
 And see the light of day, shall in this camp
 Oppress thee, no, not even if thou name
 Him, Agamemnon, sovereign o'er us all. 110
 Then was the seer embolden'd, and he spake.
 Nor vow nor hecatomb unpaid on us
 He charges, but the wrong done to his priest
 Whom Agamemnon slighted when he sought
 His daughter's freedom, and his gifts refused 115
 He is the cause Apollo for his sake
 Afflicts and will afflict us, neither end
 Nor intermission of his heavy scourge
 Granting, 'till unredeem'd, no price required,
 The black-eyed maid be to her father sent, 120
 And a whole hecatomb in Chrysa bleed
 Then, not before, the God may be appeased
 He spake and sat, when Atreus' son arose,
 The Hero Agamemnon, throned supreme
 Tempests of black resentment overcharged 125
 His heart, and indignation fired his eyes
 On Calchas luring, him he first address'd
 Prophet of mischief! from whose tongue no note
 Of grateful sound to me, was ever heard;
 Ill tidings are thy joy, and tidings glad 130
 Thou tell'st not, or thy words come not to pass.
 And now among the Danaï thy dreams
 Divulging, thou pretend'st the Archer-God

For his priest's sake, our enemy, because
I scorn'd his offer'd ransom of the maid 135
Chryseis, more desirous far to bear
Her to my home, for that she charms me more
Than Clytemnestra, my own first espoused,
With whom, in disposition, feature, form,
Accomplishments, she may be well compared. 140
Yet, being such, I will return her hence
If that she go be best. Perish myself,—
But let the people of my charge be saved !
Prepaie ye, therefore, a reward for me,
And seek it instant It were much unmeet 145
That I alone of all the Argive host
Should want due recompense, whose former prize
Is elsewhere destined, as ye all perceive
To whom Achilles, matchless in the race
Atides, glorious above all in rank, 150
And as intent on gain as thou art great,
Whence shall the Grecians give a prize to thee ?
The general stock is poor, the spoil of towns
Which we have taken, hath already passed
In distribution, and it were unjust 155
To gather it from all the Greeks again
But send thou back this Virgin to her God,
And when Jove's favour shall have given us Troy,
A threefold, fourfold share shall then be thine.
To whom the Sovereign of the host replied 160
God-like Achilles, valiant as thou art,
Would'st thou be subtle too ? But me no fraud
Shall overreach, or art persuade, of thine
Would'st thou, that thou be recompensed, and I
Sit meekly down defrauded of my due ? 165
And did'st thou bid me yield her ? Let the bold
Achaeans give me competent amends,
Such as may please me, and it shall be well
Else, if they give me none, I will command
Thy prize, the prize of Ajax, or the prize 170
It may be of Ulysses to my tent,
And let the loser chafe But this concern
Shall be adjusted at convenient time.
Come,—Launch we now into the sacred deep

A bark with lusty rowers well supplied , 175
 Then put on board Chryseis, and with her
 The sacrifice required Go also one
 High in authority, some counsellor,
 Idomeneus, or Ajax, or thyself,
 Thou most untractable of all mankind , 180
 And seek by rites of sacrifice and prayer
 To appease Apollo on our host's behalf.

Achilles eyed him with a frown, and spake.
 Ah ! clothed with impudence as with a cloak,
 And full of subtlety, who, thinkest thou— 185
 What Grecian here will serve thee, or for thee
 Wage covert war, or open ? Me thou know'st
 Troy never wronged , I came not to avenge
 Harm done to me , no Trojan ever drove
 My pastures, steeds or oxen took of mine, 190
 Or plunder'd of their fruits the golden fields
 Of Phthia the deep-soil'd She lies remote,
 And obstacles are numerous interposed,
 Vale-darkening mountains, and the dashing sea
 No, ³ Shameless Wolf ! For thy good pleasure sake 195
 We came, and, ⁴ Face of flint ! to avenge the wrongs
 By Menelaus and thyself sustain'd,
 On the offending Trojan—service kind,
 But lost on thee, regardless of it all.
 And now—What now ? Thy threatening is to seize 200
 Thyself, the just requital of my toils,
 My prize hard-earn'd, by common suffrage mine.
 I never gain, what Trojan town soe'er
 We ransack, half thy booty The swift march
 And furious onset,—these I largely reap, 205
 But, distribution made, thy lot exceeds
 Mine far , while I, with any pittance pleased,
 Bear to my ships the little that I win
 After long battle, and account it much.
 But I am gone, I and my sable barks 210
 (My wiser course) to Phthia, and I judge,
 Scorn'd as I am, that thou shalt hardly glean
 Without me, more than thou shalt soon consume.

He ceased, and Agamemnon thus replied.

³ Κυνῶπα.

⁴ μέγ' ἀναιδέος.

Fly, and fly now, if in thy soul thou feel
Such ardour of desire to go—begone!
I woo thee not to stay, stay not an hour
On my behalf, for I have others here
Who will respect me more, and above all
All-judging Jove There is not in the host
King or commander whom I hate as thee,
For all thy pleasure is in strife and blood,
And at all times, yet valour is no ground
Whereon to boast, it is the gift of Heaven.
Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine!
There rule thy Myrmidons I need not thee,
Nor heed thy wiath a jot But this I say,
Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize
Chryseis, and I shall return her home
In mine own bark, and with my proper crew,
So sure the fair Briseis shall be mine.
I shall demand her even at thy tent
So shalt thou well be taught, how high in power
I soar above thy pitch, and none shall dare
Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with me.
He ended, and the big disdainful heart
Throbb'd of Achilles, racking doubt ensued
And sore perplex'd him, whether forcing wide
A passage through them, with his blade unsheathed
To lay Atrides breathless at his foot,
Or to command his stormy spirit down.
So doubted he, and undecided yet
Stood drawing forth his faulchion huge, when lo!
Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike
Were dear, and who alike watched over both,
Pallas descended. At his back she stood
To none apparent, save himself alone,
And seized his golden locks. Startled, he turned,
And instant knew Minerva Flashed her eyes
Terrific, whom with accents on the wing
Of haste, incontinent he questioned thus
Daughter of Jove, why comest thou? that thyself
May'st witness these affronts which I endure
From Agamemnon? Surely as I speak,
This moment, for his arrogance, he dies.

To whom the blue-eyed Deity. From heaven
 Mine errand is, to soothe, if thou wilt hear,
 Thine anger. Juno the white-arm'd, alike
 To him and thee propitious, bade me down :
 Restrain thy wrath Draw not thy faulchion forth 260
 Retort, and sharply, and let that suffice
 For I foretell thee true Thou shalt receive,
 Some future day, thine told, thy present loss
 For this day's wrong. Cease, therefore, and be still
 To whom Achilles Goddess, although much 265
 Exasperate, I dare not disregard
 Thy word, which to obey is always best.
 Who hears the Gods, the Gods hear also him.
 He said, and on his silver hilt the force
 Of his broad hand impressing, sent the blade 270
 Home to its rest, nor would the counsel scorn
 Of Pallas She to heaven well-pleased return'd,
 And in the mansion of Jove Ægis⁵-armed
 Arriving, mingled with her kindred Gods
 But though from violence, yet not from words 275
 Abstained Achilles, but with bitter taunt
 Opprobrious, his antagonist reproached
 Oh charged with wine, in steadfastness of face
 Dog unabashed, and yet at heart a deer !
 Thou never, when the troops have taken arms, 280
 Hast dared to take thine also, never thou
 Associate with Achaia's Chiefs, to form
 The secret ambush No The sound of war
 Is as the voice of destiny to thee.
 Doubtless the course is safer far, to range 285
 Our numerous host, and if a man have dared
 Dispute thy will, to rob him of his prize
 King ! over whom ? Women and spiritless—
 Whom therefore thou devourest, else themselves
 Would stop that mouth that it should scoff no more. 290
 But hearken I shall swear a solemn oath
 By this same sceptre, which shall never bud,
 Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left
 Its stock on the high mountains, at what time

⁵ The shield of Jupiter, made by Vulcan, and so called from its covering, which was the skin of the goat that suckled him.

The woodman's axe lopped off its foliage green, 295
 And stript its bark, shall never grow again,
 Which now the judges of Achaia bear,
 Who under Jove, stand guardians of the laws,
 By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath)
 Time shall be, when Achilles shall be missed, 300
 When all shall want him, and thyself the power
 To help the Achaians, whatsoe'er thy will;
 When Hector at your heels shall mow you down;
 The Hero-slaughtering Hector! Then thy soul,
 Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse, 305
 That thou hast scorn'd, as he were nothing worth,
 A Chief, the soul and bulwark of your cause
 So saying, he cast his sceptre on the ground
 Studded with gold, and sat On the other side
 The son of Atreus all impassion'd stood, 310
 When the harmonious orator arose
 Nestor, the Pylian oracle, whose lips
 Dropped eloquence—the honey not so sweet.
 Two generations past of mortals born
 In Pylus, coetaneous with himself, 315
 He govern'd now the third—amid them all
 He stood, and thus, benevolent, began
 Ah! what calamity hath fall'n on Greece!
 Now Priam and his sons may well exult,
 Now all in Ilium shall have joy of heart 320
 Abundant, hearing of this broil, the prime
 Of Greece between, in council and in arms
 But be persuaded, ye are younger both
 Than I, and I was conversant of old
 With Princes your superiors, yet from them 325
 No disrespect at any time received.
 Their equals saw I never; never shall,
 Exadius, Cœneus, and the God-like son
 Of Ægeus, mighty Theseus, men renown'd
 For force superior to the race of man 330
 Brave Chiefs they were, and with brave foes they fought,
 With the rude dwellers on the mountain-heights
 The Centaurs, whom with havoc such as fame
 Shall never cease to celebrate, they slew
 With these men I consorted erst, what time 335

From Pylus, though a land from theus remote,
 They called me forth, and such as was my strength,
 With all that strength I served them Who is he ?
 What Prince or Chief of the degenerate race
 Now seen on earth who might with these compare ? 340
 Yet even these would listen and conform
 To my advice in consultation given,
 Which hear ye also , for compliance proves
 Oft times the safer and the manlier course
 Thou, Agamemnon ! valiant as thou art, 345
 Seize not the maid, his portion from the Greeks,
 But leave her his , nor thou, Achilles, strive
 With our imperial Chief , for never King
 Had equal honour at the hands of Jove
 With Agamemnon, or was throned so high 350
 Say thou art stronger, and art Goddess-born,
 How then ? His territory passes thine,
 And he is Lord of thousands more than thou
 Cease, therefore, Agamemnon , calm thy wrath ;
 And it shall be mine office to entreat 355
 Achilles also to a calm, whose might
 The chief munition is of all our host.

To whom the sovereign of the Greeks replied,
 The son of Atreus Thou hast spoken well,
 Old Chief, and wisely But this wrangle here— 360
 Nought will suffice him but the highest place ,
 He must controul us all, reign over all,
 Dictate to all ; but he shall find at least
 One here, disposed to question his commands
 If the eternal Gods have made him brave, 365
 Derives he thence a privilege to rail ?

Whom thus Achilles interrupted fierce
 Could I be found so abject as to take
 The measure of my doings at thy lips,
 Well might they call me coward through the camp, 370
 A vassal, and a fellow of no worth.
 Give law to others. Think not to controul
 Me, subject to thy proud commands no more.
 Hear yet again ! And weigh what thou shalt hear.
 I will not strive with thee in such a cause, 375
 Nor yet with any man , I scorn to fight

For her, who having given, ye take away
But I have other precious things on board,
Of those take none away without my leave.
Or if it please thee, put me to the proof 380
Before this whole assembly, and my spear
Shall stream that moment, purpled with thy blood

Thus they long time in opposition fierce
Maintain'd the war of words, and now, at length,
(The grand consult dissolved,) Achilles walked, 385
(Patroclus and the Myrmidons his steps
Attending) to his camp and to his fleet
But Agamemnon ordered forth a bark,
A swift one, manned with twice ten lusty rowers,
He sent on board the Hecatomb he placed 390
Chryseis with the blooming cheeks, himself,
And to Ulysses gave the freight in charge
So all embarked, and plough'd their watery way.
Atreides, next, bade purify the host,
The host was purified as he enjoin'd, 395
And the ablution cast into the sea

Then to Apollo, on the shore they slew,
Of the untillable and barren deep,
Whole Hecatombs of bulls and goats, whose steam
Slowly in smoky volumes climbed the skies 400

Thus was the camp employed, nor ceased the while
The son of Atreus from his threats denounced
At first against Achilles, but command
Gave to Talthybius and Eurybates
His heralds, ever faithful to his will 405

Haste—Seek ye both the tent of Peleus' son
Achilles Thence lead hither by the hand
Blooming Briseis, whom if he withhold,
Not her alone, but other spoil myself
Will take in person—He shall rue the hour 410

With such harsh message charged he them dismissed.
They, sad and slow, beside the barren waste
Of Ocean, to the galleys and the tents
Moved of the Myrmidons Him there they found
Beneath the shadow of his bark reclined, 415
Nor glad at their approach Trembling they stood,
In presence of the royal Chief awe-struck,

Nor questioned him or spake He not the less
Knew well their embassy, and thus began,

Ye heralds, messengers of Gods and men 420

Hail, and draw near ! I bid you welcome both

I blame not you , the fault is his alone

Who sends you to conduct the damsel hence

Briseis Go Patroclus, generous friend !

Lead forth, and to their guidance give the maid 425

But be themselves my witnesses before

The blessed Gods, before mankind, before

The ruthless king, should want of me be felt

To save the host from havoc⁶—Oh, his thoughts

Are madness all , intelligence or skill 430

Forecast or retrospect, how best the camp

May be secured from inroad, none hath he

He ended, nor Patroclus disobey'd,

But leading beautiful Briseis forth

Into their guidance gave her , loth she went 435

From whom she loved, and looking oft behind.

Then wept Achilles, and apart from all,

With eyes directed to the gloomy Deep

And arms outstretch'd, his mother suppliant sought.

Since, mother, though ordain'd so soon to die, 440

I am thy son, I might with cause expect

Some honour at the Thunderer's hands, but none

To me he shows, whom Agamemnon, Chief

Of the Achaians, hath himself disgraced,

Seizing by violence my just reward 445

So prayed he weeping, whom his mother heard

Within the gulfs of Ocean where she sat

Beside her ancient sire. From the gray flood

Ascending sudden, like a mist, she came,

Sat down before him, stroked his face, and said. 450

Why weeps my son ? and what is thy distress ?

Hide not a sorrow that I wish to share

To whom Achilles, sighing deep, replied

Why tell thee woes to thee already known ?

At Thebes, Eetion's city we arrived, 455

Smote, sack'd it, and brought all the spoil away.

⁶ The original is here abrupt, and expresses the precipitancy of the speaker by a most beautiful aposiopesis

Just distribution made among the Greeks,
The son of Atreus for his lot received
Blooming Chryseis Her, Apollo's priest
Old Chryses followed to Achaea's camp, 460
That he might loose his daughter Ransom rich
He brought, and in his hands the hallow'd wreath
And golden sceptre of the Archer God
Apollo, bore, to the whole Grecian host,
But chiefly to the foremost in command 465
He sued, the sons of Atreus, then, the rest
All recommended reverence of the Seer,
And prompt acceptance of his costly gifts.
But Agamemnon might not so be pleased,
Who gave him rude dismissal, he in wrath 470
Returning, prayed, whose prayer Apollo heard,
For much he loved him A pestiferous shaft
He instant shot into the Grecian host,
And heap'd the people died His arrows swept
The whole wide camp of Greece, 'till at the last 475
A Seer, by Phœbus taught, explain'd the cause
I first advised propitiation Rage
Fired Agamemnon Rising, he denounced
Vengeance, and hath fulfilled it She, in truth,
Is gone to Chrysa, and with her we send 480
Propitiation also to the King
Shaft-arm'd Apollo But my beauteous prize
Briseis, mine by the award of all,
His Heralds, at this moment, lead away
But thou, wherein thou canst, aid thy own son ' 485
Haste hence to Heaven, and if thy word or deed
Hath ever gratified the heart of Jove,
With earnest suit press him on my behalf.
For I, not seldom, in my father's hall
Have heard thee boasting, how when once the Gods, 490
With Juno, Neptune, Pallas at their head,
Conspired to bind the Thunderer, thou did'st loose
His bands, O Goddess ' calling to his aid
The Hundred-handed warrior, by the Gods
Briareus, but by men Ægeon named 495
For he in prowess and in might surpassed
His father Neptune, who, enthroned sublime,

Furling, they stowed them in the bark below. 535
Then by its tackle lowering swift the mast
Into its crutch, they briskly push'd to land,
Heaved anchors out, and moor'd the vessel fast.
Forth came the mariners, and trod the beach ,
Forth came the victims of Apollo next, 540
And, last, Chryseis Her Ulysses led
Toward the altar, gave her to the arms
Of her own father, and him thus address'd.
O Chryses ! Agamemnon, King of men,
Hath sent thy daughter home, with whom we bring 545
An Hecatomb on all our host's behalf
To Phœbus, hoping to appease the God
By whose dread shafts the Argives now expire
So saying, he gave her to him, who with joy
Received his daughter Then, before the shrine 550
Magnificent in order due they ranged
The noble Hecatomb. Each lav'd his hands
And took the salted meal, and Chryses made
His fervent prayer with hands upraised on high.
God of the silver bow, who with thy power 555
Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
In Tenedos, and Cilla the divine !
Thou prov'dst propitious to my first request,
Hast honour'd me, and punished sore the Greeks ,
Hear yet thy servant's prayer, take from their host 560
At once the loathsome pestilence away !
So Chryses prayed, whom Phœbus heard well-pleased,
Then prayed the Grecians also, and with meal
Sprinkling the victims, their retracted necks
First pierced, then flay'd them , the disjointed thighs 565
They, next, invested with the double caul,
Which with crude slices thin they overspread
The priest burned incense, and libation poured
Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,
Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth 570
Trained to the task The thighs with fire consumed,
They gave to each his portion of the maw,
Then slashed the remnant, pierced it with the spits,
And managing with culinary skill
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again 575

Their whole task thus accomplish'd, and the board
 Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed
 When neither hunger more nor thirst remained
 Unsatisfied, boys crown'd the beakers high
 With wine delicious, and from right to left 580
 Distributing the cups, served every guest
 Thenceforth the youths of the Achaian race
 To song propitiatory gave the day,
 Pæans to Phœbus, Archer of the skies,
 Chaunting melodious. Pleased, Apollo heard 585
 But, when, the sun descending, darkness fell,
 They on the beach beside their hawsers slept,
 And, when the day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
 Aurora look'd abroad, then back they steer'd
 To the vast camp. Fair wind, and blowing fresh, 590
 Apollo sent them, quick they rear'd the mast,
 Then spread the unsullied canvass to the gale,
 And the wind filled it Roared the sable flood
 Around the bark, that ever as she went
 Dash'd wide the brine, that scudded swift away 595
 Thus reaching soon the spacious camp of Greece,
 Their galley they updrew sheer o'er the sands
 From the rude surge remote, then propp'd her sides
 With scantlings long, and sought their several tents
 But Peleus' noble son, the speed-renown'd 600
 Achilles, he, his well-built bark beside,
 Consumed his hours, nor would in council more,
 Where wise men win distinction, or in fight
 Appear, to sorrow and heart-withering woe
 Abandon'd, though for battle, ardent, still 605
 He panted, and the shout-resounding field
 But when the twelfth fair morrow streak'd the East,
 Then all the everlasting Gods to Heaven
 Resorted, with the Thunderer at their head,
 And Thetis, not unmindful of her son 610
 From the salt flood emerged, seeking betimes
 Olympus and the boundless fields of heaven.
 High, on the topmost eminence sublime
 Of the deep-fork'd Olympian she perceived
 The Thunderer seated, from the Gods apart 615
 She sat before him, clasped with her left hand

His knees, her right beneath his chin she placed,
And thus the King, Saturnian Jove, implored

Father of all, by all that I have done
Or said that ever pleased thee, grant my suit. 620
Exalt my son, by destiny short-lived
Beyond the lot of others Him with shame
The King of men hath overwhelm'd, by force
Usurping his just meed, thou, therefore, Jove,
Supreme in wisdom, honour him, and give 625
Success to Troy, till all Achæa's sons
Shall yield him honour more than he hath lost !

She spake, to whom the Thunderer nought replied,
But silent sat long time She, as her hand
Had grown there, still importunate, his knees 630
Clasp'd as at first, and thus her suit renew'd

Or grant my prayer, and ratify the grant,
Or send me hence, (for thou hast none to fear,)
Plainly refused, that I may know and feel
By how much I am least of all in heaven 635

To whom the cloud-assembler at the last
Spake, deep-distress'd Hard task and full of strife
Thou hast enjoined me, Juno will not spare
For gibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint
Sounds daily in the ears of all the Gods, 640
That I assist the Trojans, but depart,
Lest she observe thee, my concern shall be
How best I may perform thy full desire
And to assure thee more, I give the sign
Indubitable, which all fear expels 645
At once from heavenly minds Nought, so confirmed
May, after, be reversed or render'd vain

He ceased, and under his dark brows the nod
Vouchsafed of confirmation All around
The Sovereign's everlasting head his curls 650
Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain reeled

Their conference closed, they parted She, at once,
From bright Olympus plunged into the flood
Profound, and Jove to his own courts withdrew
Together all the Gods, at his approach, 655
Uprose, none sat expectant till he came,
But all advanced to meet the Eternal Sire.

So on his throne he sat Nor Juno him
 Not understood, she, watchful, had observed,
 In consultation close with Jove engaged 660
 Thetis, bright-footed daughter of the deep,
 And keen the son of Saturn thus reproved.

Shrewd as thou art, who now hath had thine ear?
 Thy joy is ever such, from me apart
 To plan and plot clandestine, and thy thoughts, 665
 Think what thou may'st, are always barred to me
 To whom the father, thus, of heaven and earth.
 Expect not, Juno, that thou shalt partake
 My counsels at all times, which oft in height
 And depth, thy comprehension far exceed, 670
 Jove's consort as thou art When aught occurs
 Meet for thine ear, to none will I impart
 Of Gods or men more free than to thyself
 But for my secret thoughts, which I withhold
 From all in heaven beside, them search not thou 675
 With irksome curiosity and vain

Him answer'd then the Goddess ample-eyed.
 What word hath passed thy lips, Saturnian Jove,
 Thou most severe! I never search thy thoughts,
 Nor the serenity of thy profound 680
 Intentions trouble, they are safe from me
 But now there seems a cause Deeply I dread
 Lest Thetis, silver-footed daughter fair
 Of Ocean's hoary Sovereign, here arrived
 At early dawn to practise on thee, Jove! 685
 I noticed her a suitor at thy knees,
 And much misdeem or promise-bound thou stand'st
 To Thetis past recall, to exalt her son,
 And Greeks to slaughter thousands at the ships
 To whom the cloud-assembler God, incensed 690
 Ah subtle! ever teeming with surmise,
 And fathomer of my concealed designs,
 Thy toil is vain, or (which is worse for thee,)
 Shall but estrange thee from mine heart the more.
 And be it as thou sayest,—I am well pleased 695
 That so it should be Be advised, desist,
 Hold thou thy peace Else, if my glorious hands
 Once reach thee, the Olympian Powers combined

To rescue thee, shall interfere in vain.

He said,—whom Juno, awful Goddess, heard 700
Appall'd, and mute submitted to his will
But through the courts of Jove the heavenly Powers
All felt displeasure, when to them arose
Vulcan, illustrious artist, who with speech
Conciliatory interposed to soothe 705
His white-arm'd mother Juno, Goddess dread.

Hard doom is ours, and not to be endured,
If feast and merriment must pause in heaven
While ye such clamour raise tumultuous here
For man's unworthy sake. yet thus we speed 710
Ever, when evil overpoises good
But I exhort my mother, though herself
Already warn'd, that meekly she submit
To Jove our father, lest our father chide
More roughly, and confusion mar the feast 715
For the Olympian Thunderer could with ease
Us from our thrones precipitate, so far
He reigns to all superior Seek to assuage
His anger therefore, so shall he with smiles
Cheer thee, nor thee alone, but all in heaven. 720

So Vulcan, and, upstarting, placed a cup
Full-charged between his mother's hands, and said,

My mother, be advised, and, though aggrieved,
Yet patient, lest I see thee whom I love
So dear, with stripes chastised before my face, 725
Willing, but impotent to give thee aid
Who can resist the Thunderer? Me, when once
I flew to save thee, by the foot he seized
And hurl'd me through the portal of the skies
"From morn to eve I fell, a summer's day," 730
And dropped, at last, in Lemnos There half-dead
The Sintians found me, and with succour prompt
And hospitable, entertained me fallen

So He, then Juno smiled, Goddess white-arm'd,
And smiling still, from his unwonted hand¹⁰ 735

¹⁰ The reader, in order that he may partake with the Gods in the drollery of this scene, should observe that the crippled and distorted Vulcan had thrust himself into an office at all other times administered either by Hebe or Ganymede.

Received the goblet He from right to left
Rich nectar from the beaker drawn, alert
Distributed to all the powers divine.
Heaven rang with laughter inextinguishable
Peal after peal, such pleasure all conceived
At sight of Vulcan in his new employ.

So spent they in festivity the day,
And all were cheered, nor was Apollo's harp
Silent, nor did the Muses spare to add
Responsive melody of vocal sweets
But when the sun's bright orb had now declined,
Each to his mansion, wheresoever built
By the lame matchless Architect, withdrew.
Jove also, kindler of the fires of heaven,
His couch descending as at other times
When gentle sleep approach'd him, slept serene,
With golden-sceptred Juno at his side.

BOOK II

A R G U M E N T

Jupiter, in pursuance of his purpose to distress the Grecians in answer to the prayer of Thetis, deceives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is that the army shall go forth to battle. Thersites is mutinous, and is chastised by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon harangue the people, and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

ALL night both Gods and Chiefs equestrian slept,
 But not the Sire of all. He, waking soon,
 Mused how to exalt Achilles, and destroy
 No few in battle at the Grecian fleet
 This counsel, at the last, as best he chose 5
 And likehest, to dispatch an evil Dream
 To Agamemnon's tent, and to his side
 The phantom summoning, him thus addressed
 Haste, evil Dream! fly to the Grecian fleet,
 And, entering royal Agamemnon's tent, 10
 His ear possess thou thus, omitting nought
 Of all that I enjoin thee. Bid him arm
 His universal host, for that the time
 When the Achæans shall at length possess
 Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above 15
 No longer dwell at variance. The request
 Of Juno hath prevail'd, now, Woe to Troy!
 So charged, the Dream departed. At the ships
 Well-built arriving of Achæa's host,
 He Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sought 20
 Him sleeping in his tent he found, immersed
 In soft repose ambrosial. At his head
 The shadow stood, similitude exact
 Of Nestor, son of Neleus, sage, with whom
 In Agamemnon's thought might none compare. 25
 His form assumed, the sacred Dream began
 O son of Atreus the renown'd in arms

And in the race ! Sleep'st thou ? It ill behoves
 To sleep all night the man of high employ,
 And charged, as thou art, with a people's care 30
 Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,
 Inform thee, that although so far remote,
 He yet compassionates and thinks on thee
 With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm
 Thine universal host, for that the time 35
 When the Achæians shall at length possess
 Wide Ilum, hath arrived The Gods above
 No longer dwell at variance. The requests
 Of Juno have prevail'd Now, woe to Troy
 From Jove himself ! Her fate is on the wing. 40
 Awaking from thy dewy slumbers, hold
 In firm remembrance all that thou hast heard
 So spake the Dream, and vanishing, him left
 In false hopes occupied and musings vain.
 Full sure he thought, ignorant of the plan 45
 By Jove design'd, that day the last of Troy.
 Fond thought ! For toils and agones to Greeks
 And Trojans both, in many a bloody field
 To be endured, the Thunderer yet ordain'd.
 Starting he woke, and seeming still to hear 50
 The warning voice divine, with hasty leap
 Sprang from his bed, and sat His fleecy vest
 New-woven he put on, and mantle wide,
 His sandals fair to his unsullied feet
 He braced, and slung his argent-studded sword. 55
 Then, incorruptible for evermore
 The sceptre of his sires he took, with which
 He issued forth into the camp of Greece.
 Aurora now on the Olympian heights
 Proclaiming stood new day to all in heaven, 60
 When he his clear-voiced heralds bade convene
 The Greeks in council. Went the summons forth
 Into all quarters, and the throng began.
 First, at the ship of Nestor, Pylia King,
 The senior Chiefs for high exploits renown'd 65
 He gather'd, whom he prudent thus address'd.
 My fellow-warriors, hear ! A dream from heaven,
 Amid the stillness of the vacant night

Approach'd me, semblance close in stature, bulk,
 And air, of noble Nestor At mine head 70
 The shadow took his stand, and thus he spake

Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms
 And in the race, sleep'st thou ? It ill behoves
 To sleep all night the man of high employ,
 And charged as thou art with a people's care 75
 Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,
 Inform thee, that although so far remote,

He yet compassionates and thinks on thee
 With kind solicitude He bids thee arm
 Thine universal host, for that the time 80
 When the Achaians shall at length possess

Wide Ilium, hath arrived The Gods above
 No longer dwell at variance The requests
 Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, woe to Troy
 From Jove himself ! Her fate is on the wing. 85

Charge this on thy remembrance Thus he spake,
 Then vanished suddenly, and I awoke
 Haste therefore, let us arm, if arm we may¹,
 The warlike sons of Greece, but first, myself
 Will prove them, recommending instant flight 90
 With all our ships, and ye throughout the host
 Dispersed, shall, next, encourage all to stay

He ceased, and sat, when in the midst arose
 Of highest fame for wisdom, Nestor, King
 Of sandy Pylus, who them thus bespake 95

Friends, Counsellors, and Leaders of the Greeks !
 Had any meaner Argive told his dream,
 We had pronounced it false, and should the more
 Have shrunk from battle, but the dream is his
 Who boasts himself our highest in command 100
 Haste, arm we, if we may, the sons of Greece.

So saying, he left the council, him, at once,
 The sceptred Chiefs, obedient to his voice,
 Arising, follow'd, and the throng began.
 As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad, 105
 And in succession endless seek the fields,

¹ Agamemnon seems to entertain some doubts lest the army should so resent his treatment of their favourite Achilles, as to be indisposed to serve him.

Now clustering, and now scattered far and near,
 In spring-time, among all the new-blown flowers,
 So they to council swarm'd, troop after troop,
 Grecians of every tribe, from camp and fleet 110
 Assembling orderly o'er all the plain
 Beside the shore of Ocean In the midst
 A kindling rumour, messenger of Jove,
 Impell'd them, and they went Loud was the din
 Of the assembling thousands, groan'd the earth 115
 When down they sat, and murmurs ran around
 Nine heralds cried aloud—Will ye restrain
 Your clamours, that your heaven-taught Kings may speak?
 Scarce were they settled, and the clang had ceased,
 When Agamemnon, sovereign o'er them all, 120
 Sceptre in hand, arose (That sceptre erst
 Vulcan with labour forged and to the hand
 Consign'd it of the King, Saturnian Jove,
 Jove to the vanquisher² of Ino's³ guard
 And he to Pelops, Pelops in his turn, 125
 To royal Atreus, Atreus at his death
 Bequeath'd it to Thyestes rich in flocks,
 And rich Thyestes left it to be borne
 By Agamemnon, symbol of his right
 To empire over Argos and her isles) 130
 On that he lean'd, and, rapid, thus began.
 Friends, Grecian Heroes, ministers of Mars!
 Ye see me here entangled in the snares
 Of unpropitious Jove He promised once,
 And with a nod confirm'd it, that with spoils 135
 Of Ilum laden, we should hence return,
 But now, devising ill, he sends me shamed,
 And with diminished numbers, home to Greece.
 So stands his sovereign pleasure, who hath laid
 The bulwarks of full many a city low, 140
 And more shall level, matchless in his might
 That such a numerous host of Greeks as we,
 Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find
 No fruit of all our toil, (and none appears)
 Will make us vile with ages yet to come 145
 For should we now strike truce, till Greece and Troy

² Mercury³ Argus.

Might number each her own, and were the Greeks
Distributed in bands, ten Greeks in each,
Our banded decads should exceed so far
Their units, that all Troy could not supply 150
For every ten, a man, to fill us wine,
So far the Achaians, in my thought, surpass
The native Trojans. But in Troy are those
Who baffle much my purpose, aids derived
From other states, spear-arm'd auxiliars, firm 155
In the defence of Ilium's lofty towers
Nine years have passed us over, nine long years,
Our ships are rotted, and our tackle marr'd,
And all our wives and little-ones at home
Sit watching our return, while this attempt 160
Hangs still in doubt, for which that home we left
Accept ye then my counsel Fly we swift
With all our fleet back to our native land,
Hopeless of Troy, not yet to be subdued.
So spake the King, whom all the concourse heard 165
With minds in tumult toss'd, all, save the few,
Partners of his intent. Commotion shook
The whole assembly, such as heaves the flood
Of the Icarian Deep, when South and East
Burst forth together from the clouds of Jove 170
And as when vehement the West-wind falls
On standing corn mature, the loaded ears
Innumerable bow before the gale,
So was the council shaken With a shout
All flew toward the ships, uprased, the dust 175
Stood o'er them, universal was the cry,
"Now clear the passages, strike down the props,
Set every vessel free, launch, and away!"
Heaven rang with exclamation of the host
All homeward bent, and launching glad the fleet 180
Then baffled Fate had the Achaians seen
Returning premature, but Juno thus,
With admonition quick to Pallas spake
Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!
Ah foul dishonour! Is it thus at last 185
That the Achaians on the billows borne,
Shall seek again their country, leaving here,

To be the vaunt of Ilum and her King,
 Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks
 Have numerous perish'd from their home remote ? 190
 Haste ! Seek the mail-arm'd multitude, by force
 Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet
 All launch their oary barks into the flood

She spake, nor did Minerva not comply,
 But darting swift from the Olympian heights, 195
 Reach'd soon Achaia's fleet There, she perceived
 Prudent as Jove himself, Ulysses, firm
 He stood, he touch'd not even with his hand
 His sable bark, for sorrow whelm'd his soul.
 The Athenæan Goddess azure-eyed 200
 Beside him stood, and thus the Chief bespake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 Why seek ye, thus precipitate, your ships ?
 Intend ye flight ? And is it thus at last,
 That the Achæians on the billows borne, 205
 Shall seek again their country, leaving here,
 To be the vaunt of Ilum and her King,
 Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks
 Have numerous perish'd from their home remote ?
 Delay not. Rush into the throng, by force 210
 Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet
 All launch their oary barks into the flood

She ceased, whom by her voice Ulysses knew,
 Casting his mantle from him, which his friend
 Eurybates the Ithacensian caught, 215
 He ran, and in his course meeting the son
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, from his hand
 The everlasting sceptre quick received,
 Which bearing, through Achaia's fleet he pass'd
 What King soever, or distinguish'd Greek 220
 He found, approaching to his side, in terms
 Of gentle sort he stay'd him Sir, he cried,
 It is unseemly that a man renown'd
 As thou, should tremble. Go—Resume the seat
 Which thou hast left, and bid the people sit. 225
 Thou know'st not clearly yet the monarch's mind.
 He proves us now, but soon he will chastize.
 All were not present, few of us have heard

His speech this day in council. Oh, beware,
Lest in resentment of this hasty course
Irregular, he let his anger loose. 230

Dread is the anger of a King, he reigns
By Jove's own ordinance, and is dear to Jove.

But what plebeian base soe'er he heard
Stretching his throat to swell the general cry,
He lay'd the sceptre smartly on his back,
With reprimand severe Fellow, he said,
Sit still, hear others, thy superiors hear. 235

For who art thou? A dastard and a drone,
Of none account in council, or in arms
By no means may we all alike bear sway
At Ilum, such plurality of Kings 240

Were evil. One suffices One, to whom
The son of politic Saturn hath assign'd
The sceptre, and inforcement of the laws,
That he may rule us as a monarch ought 245

With such authority the troubled host
He sway'd, they, quitting camp and fleet again,
Rush'd back to council, deafening was the sound
As when a billow of the boisterous deep
Some broad beach dashes, and the ocean roars. 250

The host all seated, and the benches fill'd,
Thersites only of loquacious tongue
Ungovern'd, clamour'd mutinous, a wretch
Of utterance prompt, but in coarse phrase obscene 255
Deep learn'd alone, with which to slander Kings
Might he but set the rabble in a roar,

He cared not with what jest, of all from Greece
To Ilum sent, his country's chief reproach.
Cross-eyed he was, and halting moved on legs
Ill-par'd, his gibbous shoulders o'er his breast 260
Contracted, pinch'd it, to a peak his head
Was moulded sharp, and sprinkled thin with hair
Of starveling length, flimsy and soft as down.

Achilles and Ulysses had incurr'd 265
Most his aversion, them he never spared;
But now, imperial Agamemnon 'self
In piercing accents stridulous he charged
With foul reproach. The Grecians with contempt

Listen'd, and indignation, while with voice 270
 At highest pitch, he thus the monarch mock'd
 What would'st thou now? Whereof is thy complaint
 Now, Agamemnon? Thou hast fill'd thy tents
 With treasure, and the Grecians, when they take 275
 A city, choose the loveliest girls for thee
 Is gold thy wish? More gold? A ransom brought
 By some chief Trojan for his son's release
 Whom I, or other valiant Greek may bind?
 Or would'st thou yet a virgin, one, by right 280
 Another's claim, but made by force thine own?
 It was not well, great Sir, that thou shouldst bring
 A plague on the Achaians, as of late
 But come, my Grecian sisters, soldiers named
 Unfitly, of a sex too soft for war,
 Come, let us homeward: let him here digest 285
 What he shall gorge, alone, that he may learn
 If our assistance profit him or not
 For when he shamed Achilles, he disgraced
 A Chief far worthier than himself, whose prize
 He now withholds But tush,—Achilles lacks 290
 Himself the spirit of a man, no gall
 Hath he within him, or his hand long since
 Had stopp'd that mouth⁴, that it should scoff no more.
 Thus, mocking royal Agamemnon, spake
 Thersites Instant starting to his side, 295
 Noble Ulysses with indignant brows
 Survey'd him, and him thus reproved severe.
 Thersites! Raler!—peace Think not thyself,
 Although thus eloquent, alone exempt 300
 From obligation not to slander Kings
 I deem thee most contemptible, the worst
 Of Agamemnon's followers to the war,
 Presume not then to take the names reveled
 Of Sovereigns on thy sordid lips, to asperse
 Their sacred character, and to appoint 305
 The Greeks a time when they shall voyage home
 How soon, how late, with what success at last
 We shall return, we know not but because

⁴ The extremest provocation is implied in this expression, which Thersites quotes exactly as he had heard it from the lips of Achilles.

Achaia's heroes numerous spoils allot
 To Agamemnon, Leader of the host, 310
 Thou therefore from thy seat revilest the King
 But mark me If I find thee, as even now,
 Raving and foaming at the lips again,
 May never man behold Ulysses' head
 On these my shoulders more, and may my son 315
 Prove the begotten of another Sire,
 If I not strip thee to that hide of thine
 As bare as thou wast born, and whip thee hence
 Home to thy galley, sniveling like a boy.

He ceased, and with his sceptre on the back 320
 And shoulders smote him Writhing to and fro,
 He wept profuse, while many a bloody welk
 Protuberant beneath the sceptre sprang.
 Awe-quell'd he sat, and from his visage mean,
 Deep-sighing, wiped the rheums It was no time 325
 For mirth, yet mirth illumined every face,
 And laughing, thus they spake. A thousand acts
 Illustrious, both by well-concerted plans
 And prudent disposition of the host
 Ulysses hath achieved, but this by far 330
 Transcends his former praise, that he hath quell'd
 Such contumelious rhetoric profuse
 The valiant talker shall not soon, we judge,
 Take liberties with royal names again.

So spake the multitude. Then, stretching forth 335
 The sceptre, city-spoiler Chief, arose
 Ulysses Him beside, herald in form,
 Appeared Minerva. Silence she enjoined
 To all, that all Achaia's sons might hear,
 Foremost and rearmost, and might weigh his words, 340
 He then his counsel, prudent, thus proposed.

Atrides' Monarch! The Achaians seek
 To make thee ignominious above all
 In sight of all mankind None recollects
 His promise more in steed-famed Argos pledged, 345
 Here to abide till Ilum wall'd to heaven
 Should vanquish'd sink, and all her wealth be ours.
 No—now, like widow'd women, or weak boys,
 They whimper to each other, wishing home.

And home, I grant, to the afflicted soul 350
 Seems pleasant⁵. The poor seaman from his wife
 One month detain'd, cheerless his ship and sad
 Possesses, by the force of wintry blasts,
 And by the billows of the troubled deep
 Fast lock'd in port. But us the ninth long year 355
 Revolving, finds camp'd under Ilum still
 I therefore blame not, if they mourn beside
 Their sable barks, the Grecians Yet the shame
 That must attend us after absence long
 Returning unsuccessful, who can bear? 360
 Be patient, friends! wait only till we learn
 If Calchas truly prophesied, or not,
 For well we know, and I to all appeal,
 Whom Fate hath not already snatch'd away,
 (It seems but yesterday, or at the most 365
 A day or two before,) that when the ships
 Woe-fraught for Priam, and the race of Troy,
 At Aulis met, and we beside the fount
 With perfect hecatombs the Gods adored
 Beneath the plane-tree, from whose root a stream 370
 Ran crystal-clear, there we beheld a sign
 Wonderful in all eyes A serpent huge,
 Tremendous spectacle! with crimson spots
 His back all dappled, by Olympian Jove
 Himself protruded, from the altar's foot 375
 Slipp'd into light, and glided to the tree
 There on the topmost bough, close-cover'd sat
 With foliage broad, eight sparrows, younglings all,
 Then newly feather'd, with their dam, the ninth
 The little ones lamenting shrill he gorged, 380
 While, wheeling o'er his head, with screams the dam
 Bewail'd her darling brood Her also, next,
 Hovering and clamouring, he by the wing
 Within his spiry folds drew, and devoured
 All eaten thus, the nestlings and the dam, 385
 The God who sent him, signalized him too,
 For him Saturnian Jove transform'd to stone
 We wondering stood, to see that strange portent

⁵ Some for *πόνος* here read *πόθος*, which reading I have adopted for the sake both of perspicuity and connexion.

Intrude itself into our holy rites,
When Calchas, instant, thus the sign explain'd 390
Why stand ye, Greeks, astonish'd? Ye behold
A prodigy by Jove himself produced,
An omen, whose accomplishment indeed
Is distant, but whose fame shall never die
E'en as this serpent in your sight devour'd 395
Eight youngling sparrows, with their dam, the ninth,
So we nine years must war on yonder plain,¹
And in the tenth, wide-bulwark'd Troy is ours
So spake the seer, and as he spake, is done
Wait, therefore, brave Achæans! go not hence 400
Till Priam's spacious city be your prize
He ceased, and such a shout ensued, that all
The hollow ships the deafening roar return'd
Of acclamation, every voice the speech
Extolling of Ulysses, glorious Chief. 405
Then Nestor the Gerenian, warrior old,
Arising, spake, and, by the Gods, he said,
Ye more resemble children inexperienced
In war, than disciplined and prudent men
Where now are all your promises and vows, 410
Councils, libations, right-hand covenants?
Burn them, since all our occupation here
Is to debate and wrangle, whereof end
Or fruit though long we wait, shall none be found
But, Sovereign, be not thou appall'd Be firm 415
Relax not aught of thine accustomed sway,
But set the battle forth as thou art wont
And if there be a Grecian, here and there,
One⁶, adverse to the general voice, let such
Wither alone He shall not see his wish 420
Gratified, neither will we hence return
To Argos, ere events shall yet have proved
Jove's promise false or true For when we climb'd
Our gallant barks full-charged with Ilum's fate,
Saturnian Jove omnipotent, that day, 425
(Omen propitious!) thunder'd on the right
Let no man therefore pant for home, till each
Possess a Trojan spouse, and from her lips

⁶ Nestor is supposed here to glance at Achilles

Take sweet revenge for Helen's pangs of heart.
 Who then? What soldier languishes and sighs 430
 To leave us? Let him dare to lay his hand
 On his own vessel, and he dies the first
 But hear, O King! I shall suggest a course
 Not trivial Agamemnon! sort the Greeks
 By districts and by tribes, that tribe may tribe 435
 Support, and each his fellow This performed,
 And with consent of all, thou shalt discern
 With ease what Chief, what private man deserts,
 And who performs his part The base, the brave,
 Such disposition made, shall both appear, 440
 And thou shalt also know, if heaven or we,
 The Gods, or our supineness, succour Troy
 To whom Atides, King of men, replied.
 Old Chief! Thou passest all Achaia's sons
 In consultation, would to Jove our Sire, 445
 To Athenæan Pallas, and Apollo!
 That I had ten such coadjutors, wise
 As thou art, and the royal city soon
 Of Priam, with her wealth, should all be ours
 But me the son of Saturn, Jove supreme 450
 Himself afflicts, who in contentious broils
 Involves me, and in altercation vain
 Thence all that wordy tempest for a girl
 Achilles and myself between, and I
 The fierce aggressor Be that breach but heal'd! 455
 And Troy's reprieve thenceforth is at an end
 Go—take refreshment now that we may march
 Forth to our enemies Let each whet well
 His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk
 High-mettled horses, well survey and search 460
 His chariot on all sides, that no defect
 Disgrace his bright habiliments of war
 So will we give the day from morn to eve
 To dreadful battle Pause there shall be none
 Till night divide us Every buckler's thong 465
 Shall sweat on the toil'd bosom, every hand
 That shakes the spear shall ache, and every steed
 Shall smoke that whirls the chariot o'er the plain
 Woe then to whom I shall discover here

Loitering among the tents, let him escape
My vengeance if he can The vultures' maw
Shall have his carcase, and the dogs his bones. 470

He spake, whom all applauded with a shout
Loud as against some headland cliff the waves
Roll'd by the stormy South o'er rocks that shoot 475
Afar into the deep, which in all winds

The flood still overspreads, blow whence they may
Arising, forth they rush'd, among the ships
All scatter'd, smoke from every tent arose,
The host their food preparing, next, his God 480

Each man invoked (of the Immortals him
Whom he preferr'd) with sacrifice and prayer
For safe escape from danger and from death
But Agamemnon to Saturnian Jove

Omnipotent, an ox of the fifth year 485
Full-flesh'd devoted, and the Princes call'd
Noblest of all the Grecians to his feast
First, Nestor with Idomeneus the King,

Then either Ajax, and the son he call'd
Of Tydeus, with Ulysses sixth and last, 490
Jove's peer in wisdom. Menelaus went,
Heroic Chief! unbidden, for he knew

His brother's mind with weight of care oppress'd
The ox encircling, and their hands with meal
Of consecration fill'd, the assembly stood, 495
When Agamemnon thus his prayer preferred

Almighty Father! Glorious above all!
Cloud-girt, who dwell'st in heaven thy throne sublime,
Let not the sun go down, till Priam's roof
Fall flat into the flames, till I shall burn 500

His gates with fire, till I shall hew away
His hack'd and riven corslet from the breast
Of Hector, and till numerous Chiefs, his friends,
Around him, prone in dust, shall bite the ground

So prayed he, but with none effect The God 505
Received his offering, but to double toil
Doom'd them, and sorrow more than all the past.

They then, the triturated barley grain,
First duly sprinkling, the sharp steel infix'd
Deep in the victim's neck reversed, then stripp'd 510

The carcase, and divided at their joint
 The thighs, which in the double caul involved
 They spread with slices crude, and burn'd with fire
 Ascending fiece from billets sere and dry
 The spitted entrails next they o'er the coals 515
 Suspended held The thighs with fire consumed,
 They gave to each his portion of the maw,
 Then slash'd the remnant, pierced it with the spits,
 And managing with culinary skill
 The roast, withdrew it from the spits again 520
 Thus, all their task accomplish'd, and the board
 Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed
 When neither hunger more nor thirst remain'd
 Unsatisfied, Gerenian Nestor spake
 Atreides! Agamemnon! King of men! 525
 No longer waste we time in useless words,
 Nor to a distant hour postpone the work
 To which heaven calls thee Send thine heralds forth.
 Who shall convene the Achæans at the fleet,
 That we, the Chiefs assembled here, may range, 530
 Together, the unbattled multitude,
 And edge their spirits for immediate fight
 He spake, nor Agamemnon not complied
 At once he bade his clear-voiced heralds call
 The Greeks to battle They the summons loud 535
 Gave forth, and at the sound the people throng'd
 Then Agamemnon and the Kings of Greece
 Dispatchful drew them into order just,
 With whom Minerva azure-eyed advanced,
 The inestimable Ægis on her arm, 540
 Immortal, unobnoxious to decay
 An hundred braids, close twisted, all of gold,
 Each valued at an hundred beeves⁷, around
 Dependent fringed it She from side to side
 Her eyes cærulean rolled, infusing thirst 545
 Of battle endless into every breast
 War won them now, war sweeter now to each
 Than gales to waft them over ocean home
 As when devouring flames some forest seize
 On the high mountains, splendid from afar 550

⁷ Money stamped with the figure of an ox

The blaze appears, so, moving on the plain,
The steel-clad host innumerable flash'd to heaven
And as a multitude of fowls in flocks
Assembled various, geese, or cranes, or swans
Lithe-neck'd, long hovering o'er Cayster's banks 555
On wanton plumes, successive on the mead
Alight at last, and with a clang so loud
That all the hollow vale of Asius rings,
In number such from ships and tents effused,
They cover'd the Scamandrian plain, the earth 560
Rebellow'd to the feet of steeds and men
They overspread Scamander's grassy vale,
Myriads, as leaves, or as the flowers of spring.
As in the hovel where the peasant milks
His kine in spring-time, when his pails are fill'd, 565
Thick clouds of humming insects on the wing
Swarm all around him, so the Grecians swam'd
An unsumm'd multitude o'er all the plain,
Bright arm'd, high crested, and athirst for war
As goat-herds separate their numerous flocks 570
With ease, though fed promiscuous, with like ease
Then leaders them on every side reduced
To martial order glorious, among whom
Stood Agamemnon "with an eye like Jove's,
To threaten or command," like Mars in girth, 575
And with the port of Neptune As the bull
Conspicuous among all the herd appears,
For He surpasses all, such Jove ordain'd
That day the son of Atreus, in the midst
Of Heroes, eminent above them all 580
Tell me, (for ye are heavenly, and beheld
A scene, whereof the faint report alone
Hath reached our ears, remote and ill-informed,)
Tell me, ye Muses, under whom, beneath
What Chiefs of royal or of humbler note 585
Stood forth the embattled Greeks? The host at large,
They were a multitude in number more
Then with ten tongues, and with ten mouths, each mouth
Made vocal with a trumpet's throat of brass,
I might declare, unless the Olympian nine, 590
Jove's daughters, would the chronicle themselves

Indite, of all assembled, under Troy
 I will rehearse the Captains and their fleets
 Bœotia's sturdy sons Peneleus led,
 And Leitus, whose partners in command 595
 Arcesilaus and Prothoenor came,
 And Clonius Them the dwellers on the rocks
 Of Aulis followed, with the hardy clans
 Of Hyrie, Schoenos, Scholos, and the hills
 Of Eteon, Thespia, Græa, and the plains 600
 Of Mycalessus them, and Harma served,
 Eleon, Erythræ, Peteon; Hyle them,
 Ilesius and Ocalea, and the strength
 Of Medeon, Copæ also in their train
 Marched, with Eutresis and the mighty men 605
 Of Thisbe famed for doves, nor pass unnamed
 Whom Coronæa, and the grassy land
 Of Haliartus added to the war,
 Nor whom Plateæa, nor whom Ghissa bred,
 And Hypothebæ^s, and thy sacred groves 610
 To Neptune, dark Onchestus Arne claims
 A record next for her illustrious sons,
 Vine-bearing Arne Thou wast also there
 Mideia, and thou Nissa, nor be thine
 Though last, Anthedon, a forgotten name. 615
 These in Bœotia's fair and gallant fleet
 Of fifty ships, each bearing o'er the waves
 Thrice forty warriors, had arrived at Troy.
 In thirty ships deep-laden with the brave,
 Aspledon and Orchomenos had sent 620
 Their chosen youth, them ruled a noble pair,
 Sons of Astyoche, she, lovely nymph,
 Received by stealth, on Actor's stately roof,
 The embraces of a God, and bore to Mars
 Twins like himself, Ascalaphus the bold, 625
 And bold Ialmenus, expert in arms
 Beneath Epistrophus and Schedius, took
 Their destined station on Bœotia's left,
 The brave Phocensians, they in forty ships
 From Cyparissus came, and from the rocks 630

^s Some say Thebes the less, others, the suburbs of Thebes the greater
 It is certain that Thebes itself sent none

Of Python, and from Cuiſſa the divine,
 From Anemoria, Daulis, Panopeus,
 And from Hyampolis, and from the banks
 Of the Cephiffus, ſacred ſtream, and from
 Lilaëa, ſeated at its fountain-head 635

Next from beyond Eubœa's happy iſle
 In forty ſhips conveyed, ſtood forth well armed
 The Locrians, dwellers in Augeia ſome
 The pleaſant, ſome of Opoeis poſſeſſed,
 Some of Caliarus, theſe Scarpha ſent, 640
 And Cynus thoſe, from Beſſa came the reſt,
 From Taſpha, Thronius, and from the brink
 Of loud Boagrius, Ajax them, the ſwift,
 Son of Oileus led, not ſuch as he
 From Telamon, big-boned and lofty built, 645
 But ſmall of limb, and of an humbler creſt,
 Yet he, competitor had none throughout
 The Grecians of what land ſoe'er, for ſkill
 In uſheering to its mark the rapid lance

Elphenor brought (Calchodon's mighty ſon)
 The Eubœans to the field In forty ſhips
 From Hiſtriæa for her vintage famed,
 From Chalcis, from Iretria, from the gates
 Of maritime Ceiranthus, from the heights
 Of Dios rock-built citadel ſublime, 655
 And from Caſtus and from Styra came
 His wailike multitudes, all named alike
 Abantes, on whoſe ſhoulders fell behind
 Their locks profuſe, and they were eager all
 To ſplit the hauberk with the pointed ſpear 660

Nor Athens had withheld her generous ſons,
 The people of Electheus Him of old
 The teeming glebe produced, a wonderful birth!
 And Pallas rear'd him her own unctuous fane
 She made his habitation, where with bulls 665
 The youth of Athens, and with ſlaughter'd lambs
 Her annual worſhip celebrate Them led
 Menestheus, whom, (ſage Neſtor's ſelf except,
 Thrice ſchool'd in all events of human life,)
 None rival'd ever in the juſt array 670
 Of horſe and man to battle. Fifty ſhips

Black-prowed, had borne them to the distant war

Ajax from Salamis twelve vessels brought,
And where the Athenian band in phalanx stood
Marshall'd compact, there station'd he his powers

675

The men of Aigos and Tyintha next,
And of Hermione, that stands retired
With Asine, within her spacious bay,
Of Epidaurus, crown'd with purple vines,
And of Trœzena, with the Achaian youth
Of sea-begun Ægina, and with thine,
Maseta, and the dwellers on thy coast,
Wave-worn Eionæ, these all obeyed
The dauntless Hero Diomede, whom served
Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, a Chief
Of deathless fame, his second in command,
And Godlike man, Euryalus, the son
Of King Mecisteus, Talaus' son, his third
But Diomede controll'd them all, and him
Twice forty sable ships their leader own'd.

680

685

690

Came Agamemnon with a hundred ships,
Exulting in his powers, more numerous they,
And more illustrious far than other Chief
Could boast, whoever Clad in burnish'd brass,
And conscious of pre-eminence, he stood

695

He drew his host from cities far renown'd,
Mycenæ, and Corinthus, seat of wealth,
Orneia, and Cleonæ bulwark'd strong,
And lovely Aræthyræ, Sicyon, where
His seat of royal power held at the first
Adrastus Hyperesia, and the heights
Of Gonoessa, Ægium, with the towns
That sprinkle all that far-extended coast,
Pellene also and wide Helice

700

With all their shores, were number'd in his train

705

From hollow Lacedæmon's glen profound,
From Phare, Sparta, and from Messa, still
Resounding with the ring-dove's amorous moan,
From Brysia, from Augeia, from the rocks
Of Laas, from Amycla, Otilus,
And from the towers of Helos, at whose foot
The surf of Ocean falls, came sixty barks

710

With Menelaus From the monarch's host
The royal brother ranged his own apart,
And panted for revenge of Helen's wrongs, 715
And of her sighs and tears From rank to rank,
Conscious of dauntless might he pass'd, and sent
Into all hearts the favour of his own

Gereneian Nestor in thrice thirty ships
Had brought his warriors, they from Pylus came, 720
From blythe Arene, and from Thryos, built
Fast by the foids of Alpheus, and from steep
And stately Æpy Their confederate powers
Sent Amphigenia, Cyparissa veiled

With broad redundancy of funereal shades, 725
Pteleos and Helos, and of deathless fame
DORION. In DORION erst the Muses met
Threician THAMYRIS, on his return

From Euytus, Oechalian Chief, and hush'd
His song for ever, for he dared to vaunt 730

That he would pass in song even themselves
The Muses, daughters of Jove Ægis-arm'd
They, therefore, by his boast incensed, the bard
Struck blind, and from his memory dash'd severe
All traces of his once celestial strains

Arcadia's sons, the dwellers at the foot
Of mount Cyllene, where Æpytus sleeps
Intomb'd , a generation bold in fight,
And warriors hand to hand , the valiant men
Of Pheneus, of Orchomenos by flocks
Grazed numberless, of Ripe, Stratua, bleak
Enispe , Mantinea city fair,

Stymphelus and Parhasia, and the youth
Of Tegea , royal Agapenor these,

Ancæus' offspring, had in sixty ships
To Troy conducted, numerous was the crew,

And skilled in arms, which every vessel brought,
And Agamemnon had with barks himself

Supplied them, for, of inland realms possessed,
They little heeded maritime employs

The dwellers in Buprasium, on the shores
Of pleasant Elis, and in all the land
Myrsinus and the Hyrminian plain between,

The rock Olemian, and the Alysian fount,
 These all obey'd four Chiefs, and galleys ten 750
 Each Chief commanded, with Epeans filled
 Amphimachus and Thalpius govern'd these,
 This, son of Cteatus, the other, sprung
 From Eurytus, and both of Actor's house
 Diores, son of Amarynceus, those 760
 Led on, and, for his godlike form renown'd,
 Polyænus was Chieftain o'er the rest,
 Son of Agasthenes, Augeias' son

Dulichium, and her sister sacred isles
 The Echinades, whose opposite aspect 765
 Looks toward Elis o'er the curling waves,
 Sent forth their powers with Meges at their head,
 Brave son of Phyleus, warrior dear to Jove
 Phyleus in wrath, his father's house renounced,
 And to Dulichium wandering, there abode 770
 Twice twenty ships had follow'd Meges forth.

Ulysses led the Cephallenians bold
 From Ithaca, and from the lofty woods
 Of Neritus they came, and from the rocks
 Of rude Ægilipa Crocylia these, 775
 And those Zacynthus own'd, nor yet a few
 From Samos, from Epirus join'd their aid,
 And from the opposite Ionian shore.
 Them, wise as Jove himself, Ulysses led
 In twelve fair ships, with crimson prows adorn'd 780

From forty ships, Thoas, Andriæmon's son,
 Had landed his Ætolians, for extinct
 Was Meleager, and extinct the house
 Of Oeneus all, nor Oeneus self survived,
 To Thoas therefore had Ætolia fallen, 785
 Him Olenos, Pylene, Chalcis seived,
 With Pleuro, and the rock-bound Calydon

Idomeneus, spear-practised warrior, led
 The numerous Cretans. In twice forty ships
 He brought his powers to Troy The warlike bands 790
 Of Cnossus, of Gortyna wall'd around,
 Of Lyctus, of Lycastus chalky-white,
 Of Phæstus, of Miletus, with the youth
 Of Rhytus him obeyed, nor these were all,

But others from her hundred cities Ciete 795
 Sent forth, all whom Idomeneus the brave
 Commanded, with Meriones in arms
 Dread as the God of battles blood-imbrued
 Nine ships Tlepolemus, Herculean-born,
 For courage famed and for superior size, 800
 Fill'd with his haughty Rhodians They, in tribes
 Divided, dwelt distinct Jelyssus these,
 Those Lindus, and the rest the shining soil
 Of white Camnus occupied Him bore
 To Hercules, (what time he led the nymphs 805
 From Ephyre, and from Sellea's banks,
 After full many a city laid in dust,)
 Astyocheia In his father's house
 Magnificent, Tlepolemus spear-famed
 Had scarce up-grown to manhood's lusty prime, 810
 When he his father's hoary uncle slew
 Lycimnius, branch of Mais Then built he ships,
 And, pushing forth to sea, fled from the threats
 Of the whole house of Hercules Huge toil
 And many woes he suffer'd, till at length 815
 At Rhodes arriving, in three separate bands
 He spread himself abroad Much was he loved
 Of all-commanding Jove, who bless'd him there,
 And shower'd abundant riches on them all
 Nireus of Syma, with three vessels came, 820
 Nireus, Aglæa's offspring, whom she bore
 To Charopus the King, Nireus in form,
 (The faultless son of Peleus sole except,)
 Loveliest of all the Grecians call'd to Troy.
 But he was heartless and his men were few 825
 Nisyrus, Casus, Crapathus, and Cos
 Where reign'd Eurypylus, with all the isles
 Calydnæ named, under two valiant Chiefs
 Their troops disposed, Phidippus one, and one,
 His brother Antiphus, begotten both 830
 By Thessalus, whom Hercules begat
 In thirty ships they sought the shores of Troy
 The warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,
 Of Alus, and Alope, and who held
 Trechina, Phthia, and for women fair 835

Distinguish'd, Hellas, known by various names
 Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans, them
 In fifty ships embark'd, Achilles iuled
 But these were deaf to the hoarse-throated war,
 For there was none to draw their battle forth, 840
 And give them just array Close in his ships
 Achilles, after loss of the bright-hair'd
 Briseis, lay, resentful, her obtained
 Not without labour hard, and after sack
 Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he slew 845
 Two mighty Chiefs, sons of Evenus both,
 Epistrophus and Mynes, her he mourn'd,
 And for her sake self-prison'd in his fleet
 And idle lay, though soon to rise again
 From Phylace, and from the flowery fields 850
 Of Pyrrhasus, a land to Ceres given
 By consecration, and from Iton green,
 Mother of flocks, from Antion by the sea,
 And from the grassy meads of Pteleus, came
 A people, whom while yet he lived, the brave 855
 Protesilaus led, but him the earth
 Now cover'd dark and drear A wife he left,
 To rend in Phylace her bleeding cheeks,
 And an unfinish'd mansion First he died
 Of all the Greeks, for as he leap'd to land 860
 Foremost by far, a Dardan struck him dead
 Nor had his troops, though filled with deep regret,
 No leader, them Podarces led, a Chief
 Like Mars in battle, brother of the slain,
 But younger born, and from Iphiclus sprung 865
 Who sprang from Phylacus the rich in flocks
 But him Protesilaus, as in years,
 So also in desert of arms excell'd
 Heroic, whom his host, although they saw
 Podarces at their head, still justly mourn'd, 870
 For he was fierce in battle, and at Troy
 With forty sable-sided ships arrived
 Eleven galleys, Pheræ on the lake,
 And Boebe, and Iolchus, and the vale
 Of Glaphyræ supplied with crews robust 875
 Under Eumelus, him Alcestis, praised

For beauty above all her sisters fair,
 In Thessaly to King Admetus bore
 Methone, and Olizon's craggy coast,
 With Melibœa and Thaumasia sent 880
 Seven ships, their rowers were good archers all,
 And every vessel dipped into the wave
 Her fifty oars Them Philoctetes, skill'd
 To draw with sinewy arm the stubborn bow,
 Commanded, but he suffering anguish keen 885
 Inflicted by a serpent's venom'd tooth,
 Lay sick in Lemnos, him the Grecians there
 Had left sore-wounded, but were destined soon
 To call to dear remembrance whom they left
 Meantime, though sorrowing for his sake, his troops 890
 Yet wanted not a Chief, them Medon ruled,
 Whom Rhena to the far-famed conqueror bore
 Oileus, fruit of their unsanctioned loves
 From Thicca, from Ithome rough and rude
 With rocks and glens, and from Oechalia, town 895
 Of Eurytus Oechalian-born, came forth
 Their warlike youth by Podalirius led
 And by Machaon, healer both expert
 Of all disease, and thirty ships were theirs
 The men of Ormenus, and from beside 900
 The fountain Hyperica, from the tops
 Of chalky Titan, and Asteria's band,
 Them ruled Eurypylus, Evæmon's son
 Illustrious, whom twice twenty ships obeyed.
 Orthe, Gytone, Oloosson white, 905
 Argissa and Helone, they their youth
 Gave to control of Polypcetes, son
 Undaunted of Pirithous, son of Jove,
 Him, to Pirithous, (on the self-same day,
 When he the Centaurs punish'd and pursued 910
 Sheer to Æthicæ driven from Pelion's heights
 The shaggy race) Hippodamia bore
 Nor he alone them led With him was join'd
 Leonteus dauntless warrior, from the bold
 Coronus sprung, who Cæneus call'd his sire 915
 Twice twenty ships awaited their command
 Guneus from Cyphus twenty and two ships

Led forth , the Enienes him obey'd,
 And the robust Perœbi, warriors bold,
 And dwellers on Dodona's wintry brow 920
 To these were join'd who till the pleasant fields
 Where Titaeresius winds , the gentle flood
 Pours into Peneus all his limpid stores,
 But with the silver-eddi'd Peneus flows
 Unmixt as oil , for Stygian is his stream, 925
 And Styx is the inviolable oath

Last with his forty ships, Tenthredon's son,
 The active Piothous came From the green banks
 Of Peneus his Magnesians far and near
 He gather'd, and from Pelion forest-crown'd 930

These were the princes and the Chiefs of Greece.
 Say, Muse, who most in personal desert
 Excell'd, and whose were the most warlike steeds
 And of the noblest strain. Their hue, their age,
 Their height the same, swift as the winds of heaven 935
 And passing far all others, were the maies
 Which drew Eumelus , on Pierian hills
 The heavenly Archer of the silver bow,
 Apollo, bred them But of men, the chief
 Was Telamonian Ajax, while wrath-bound 940
 Achilles lay , for he was worthier far,
 And more illustrious were the steeds which bore
 The noble son of Peleus , but revenge
 On Agamemnon leader of the host
 Was all his thought, while in his gallant ships 945
 Sharp-keel'd to cut the foaming flood, he lay
 Meantime, along the margin of the deep
 His soldiers huiled the disk, or bent the bow,
 Or to its mark dispatch'd the quivering lance
 Beside the chariots stood the unharness'd steeds 950
 Cropping the lotus, or at leisure biowzed
 On celery wild, from watery freshes gleaned.
 Beneath the shadow of the sheltering tent
 The chariot stood, while they, the charioteers
 Roam'd here and there the camp, then warlike lord 955
 Regretting sad, and idle for his sake.

As if a fire had burnt along the ground,
 Such seemed their march, earth groan'd their steps beneath ,

As when in Arimi, where fame reports
Typhoeus stretch'd, the fires of angry Jove 960
Down darted, lash the ground, so groan'd the earth
Beneath them, for they traversed swift the plain

And now from Jove, with heavy tidings chaiged,
Wind-footed Iris to the Trojans came
It was the time of council, when the throng 965
At Priam's gate assembled, young and old,
Them, standing nigh, the messenger of heaven
Accosted with the voice of Priam's son,
Polites He, confiding in his speed
For sure deliverance, posted was abroad 970
On Æsyeta's tomb, intent to watch
When the Achaian host should leave the fleet.
The Goddess in his form thus them address'd.

Oh, ancient Monarch ! Ever, evermore
Speaking, debating, as if all were peace 975
I have seen many a bright-embattled field,
But never one so throng'd as this to-day
For like the leaves, or like the sands they come
Swept by the winds, to gird the city round

But Hector ! chiefly thee I shall exhort 980
In Priam's spacious city are allies
Collected numerous, and of nations wide-
Disseminated various are the tongues
Let every Chief his proper troop command,
And marshal his own citizens to war. 985

She ceased, her Hector heard intelligent,
And quick dissolved the council All took arms.
Wide flew the gates, forth rush'd the multitude,
Horsemen and foot, and boisterous stir arose.
In front of Ilum, distant on the plain, 990
Clear all around from all obstruction, stands
An eminence high-raised, by mortal men
Call'd Batia, but the Gods the tomb
Have named it of Myrinna swift in fight
Troy and her aids there set the battle forth. 995

Huge Priameian Hector, fierce in arms,
Led on the Trojans, with whom march'd the most
And the most valiant, dexterous at the spear
Æneas, (on the hills of Ida him

- The lovely Venus to Anchises bore, 1000
 A Goddess by a mortal man embraced)
 Led the Daidanians, but not he alone,
 Archilochus with him and Acamas
 Stood forth, the offspring of Antenor, each,
 And well instructed in all forms of war 1005
 Fast by the foot of Ida, where they drank
 The limpid waters of Æsepus, dwelt
 The Trojans of Zeleia Rich were they
 And led by Pandarus, Lycaon's son,
 Whom Phœbus self graced with the bow he bore 1010
 Apæsus,Adrastea, Terie steep,
 And Pitueia—them, Amphius clad
 In mail thick-woven, and Adrastus, ruled.
 They were the sons of the Percosian seei
 Meïops, expert in the sooth-sayers' art 1015
 Above all other, he his sons forbad
 The bloody fight, but disobedient they
 Still sought it, for their destiny prevailed.
 The warriors of Peicote, and who dwelt
 In Practus, in Arisba, city fair, 1020
 In Sestus, in Abydus, march'd behind
 Princely Hyrtacides, his tawny steeds,
 Strong-built and tall, from Selleentes' bank
 And from Arisba, had him borne to Troy
 Hippothous and Pilæus, branch of Mars, 1025
 Both sons of Lethus the Pelasgian, they,
 Forth from Larissa for her fertile soil
 Far-famed, the spear-expert Pelasgians brought
 The Thracians (all whom Hellespont includes
 Within the banks of his swift-racing tide) 1030
 Heroic Acamas and Pirous led
 Euphemus, offspring of Trœzenus, son
 Of Jove-protected Ceas, was the Chief
 Whom the spear-armed Ciconian band obey'd,
 Pæonia's archers followed to the field 1035
 Pyræchmes, they from Amydon remote
 Were drawn, where Axios winds, broad Axios, stream
 Diffused delightful over all the vale
 Pylæmenes, a Chief of giant might
 From the Eneti for forest-mules renowned, 1040

March'd with his Paphlagomians, dwellers they
 In Sesamus and in Cyturus were,
 And by the stream Parthenius, Cromna these
 Sent forth, and those Ægialus on the lip
 And margin of the land, and some, the heights 1045
 Of Erythini, rugged and abrupt

Epistiophus and Odus from the land
 Of Alybe, a region far remote,
 Where veins of silver wind, led to the field
 The Halizonians With the Mysians came 1050
 Chromus then Chief, and Ennomus, him skill'd
 In augury, but skill'd in vain, his art
 Saved not, but by Æacides the swift,
 With others in the Xanthus slain, he died

Ascanus, lovely youth, and Phorcis, led 1055
 The Phrygians from Ascania far remote,
 Ardent for battle The Mæonian race,
 (All those who at the foot of Tmolus dwelt,)
 Mesthles and Antiphus, fraternal pair,
 Sons of Pylæmenes commanded, both 1060
 Of the Gygæan lake in Lydia born.

Amphimachus and Nastes led to fight
 The Carians, people of a barbarous speech,
 With the Milesians, and the mountain-race
 Of wood-crown'd Phthira, and who dwelt beside 1065
 Mæander, or on Mycale sublime
 Them led Amphimachus and Nastes, sons
 Renown'd of Nomion Like a simple girl
 Came forth Amphimachus with gold bedight,
 But him his trappings from a woeful death 1070
 Saved not, when whuled beneath the bloody tide
 To Peleus' stormy son his spoils he left

Saipedon with the noble Glaucus led
 Their warriors forth from farthest Lycia, where
 Xanthus deep-dimpled rolls his oozy tide

BOOK III

A R G U M E N T

The armies meet Paris throws out a challenge to the Grecian Princes
 Menelaus accepts it The terms of the combat are adjusted solemnly by
 Agamemnon on the part of Greece, and by Priam on the part of Troy
 The combat ensues, in which Paris is vanquished, whom yet Venus
 rescues Agamemnon demands from the Trojans a performance of the
 covenant

Now marshall'd all beneath their several chiefs,
 With deafening shouts, and with the clang of arms,
 The host of Troy advanced Such clang is heard
 Along the skies, when from incessant showers
 Escaping, and from winter's cold, the cranes 5
 Take wing, and over Ocean speed away,
 Woe to the land of dwarfs¹ prepared, they fly
 For slaughter of the small Pygmæan race
 Not so the Greeks, they breathing valour came,
 But silent all, and all with faithful hearts 10
 On succour mutual to the last, resolved
 As when the south wind wraps the mountain top
 In mist the shepherd's dread, but to the thief
 Than night itself more welcome, and the eye
 Is bounded in its ken to a stone's cast, 15
 Such from beneath their footsteps dun and dense
 Uprose the dust, for swift they cross the plain
 When, host to host opposed, full nigh they stood,
 Then Alexander¹ in the Trojan van
 Advanced was seen, all beauteous as a God, 20
 His leopard's skin, his falchion and his bow
 Hung from his shoulder, bright with heads of blass
 He shook two spears, and challenged to the fight
 The bravest Agives there, defying all
 Him, striding haughtily his host before 25
 When Menelaus saw, such joy he felt
 As hunger-pinch'd the lion feels, by chance

¹ Paris, frequently named Alexander in the original

Conducted to some carcase huge, wild goat,
Or antler'd stag, huntsmen and baying hounds
Disturb not *him*, he gorges in their sight 30

So Menelaus at the view rejoiced
Of lovely Alexander, for he hoped
His punishment at hand At once, all armed,
Down from his chariot to the ground he leap'd

When Godlike Paris him in front beheld 35
Conspicuous, his heart smote him, and his fate
Avoiding, far within the lines he shrank

As one, who in some woodland height descriing
A serpent huge, with sudden start recoils,
His limbs shake under him, with cautious step 40

He slow retires, fear blanches cold his cheeks,
So beauteous Alexander at the sight
Of Atreus' son dishearten'd sore, the ranks
Of haughty Trojans enter'd deep again
Him Hector eyed, and thus rebuked severe 45

Curst Paris! Fair deceiver! Woman-mad!
I would to all in heaven that thou hadst died
Unborn, at least unmated! happier far

Than here to have incur'd this public shame!
Well may the Grecians taunt, and laughing loud, 50
Applaud the champion, slow indeed to fight

And pusillanimous, but wonderous fair
Wast thou as timid, tell me, when with those
Thy loved companions in that famed exploit, 55

Thou didst consort with strangers, and convey
From distant lands a warrior's beauteous bride
To be thy father's and his people's curse,

Joy to our foes, but to thyself reproach?
Behold her husband! Darest thou not to face
The wailike prince? Now learn how brave a Chief 60

Thou hast defrauded of his blooming spouse
Thy lyre, thy locks, thy person, specious gifts
Of partial Venus, will avail thee nought,

Once mixt by Menelaus with the dust
But we are base ourselves, or long ago, 65
For all thy numerous mischiefs, thou hadst slept

Secure beneath a coverlet² of stone

² Δαίμον ἐσσο χιτῶνα,

Then Godlike Alexander thus replied
 Oh Hector, true in temper as the axe
 Which in the shipwright's hand the naval plank 70
 Divides resistless, doubling all his force,
 Such is thy dauntless spirit, whose reproach
 Perforce I own, nor causeless nor unjust
 Yet let the gracious gifts uncensured pass
 Of golden Venus, man may not reject 75
 The glorious bounty by the Gods bestow'd,
 Nor follows their beneficence our choice
 But if thy pleasure be that I engage
 With Menelaus in decision fiece
 Of desperate combat, bid the host of Troy 80
 And bid the Grecians sit, then face to face
 Commit us, in the vacant field between,
 To fight for Helen and for all her wealth
 Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her
 And her's possess'd, shall bear them safe away, 85
 While ye (peace sworn and firm accord) shall dwell
 At Troy, and these to Argos shall return
 And to Achaia praised for women fair
 He ceased, whom Hector heard with joy, he moved
 Into the middle space, and with his spear 90
 Advanced athwart push'd back the Trojan van,
 And all stood fast Meantime at him the Greeks
 Discharged full volley, showering thick around
 From bow and sling, when with a mighty voice
 Thus Agamemnon, leader of the host 95
 Argives! Be still—shoot not, ye sons of Greece!
 Hector bespeaks attention Hear the Chief!
 He said, at once the Grecians ceased to shoot,
 And all sat silent Hector then began
 Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Greeks mail-arm'd, 100
 While I shall publish in your ears the words
 Of Alexander, author of our strife
 Trojans, he bids, and Grecians on the field
 Their arms dispose, while he, the hosts between,
 With warlike Menelaus shall in fight 105
 Contend for Helen, and for all her wealth
 Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her
 And her's possess, shall bear them safe away,

And oaths of amity shall bind the rest
He ceased, and all deep silence held, amazed , 110
When valiant Menelaus thus began
Hear now me also, on whose aching heart
These woes have heaviest fallen At last I hope
Decision near, Trojans and Greeks between,
For ye have suffer'd in my quarrel much, 115
And much by Paris, author of the war
Die he who must, and peace be to the rest
But ye shall hither bring two lambs, one white,
The other black , this to the Earth devote,
That to the Sun We shall ourselves supply 120
A third for Jove Then bring ye Priam forth,
Himself to swear the covenant, (for his sons
Are faithless) lest the oath of Jove be scorn'd
Young men are ever of unstable mind ,
But when an elder interferences, he views 125
Future and past together, and insures
The compact, to both parties, unfringed
So Menelaus spake , and in all hearts
Awaken'd joyful hope that there should end
War's long calamities Alighted each, 130
And drew his steeds into the lines The field
Glisten'd with arms put off, and side by side,
Ranged orderly, while the interrupted war
Stood front to front, small interval between
Then Hector to the city sent in haste 135
Two heralds for the lambs, and to invite
Priam , while Agamemnon, royal Chief,
Talthybius to the Grecian fleet dismiss'd
For a third lamb to Jove , nor he the voice
Of noble Agamemnon disobey'd 140
Iris, ambassadress of heaven, the while,
To Helen came Laodice she seem'd,
Loveliest of all the daughters of the house
Of Priam, wedded to Antenor's son,
King Helicaon Her she found within 145
An ample web magnificent she wove,
Inwrought with numerous conflicts for her sake
Beneath the hands of Mars endured by Greeks
Mail-arm'd, and Trojans of equestrian fame.

Swift Iris, at her side, her thus address'd 150
 Haste, dearest nymph ! a wonderous sight behold !
 Greeks brazen-mail'd, and Trojans steed-renown'd,
 So lately on the cruel work of Mars
 Intent and hot for mutual havoc, sit
 Silent, the war hath paused, and on his shield 155
 Each leans, his long spear planted at his side
 Paris and Menelaus, warrior bold,
 With quivering lances shall contend for thee,
 And thou art his who conquers, his for ever
 So saying, the Goddess into Helen's soul 160
 Sweetest desire infused to see again
 Her former Lord, her parents, and her home.
 At once o'er-mantled with her snowy veil
 She started forth, and as she went, let fall
 A tender tear, not unaccompanied 165
 She went, but by two maidens of her train
 Attended, Æthra, Pittheus' daughter fair,
 And soft-eyed Clymene Then hasty steps
 Convey'd them quickly to the Scæan gate
 There Priam, Panthous, Clytius, Lampus sat, 170
 Thymoetes, Hicetaon, branch of Mars,
 Antenor and Ucalegon the wise,
 All, elders of the people, warriors erst,
 But idle now through age, yet of a voice
 Still indefatigable as the fly's³ 175
 Which perch'd among the boughs sends forth at noon
 Through all the grove his slender ditty sweet.
 Such sat those Trojan leaders on the tower,
 Who, soon as Helen on the steps they saw,
 In accents quick, but whisper'd, thus remark'd 180
 Trojans and Grecians wage, with fair excuse,
 Long war for so much beauty Oh, how like
 In feature to the Goddesses above !
 Pernicious loveliness ! Ah, hence away,
 Resistless as thou art and all divine, 185
 Nor leave a curse to us, and to our sons
 So they among themselves, but Priam call'd

³ Not the grasshopper, but an insect well known in hot countries, and which in Italy is called Cicala. The Grasshopper rests on the ground, but the favourite abode of the Cicála is in the trees and hedges.

Fair Helen to his side My daughter dear !
Come, sit beside me Thou shalt hence discern
Thy former Lord, thy kindred and thy friends 190
I charge no blame on thee The Gods have caused,
Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy
Name to me yon Achaian Chief for bulk
Conspicuous, and for port Taller indeed
I may perceive than he, but with these eyes 195
Saw never yet such dignity, and grace.
Declare his name Some royal Chief he seems
 To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex
My other Sire ! by me for ever held
In reverence, and with filial fear beloved ! 200
Oh that some cruel death had been my choice,
Rather than to abandon, as I did,
All joys domestic, matrimonial bliss,
Brethren, dear daughter, and companions dear,
A wanderer with thy son Yet I alas ! 205
Died not, and therefore now, live but to weep
But I resolve thee Thou behold'st the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty king,
In arms heroic, gracious in the throne,
And, (though it shame me now to call him such,) 210
By nuptial ties a brother once to me
 Then him the ancient King admiring, said.
Oh blest Atrides, happy was thy birth,
And thy lot glorious, whom this gallant host
So numerous, of the sons of Greece obey ! 215
To vine-famed Phrygia, in my days of youth,
I journey'd, many Phrygians there I saw,
Brave horsemen, and expert, they were the powers
Of Otreus and of Mygdon, Godlike Chief,
And on the banks of Sangar's stream encamp'd 220
I march'd among them, chosen in that war
Ally of Phrygia, and it was her day
Of conflict with the man-defying race,
The Amazons, yet multitudes like these
Thy bright-eyed Greeks, I saw not even there. 225
 The venerable King observing next
Ulysses, thus enquired. My child, declare
Him also. Shorter by the head he seems

Than Agamemnon, Atreus' mighty son,
 But shoulder'd broader, and of ampler chest , 230
 He hath disposed his armour on the plain,
 But like a ram, himself the warrior ranks
 Ranges majestic , like a ram full fleeced
 By numerous sheep encompass'd snowy-white
 To whom Jove's daughter Helen thus replied 235
 In him the son of old Laertes know,
 Ulysses , born in Ithaca the rude,
 But of a piercing wit, and deeply wise
 Then answer thus, Antenor sage return'd.
 Princess thou hast described him · hither once 240
 The noble Ithacan, on thy behalf
 Ambassador with Menelaus, came .
 Beneath my roof, with hospitable fare
 Friendly I entertained them Seeing then
 Occasion opportune, I closely mark'd 245
 The genius and the talents of the Chiefs,
 And this I noted well , that when they stood
 Amid the assembled counsellors of Troy,
 Then Menelaus his advantage show'd,
 Who by the shoulders overtopp'd his friend 250
 But when both sat, Ulysses in his air
 Had more of state and dignity than he
 In the delivery of a speech address'd
 To the full senate, Menelaus used
 Few words, but to the matter, fitly ranged, 255
 And with much sweetness utter'd , for in loose
 And idle play of ostentatious terms
 He dealt not, though he were the younger man
 But when the wise Ulysses from his seat
 Had once arisen, he would his downcast eyes 260
 So rivet on the earth, and with a hand
 That seemed untutor'd in its use, so hold
 His sceptre, swaying it to neither side,
 That hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,
 Some chafed and angry idiot, passion-fixt 265
 Yet, when at length, the clear and mellow base
 Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall
 His chosen words like flakes of feather'd snow,
 None then might match Ulysses , leisure, then,

Found none to wonder at his noble form	270
The third of whom the venerable king	
Enquired, was Ajax —Yon Achaean tall,	
Whose head and shoulders tower above the rest	
And of such bulk prodigious—who is he ?	
Him answer'd Helen, loveliest of her sex	275
A bulwark of the Greeks In him thou seest	
Gigantic Ajax Opposite appear	
The Cretans, and among the Chiefs of Crete	
Stands, like a God, Idomeneus Him oft	
From Crete arrived, was Menelaus wont	280
To entertain, and others now I see,	
Achaians, whom I could recall to mind,	
And give to each his name, but two brave youths	
I yet discern not, for equestrian skill	
One famed, and one a bover never foiled,	285
My brothers, born of Leda, sons of Jove,	
Castor and Pollux Either they abide	
In lovely Sparta still, or if they came,	
Decline the fight, by my disgrace abash'd,	
And the reproaches which have fallen on me	290
She said, but they already slept inhumed	
In Lacedemon, in their native soil	
And now the heralds, through the streets of Troy	
Charged with the lambs, and with a goat-skin filled	
With heart-exhilarating wine prepared	295
For that divine solemnity, return'd	
Idæus in his hand a beaker bore	
Resplendent, with its fellow cups of gold,	
And thus he summon'd ancient Priam forth.	
Son of Laomedon, arise The Chiefs	300
Call thee, the Chiefs of Ilum and of Greece	
Descend into the plain. We strike a truce,	
And need thine oath to bind it Paris fights	
With warlike Menelaus for his spouse,	
Their spears decide the strife The conqueror wins	305
Helen and all her treasures We, thenceforth,	
(Peace sworn and amity,) shall dwell secure	
In Troy, while they to Argos shall return	
And to Achaia praised for women fair	
He spake, and Priam, shuddering, bade his train	310

Prepare his steeds , they sedulous obey'd
 First, Priam mounting, backward stretch'd the reins ,
 Antenor, next, beside him sat, and through
 The Scæan gate they drove into the plain.
 Arriving at the hosts of Greece and Troy 315
 They left the chariot, and proceeded both
 Into the interval between the hosts.

Then uprose Agamemnon, and uprose
 All-wise Ulysses Next, the heralds came
 Conspicuous forward, expediting each 320
 The ceremonial , they the beaker fill'd
 With wine, and to the hands of all the kings
 Minister'd water Agamemnon then
 Drawing his dagger which he ever bore
 Appendant to his heavy falchion's sheath, 325
 Cut off the forelocks of the lambs, of which
 The heralds gave to every Grecian Chief
 A portion, and to all the Chiefs of Troy
 Then Agamemnon raised his hands, and pray'd

Jove, Father, who from Ida stretchest forth 330
 Thine arm omnipotent, o'erruling all,
 And thou, all-seeing and all-hearing sun,
 Ye rivers, and thou conscious earth, and ye
 Who under earth on human kind avenge
 Severe, the guilt of violated oaths, 335
 Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear '
 Should Paris slay the hero amber-hair'd,
 My brother Menelaus, Helen's wealth
 And Helen's self are his, and all our host
 Shall home return to Greece , but should it chance 340
 That Paris fall by Menelaus' hand,
 Then Troy shall render back what she detains,
 With such amercement as is meet, a sum
 To be remember'd in all future times
 Which penalty should Priam and his sons 345
 Not pay, though Paris fall, then here in arms
 I will contend for payment of the mulct
 My due, till, satisfied, I close the war

He said, and with his ruthless steel the lambs
 Stretch'd panting all, but soon they ceased to pant, 350
 For mortal was the stroke. Then drawing forth

Wine from the beaker, they with blissing cups
 Hail'd the immortal Gods, and pray'd again,
 And many a Grecian thus and Trojan spake

All-glorious Jove, and ye the powers of heaven, 355
 Whoso shall violate this contract first,
 So be the brains of them and of their sons
 Pour'd out, as we this wine pour on the earth,
 And may their wives bring forth to other men !

So they . but them Jove heard not Then arose 360
 Priam, the son of Dardanus, and said,

Hear me, ye Trojans and ye Greeks well-arm'd
 Hence back to wind-swept Ilum I return,
 Unable to sustain the sight, my son
 With warlike Menelaus match'd in arms 365

Jove knows, and the immortal Gods, to whom
 Of both, this day is preordain'd the last
 So spake the godlike monarch, and disposed
 Within the royal chariot all the lambs ,
 Then, mounting, check'd the reins , Antenor next 370
 Ascended, and to Ilum both return'd

First, Hector and Ulysses, noble Chief,
 Measured the ground , then taking lots for proof
 Who of the combatants should foremost hurl
 His spear, they shook them in a brazen casque , 375
 Meantime the people rais'd their hands on high,
 And many a Grecian thus and Trojan pray'd

Jove, Father, who on Ida seated, seest
 And rulest all below, glorious in power !
 Of these two champions, to the drear abodes 380
 Of Ades him appoint who furnish'd first
 The cause of strife between them, and let peace
 Oath-bound, and amity unite the rest !

So spake the hosts , then Hector shook the lots,
 Majestic Chief, turning his face aside 385
 Forth sprang the lot of Paris They in ranks
 Sat all, where stood the fiery steeds of each,
 And where his radiant arms lay on the field.
 Illustrious Alexander his bright arms

Put on, fair Helen's paramour He clasp'd 390
 His polish'd greaves with silver studs secured ,
 His brother's corslet to his breast he bound,

Lycaon's, apt to his own shape and size,
 And slung athwart his shoulders, bright emboss'd,
 His brazen sword, his massy buckler broad 395
 He took, and to his graceful head his casque
 Adjusted elegant, which, as he moved,
 Its bushy crest waved dreadful, last he seized,
 Well fitted to his gripe, his ponderous spear
 Meantime the hero Menelaus made 400
 Like preparation, and his arms put on

When thus, from all the multitude apart,
 Both combatants had arm'd, with eyes that flash'd
 Defiance, to the middle space they strode,
 Trojans and Greeks between Astonishment 405
 Seized all beholders On the measured ground
 Full near they stood, each brandishing on high
 His massy spear, and each was fiery wroth

First, Alexander his long-shadow'd spear
 Sent forth, and on its smooth shield's surface struck 410
 The son of Atreus, but the brazen guard
 Pierced not, for at the disk, with blunted point
 Reflex, his ineffectual weapon stay'd
 Then Menelaus to the fight advanced
 Impetuous, after prayer offer'd to Jove 415

King over all! now grant me to avenge
 My wrongs on Alexander, now subdue
 The aggressor under me, that men unborn
 May shudder at the thought of faith abused,
 And hospitality with rape repaid 420

He said, and brandishing his massy spear,
 Dismiss'd it Through the burnish'd buckler broad
 Of Priam's son the stormy weapon flew,
 Transpierced his costly hauberk, and the vest
 Ripp'd on his flank, but with a sideward bend 425
 He baffled it, and baulk'd the dreadful death.

Then Menelaus drawing his bright blade,
 Swung it aloft, and on the hairy crest
 Smote him, but shiver'd into fragments small
 The falchion at the stroke fell from his hand 430
 Vexation fill'd him, to the spacious heavens
 He look'd, and with a voice of woe exclaim'd—

Jupiter! of all powers by man adored.

To me most adverse ! Confident I hoped
 Revenge for Paris' treason, but my sword 435
 Is shiver'd, and I sped my spear in vain

So saying, he sprang on him, and his long crest
 Seized fast, then, turning, drew him by that hold
 Toward the Grecian host The broider'd band
 That underbraced his helmet at the chin, 440
 Stain'd to his smooth neck with a ceaseless force,
 Chok'd him, and now had Menelaus won
 Deathless renown, dragging him off the field,
 But Venus, foam-sprung Goddess, feeling quick
 His peril imminent, snapp'd short the brace 445
 Though stubborn, by a slaughter'd⁴ ox suppld,
 And the void helmet follow'd as he pull'd.

That prize the Hero, whirling it aloft,
 Threw to his Greeks, who caught it and secured,
 Then with vindictive strides he rush'd again 450
 On Paris, spear in hand, but him involved

In mist opaque Venus with ease divine
 Snatch'd thence, and in his chamber placed him, fill'd
 With scents odorous, spirit-soothing sweets
 Nor stay'd the Goddess, but at once in quest 455
 Of Helen went, her on a lofty tower

She found, where many a damsel stood of Troy,
 And twitch'd her fragrant robe In form she seem'd
 An ancient matron, who, while Helen dwelt
 In Lacedæmon, her unsullied wool 460
 Dress'd for her, faithfullest of all her train.

Like her disguised the Goddess thus began
 Haste—Paris calls thee—on his sculptured couch,
 (Sparkling alike his looks and his attire,
 He waits thy wish'd return Thou would'st not dream 465
 That he had fought, he rather seems prepared
 For dance, or after dance, for soft repose

So saying, she tumult raised in Helen's mind.
 Yet soon as by her symmetry of neck,
 By her love-kindling breasts and luminous eyes 470
 She knew the Goddess, her she thus bespake

Ah whence, deceitful deity ! thy wish

⁴ Because the hide of a beast that dies in health is tougher and fitter for use than of another that dies diseased.

Now to ensnare me? Would'st thou lure me, say,
 To some fair city of Mæonian name
 Or Phrygian, more remote from Sparta still? 475
 Hast thou some human favourite also there?
 Is it because Atreides hath prevailed
 To vanquish Paris, and would bear me home
 Unworthy as I am, that thou attempt'st
 Again to cheat me? Go thyself—sit thou 480
 Beside him,—for his sake renounce the skies,
 Watch him, weep for him, till at length his wife
 He deign to make thee, or perchance his slave
 I go not (now to go were shame indeed,)
 To dress his couch, nor will I be the jest 485
 Of all my sex in Ithum Oh! my griefs
 Are infinite, and more than I can bear
 To whom, the foam-sprung Goddess, thus incensed
 Ah wretch! provoke not me, lest in my wrath
 Abandoning thee, I not hate thee less 490
 Than now I fondly love thee, and beget
 Such detestation of thee in all hearts,
 Grecian and Trojan, that thou die abhorr'd
 The Goddess ceased Jove's daughter, Helen, fear'd,
 And, in her lucid veil close wrapt around, 495
 Silent retired, of all those Trojan dames
 Unseen, and Venus led, herself, the way
 Soon then as Alexander's fair abode
 They reach'd, her maidens quick their tasks resumed,
 And she to her own chamber lofty-roof'd 500
 Ascended, loveliest of her sex A seat
 For Helen, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd,
 To Paris opposite, the Queen of smiles
 Herself disposed, but with averted eyes
 She sat before him, and him keen reproach'd 505
 Thou hast escaped —Ah would that thou had'st died
 By that heroic arm, mine husband's erst!
 Thou once didst vaunt thee in address and strength
 Superior Go then—challenge yet again
 The warlike Menelaus forth to fight 510
 But hold The hero of the amber locks
 Provoke no more so rashly, lest the point
 Of his victorious spear soon stretch thee dead.

She ended, to whom Paris thus replied
Ah Helen, wound me not with taunt severe '
Me, Menelaus, by Minerva's aid, 515
Hath vanquish'd now, who may hereafter, him
We also have our Gods But let us love
For never since the day when thee I bore
From pleasant Lacedæmon o'er the waves 520
To Cranaë's fair isle, and first enjoy'd
Thy beauty, loved I as I love thee now,
Or felt such sweetness of intense desire
He spake, and sought his bed, whom follow'd soon
Jove's daughter, reconciled to his embrace 525
But Menelaus like a lion ranged
The multitude, enquiring far and near
For Paris lost Yet neither Trojan him
Nor friend of Troy could shew, whom, else, through love
None had conceal'd, for him as death itself 530
All hated, but his going none had seen
Amidst them all then spake the King of men
Trojans, and Dardans, and allies of Troy '
The warlike Menelaus hath prevailed,
As is most plain Now therefore bring ye forth 535
Helen with all her treasures, also bring
Such large amercement as is meet, a sum
To be remember'd in all future times
So spake Atrides, and Achæa's host
With loud applause confirm'd the monarch's claim 540

BOOK IV

A R G U M E N T.

In a Council of the Gods, a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised, Jove consenting to dispatch Minerva with a charge to incite some Trojan to a violation of the truce. Minerva descends for that purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam, exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon having consigned him to the care of Machaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander in chief, in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins

Now, on the golden floor of Jove's abode
 The Gods all sat consulting, Hebe them,
 Graceful, with nectar served, they pledging each
 His next, 'alternate quaff'd from cups of gold,
 And at their ease reclined, look'd down on Troy, 5
 When, sudden, Jove essay'd by piercing speech
 Invidious, to enkindle Juno's ire
 Two Goddesses on Menelaus' part
 Confederate stand, Juno in Argos known,
 Pallas in Alalcomene¹, yet they 10
 Sequester'd sit, look on, and are amused
 Not so smile-loving Venus, she beside
 Her champion station'd, saves him from his fate,
 And at this moment, by her aid, he lives
 But now, since victory hath proved the lot 15
 Of warlike Menelaus, weigh ye well
 The matter, shall we yet the ruinous strife
 Prolong between the nations, or consent
 To give them peace? should peace your preference win,
 And prove alike acceptable to all, 20
 Stand I hum, and let Menelaus bear
 Helen of Argos back to Greece again
 He ended, Juno and Minerva heard,
 Low-murmuring deep disgust, for side by side
 They forging sat calamity to Troy 25

¹ A town of that name in Boeotia, where Pallas was particularly worshipped

Minerva through displeasure against Jove
 Nought utter'd, for with rage her bosom boil'd,
 But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied

What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove most severe!
 How? wouldst thou render fruitless all my pains?
 The sweat that I have pour'd? my steeds themselves
 Have fainted while I gather'd Greece in arms
 For punishment of Priam and his sons
 Do it But small thy praise shall be in heaven

30

Then her the Thunderer answer'd sore displeased
 Ah shameless! how have Priam and his sons
 So much transgress'd against thee, that thou burn'st
 With ceaseless rage to ruin populous Troy?
 Go, make thine entrance at her lofty gates,
 Priam and all his house, and all his host
 Alive devour, then, haply, thou wilt rest,
 Do even as thou wilt, that this dispute
 Live not between us a consuming fire
 For ever But attend, mark well the word

35

When I shall also doom in future time
 Some city to destruction, dear to thee,
 Oppose me not, but give my fury way
 As I give way to thine, not pleased myself,
 Yet not unsatisfied, so thou be pleased
 For of all cities of the sons of men,
 And which the sun and stars from heaven behold,
 Me sacred Troy most pleases, Priam me
 Most, and the people of the warrior King
 Nor without cause They feed mine altar well,
 Libation there, and steam of savoury scent
 Fail not, the tribute which by lot is ours

40

45

50

55

Him answer'd, then, the Goddess ample-eyed,
 Majestic Juno Three fair cities me,
 Of all the earth, most interest and engage,
 Mycenæ for magnificence renown'd,
 Argos, and Sparta Them, when next thy wrath
 Shall be inflamed against them, lay thou waste,
 I will not interpose on their behalf,
 Thou shalt not hear me murmur, what avail

60

² Βοῶπις, constant description of Juno, but not susceptible of literal translation.

Complaint or force against thy matchless arm	65
Yet were it most unmeet that even I	
Should toil in vain, I also boast a birth	
Celestial, Saturn deeply wise, thy Sue,	
Is also mine, our origin is one	
Thee I acknowledge Sovereign, yet account	70
Myself entitled by a twofold claim	
To veneration both from Gods and men,	
The daughter of Jove's sue, and spouse of Jove	
Concession mutual therefore both thyself	
Befits and me, whom when the Gods perceive	75
Disposed to peace, they also shall accord	
Come then —To yon dread field dispatch in haste	
Minerva, with command that she incite	
The Trojans first to violate their oath	
By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks	80
So Juno, nor the sire of all refused,	
But in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake	
Begone, swift fly to yonder field, incite	
The Trojans first to violate their oath	
By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks	85
The Goddess heard, and what she wish'd, enjoin'd,	
Down-darted swift from the Olympian heights,	
In form a meteor, such as from his hand	
Not seldom Jove dismisses, beaming bright	
And, breaking into stars, an omen sent	90
To mariners, or to some numerous host	
Such Pallas seem'd, and swift descending, dropp'd	
Full in the midst between them They with awe	
That sign portentous and with wonder view'd,	
Achaians both and Trojans, and his next	95
The soldier thus bespake Now either war	
And dire hostility again shall flame,	
Or Jove now gives us peace Both are from Jove	
So spake the soldiery, but she the form	
Taking of brave Laodocus, the son	100
Of old Antenor, throughout all the ranks	
Sought godlike Pandarus Ere long she found	
The valiant son illustrious of Lycaon,	
Standing encompass'd by his dauntless troops,	
Broad-shielded warriors, from Æsepus' stream	105

His followers, to his side the Goddess came,
And in wing'd accents aident him bespake

Brave offspring of Lycaon, is there hope
That thou wilt hear my counsel? daiest thou slip
A shaft at Menelaus? much renown 110

Thou shalt and thanks from all the Trojans win,
But most of all, from Paris, prince of Troy
From him illustrious gifts thou shalt receive
Doubtless, when Menelaus he shall see
The martial son of Atreus by a shaft 115

Subdued of thine, placed on his funeral pile
Come Shoot at Menelaus, glorious Chief!
But vow to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,
To far Zelea's walls once safe restored 120

So Pallas spake, to whom infatuate he
Listening, uncased at once his polish'd bow
That bow, the laden brows of a wild goat
Salacious had supplied, him on a day
Forth-issuing from his cave, in ambush placed 125

He wounded with an arrow to his breast
Dispatch'd, and on the rock supreme he fell
Each horn had from his head tall growth attain'd,
Full sixteen palms, them shaven smooth the south
Had aptly join'd, and tipped then points with gold 130

That bow he strung, then, stooping, planted him
The nether horn, his comrades bold the while
Screening him close with shields, lest ere the prince
Were stricken, Menelaus, brave in arms,
The Greeks with fierce assault should interpose 135

He raised his quiver's lid, he chose a dart
Unflown, full-fledged, and bar'd with pangs of death,
He lodged in haste the arrow on the sting,
And vow'd to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock, 140

To far Zelea's walls once safe restored
Compressing next neve and notch'd arrow-head
He drew back both together, to his pap
Drew home the neve, the barb home to his bow,
And when the horn was curv'd to a wide arch, 145
He twang'd it Whizz'd the bowstring, and the reed

Leap'd off, impatient for the distant throng

Thee, Menelaus, then the blessed Gods

Forgot not, Pallas huntress of the spoil,

Thy guardian then, baffled the cruel dart

150

Far as a mother wafts the fly aside

That haunts her slumbering babe, so far she drove

Its course aslant, directing it herself

Against the golden clasps that join'd his belt;

For there the doubled hauberk interposed

155

The bitter arrow plunged into his belt,

It pierced his broider'd belt, stood fixt within

His twisted hauberk, nor the interior quilt,

Though penetrable least to arrow-points

And his best guard, withheld it, but it pass'd

160

That also, and the Hero's skin inscribed.

Quick flow'd a sable current from the wound.

As when a Carian or Mæonian maid

Impurples ivory ordain'd to grace

The cheek of martial steed, safe stored it lies,

165

By many a Chief desired, but proves at last

The stately trapping of some prince, the pride

Of his high pamper'd steed, nor less his own,

Such, Menelaus, seem'd thy shapely thighs,

Thy legs, thy feet, stained with thy trickling blood

170

Shudder'd King Agamemnon when he saw

The blood fast trickling from the wound, nor less

Shudder'd himself the bleeding warrior bold

But neck and barb observing from the flesh

Extant, he gather'd heart, and lived again

175

Then royal Agamemnon, sighing, grasp'd

The hand of Menelaus, and while all

Their followers sigh'd around them, thus began

I swore thy death, my brother, when I swore

This truce, and set thee forth in sight of Greeks

180

And Trojans, our sole champion, for the foe

Hath trodden underfoot his sacred oath,

And stained it with thy blood But not in vain,

The truce was ratified, the blood of lambs

Poured forth, libation made, and right hands join'd

185

In holy confidence The wrath of Jove

May sleep, but will not always, they shall pay

Dear penalty, their own obnoxious heads
Shall be the mulct, their children and their wives
For this I know, know surely, that a day 190
Shall come, when Ilium, when the warlike King
Of Ilium and his host shall perish all
Saturnian Jove high-throned, dwelling in heaven,
Resentful of this outrage, then shall shake
His storm-clad Ægis over them He will, 195
I speak no fable Time shall prove me true
But, oh my Menelaus, dire distress
Awaits me, if thy close of life be come,
And thou must die Then ignominy foul
Shall hunt me back to Argos long-desired, 200
For then all here will recollect their home,
And, hope abandoning, will Helen yield
To be the boast of Priam, and of Troy
So shall our toils be vain, and while thy bones
Shall waste these clods beneath, Troy's haughty sons 205
The tomb of Menelaus glory-crown'd
Insulting barbarous, shall scoff at me
So may Atrides, shall they say, perform
His anger still as he performed it here,
Whither he led an unsuccessful host, 210
Whence he hath sail'd again without the spoils,
And where he left his brother's bones to rot
So shall the Trojan speak, then open earth
Her mouth, and hide me in her deepest gulfs!
But him, the hero of the golden locks 215
Thus cheer'd. My brother fear not, nor infect
With fear the Grecians, the sharp-pointed reed
Hath touch'd no vital part The broader'd zone,
The hauberk, and the tough interior quilt,
Work of the armourer, its force repress'd 220
Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men
So be it, brother! but the hand of one
Skilful to heal shall visit and shall dress
The wound with drugs of pain-assuaging power.
He ended, and his noble herald, next, 225
Bespake, Talthybius Haste, call hither quick
The son of Æsculapius, leech renown'd,
The prince Machaon. Bid him fly to attend

The warlike Chieftain Menelaus, him
 Some archer, either Lycian or of Troy, 230
 A dexterous one, hath stricken with a shaft
 To his own glory, and to our distress
 He spake, nor him the herald disobey'd,
 But through the Greeks blight-arm'd his course began
 The Hero seeking earnest on all sides 235
 Machaon Him, ere long, he station'd saw
 Amid the shielded-ranks of his brave band
 From steed-famed Tricca drawn, and at his side
 With accents ardour-wing'd, him thus address'd
 Haste, Asclepiades ! The king of men 240
 Calls thee Delay not Thou must visit quick
 Brave Menelaus, Atreus' son, for him
 Some archer, either Lycian or of Troy,
 A dexterous one, hath stricken with a shaft
 To his own glory, and to our distress 245
 So saying, he roused Machaon, who his course
 Through the wide host began Arriving soon
 Where wounded Menelaus stood, while all
 The bravest of Achaia's host around
 The Godlike hero press'd, he strove at once 250
 To draw the arrow from his cincture forth,
 But, drawing, bent the barbs He therefore loosed
 His broader'd belt, his hauberk and his quilt,
 Work of the armourer, and laying bare
 His body where the bitter shaft had plough'd 255
 His flesh, he suck'd the wound, then spread it o'er
 With drugs of balmy power, given on a time
 For friendship's sake by Chiron to his sire
 While Menelaus thus the cares engross'd
 Of all those Chiefs, the shielded powers of Troy 260
 'Gan move toward them, and the Greeks again
 Put on their armour, mindful of the fight
 Then hadst thou not great Agamemnon seen
 Slumbering, or trembling, or averse from war,
 But ardent to begin his glorious task 265
 His steeds, and his bright chariot brass-inlaid
 He left, the snorting steeds Eurymedon,
 Offspring of Ptolemy Pnaides
 Detain'd apart, for him he strict enjoin'd

Attendance near, lest weariness of limbs
Should seize him marshalling his numerous host
So forth he went, and through the files on foot
Proceeding, where the warlike Greeks he saw
Alert, he roused them by his words the more

Argives ! abate no spark of all your fire
Jove will not prosper traitors Them who first
Transgress'd the truce the vultures shall devour,
But we (then city taken) shall their wives
Lead captive, and then children home to Greece

So cheer'd he them But whom he saw supine,
Or in the rugged work of war remiss,
In terms of anger them he stern rebuked

Oh Greeks ! The shame of Argos ! Arrow-doom'd !
Blush ye not ? Wherefore stand ye thus aghast,
Like fawns which wearied after scouring wide
The champaign, gaze and pant, and can no more ?
Senseless like them ye stand, nor seek the fight

Is it your purpose patient here to wait
Till Troy invade your vessels on the shore
Of the grey deep, that ye may trial make
Of Jove, if he will prove, himself, your shield ?

Thus, in discharge of his high office, pass'd
Atreides through the ranks, and now arrived
Where, hardy Chief ! Idomeneus in front
Of his bold Cretans stood, stout as a boar
The van he occupied, while in the rear
Meriones harangued the most remote
Them so prepared the King of men beheld
With joyful heart, and thus in courteous terms
Instant the brave Idomeneus address'd

Thee fighting, feasting, howsoe'er employed,
I most respect, Idomeneus, of all
The well horsed Danaans; for when the Chiefs
Of Argos, banquetting, then beakers charge
With rosy wine the honourable meed
Of valour, thou alone of all the Greeks
Drink'st not by measure No—thy goblet stands
Replenish'd still, and like myself thou know'st
No rule or bound, save what thy choice prescribes
March Seek the foe. Fight now as heretofore

And passing thence, the son of Peteos found 385
 Menestheus, foremost in equestrian fame,
 Among the brave Athenians, near to him
 Ulysses held his station, and at hand
 The Cephallenians stood, hardy and bold ,
 For rumour none of the approaching fight 390
 Them yet had reach'd, so recent had the stir
 Arisen in either host, they, therefore, watch'd
 Till the example of some other band
 Marching, should prompt them to begin the fight
 But Agamemnon, thus, the King of men . 395
 Them seeing, sudden and severe reproved
 Menestheus, son of Peteos prince renown'd,
 And thou, deviser of all evil wiles !
 Adept in artifice ! why stand ye here
 Appall'd ? why wait ye on this distant spot 400
 'Till others move ? I might expect from you
 More readiness to meet the burning war,
 Whom foremost I invite of all to share
 The banquet, when the Princes feast with me
 There ye are prompt, ye find it pleasant there 405
 To eat your savoury food, and quaff your wine
 Delicious, 'till satiety ensue ,
 But here ye could be well content to stand
 Spectators only, while ten Grecian troops
 Should wage before you the wide-wasting war 410
 To whom Ulysses, with resentful tone
 Dark-frowning, thus replied What words are these
 Which have escaped thy lips, and for what cause,
 Atrides, hast thou call'd me slow to fight ?
 When we of Greece shall in sharp contest clash 415
 With yon steed-tamer Trojans, mark me then ,
 Then thou shalt see (if the concerns of war
 So nearly touch thee, and thou so incline)
 The father of Telemachus, engaged
 Among the foremost Trojans But thy speech 420
 Was light as is the wind, and rashly made
 When him thus moved he saw, the monarch smiled
 Complacent, and in gentler terms replied
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 Short reprimand and exhortation short 425

Suffice for thee, nor did I purpose more
For I have known thee long, that thou art one
Of kindest nature, and so much my friend
That we have both one heart Go therefore thou,
Lead on, and if a word have fallen amiss, 430
We will hereafter mend it, and may heaven
Obliterate in thine heart its whole effect '

He ceased, and ranging still along the line,
The son of Tydeus, Diomedes, perceived,
Heroic Chief, by chariots all around 435
Environ'd, and by steeds, at side of whom
Stood Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus
Him also, Agamemnon, King of men,
In accents of asperity reproved

Ah, son of Tydeus, Chief of dauntless heart 440
And of equestrian fame ! why standest thou
Appall'd, and peering through the walks of war ?
So did not Tydeus In the foremost fight
His favourite station was, as they affirm
Who witness'd his exploits , I never saw 445
Or met him, but by popular report
He was the bravest warrior of his day

Yet came he once, but not in hostile sort,
To fair Mycenæ, by the Godlike prince
Attended, Polynices, at what time 450

The host was called together, and the siege
Was purposed of the sacred city Thebes
Earnest they sued for an auxiliar band,
Which we had gladly granted, but that Jove
By unpropitious tokens interfered 455

So forth they went, and on the reedy banks
Arriving of Asopus, there thy sire
By designation of the Greeks was sent
Ambassador, and enter'd Thebes He found
In Eteocles' palace numerous guests, 460

The sons of Cadmus feasting, among whom,
Although a solitary stranger, stood
Thy father without fear, and challenged forth
Their best to cope with him in manly games
Them Tydeus vanquish'd easily, such aid 465
Pallas vouchsafed him Then the spur-arm'd race

Of Cadmus was incensed, and fifty youths
 In ambush close expected his return
 Them, Lycophontes obstinate in fight,
 Son of Autophonus, and Mæon, son 170
 Of Hæmon, Chief of Godlike stature, led
 Those also Tydeus slew, Mæon except,
 (Whom, warned from heaven, he spared, and sent him home
 With tidings of the rest,) he slew them all.
 Such was Ætolian Tydeus, who begat 175
 A son in speech his better, not in aims.

He ended, and his sovereign's awful voice
 Tydides reverencing, nought replied,
 But thus the son of glorious Capaneus
 Atrides, conscious of the truth, speak truth. 480

We with our sires compared, superior praise
 Claim justly. We, confiding in the aid
 Of Jove, and in propitious signs from heaven,
 Led to the city consecrate to Mars
 Our little host, inferior far to theirs, 485

And took seven-gated Thebes, under whose walls
 Our fathers by their own imprudence fell
 Their glory, then, match never more with ours

He spake, whom with a frowning brow the brave
 Tydides answer'd. Sthenelus, my friend! 490

I give thee counsel. Mark it Hold thy peace
 If Agamemnon, who hath charge of all,
 Excite his well-appointed host to war,

He hath no blame from me For should the Greeks
 (Her people vanquish'd) win imperial Troy, 495
 The glory shall be his, or, if his host
 O'erpower'd in battle perish, his the shame.

Come, therefore, be it ours to rouse at once
 To action all the fury of our might

He said, and from his chariot to the plain 500
 Leap'd ardent, rang the armour on the breast
 Of the advancing Chief, the boldest heart
 Had felt emotion, startled at the sound.

As when the waves by Zephyrus up-heaved
 Crowd fast toward some sounding shore, at first, 505
 On the broad bosom of the deep their heads
 They curl on high, then breaking on the land

Thunder, and o'er the rocks that breast the flood
Borne turgid, scatter far the showery spray,
So moved the Greeks successive, rank by rank, 510
And phalanx after phalanx, every Chief
His loud command proclaiming, while the rest,
As voice in all those thousands none had been,
Heard mute, and, in resplendent armour clad,
With martial order terrible advanced 515
Not so the Trojans came As sheep, the flock
Of some rich man, by thousands in his court
Penn'd close at milking time, incessant bleat,
Loud answering all their bleating lambs without,
Such din from Ilium's wide-spread host arose 520
Nor was their shout, nor was their accent one,
But mingled languages were heard of men
From various climes These Mars to battle roused,
Those Pallas azure-eyed, nor Terror thence
Nor Flight was absent, nor insatiate Strife, 525
Sister and mate of homicidal Mars,
Who small at first, but swift to grow, from earth
Her towering crest lifts gradual to the skies
She, foe alike to both, the brands dispersed
Of burning hate between them, and the woes 530
Enhanced of battle wheresoe'er she pass'd
And now the battle join'd Shield clash'd with shield,
And spear with spear, conflicting corslets rang,
Boss'd bucklers met, and tumult wild arose
Then, many a yell was heard, and many a shout 535
Loud intermix'd, the slayer o'er the mam'd
Exulting, and the field was drench'd with blood
As when two winter torrents rolling down
The mountains, shoot their floods through gulleys huge
Into one gulf below, station'd remote 540
The shepherd in the uplands hears the roar,
Such was the thunder of the mingling hosts.
And first, Antiochus a Trojan Chief
Slew Echeolus, from Thalysias sprung,
Contending valiant in the van of Troy. 545
Him smiting on his crested casque, he drove
The brazen lance into his front, and pierced
The bones within, night overspread his eyes,

And in fierce battle, like a tower, he fell
 Him fallen by both feet Calchodon's son 550
 Seized, royal Elephenor, leader brave
 Of the Abantes, and in haste to strip
 His armour, drew him from the fight aside
 But short was that attempt Him so employ'd
 Dauntless Agenor mark'd, and as he stoop'd, 555
 In his unshielded flank a pointed spear
 Implanted deep, he languid sunk and died
 So Elephenor fell, for whom arose
 Sharp conflict, Greeks and Trojans mutual flew
 Like wolves to battle, and man grappled man 560
 Then Telamonian Ajax, in his prime
 Of youthful vigour Simoisius slew,
 Son of Anthemion Him on Simois' banks
 His mother bore, when with her parents once
 She came from Ida down to view the flocks, 565
 And thence they named him, but his parents' love
 He lived not to requite, in early youth
 Slain by the spear of Ajax famed in arms
 For him advancing Ajax at the pap
 Wounded, right through his shoulder driven the point 570
 Stood forth behind, he fell, and press'd the dust
 So in some spacious marsh the poplar falls
 Smooth-skin'd, with boughs unladen save aloft,
 Some chariot-builder with his axe the trunk
 Severs, that he may waip it to a wheel 575
 Of shapely form, meantime exposed it lies
 To parching ains beside the running stream,
 Such Simoisius seemed, Anthemion's son,
 Whom noble Ajax slew. But soon at him
 Antiphus, son of Priam, bight in arms, 580
 Hurl'd through the multitude his pointed spear
 He erred from Ajax, but he pierced the groin
 Of Leucus, valiant warrior of the band
 Led by Ulysses He the body dragg'd
 Apart, but fell beside it, and let fall, 585
 Breathless himself, the burthen from his hand.
 Then burn'd Ulysses' wrath for Leucus slain,
 And through the foremost combatants, array'd
 In dazzling arms, he rush'd Full near he stood,

And, looking keen around him, hurl'd a lance 590
 Back fell the Trojans from before the face
 Dispersed of great Ulysses Not in vain
 His weapon flew, but on the field outstretch'd
 A spurious son of Priam, from the shores
 Call'd of Abydus famed for fleetest mares, 595
 Democoon, him, for Leucus' sake enraged,
 Ulysses through both temples with his spear
 Transpierced The night of death hung on his eyes,
 And sounding on his batter'd arms he fell
 Then Hector and the van of Troy retired, 600
 Loud shout the Grecians, these draw off the dead,
 Those onward march again, and from the heights
 Of Pergamus Apollo looking down
 In anger, to the Trojans called aloud
 Turn, turn, ye Trojans! face your Grecian foes 605
 They, like yourselves, are vulnerable flesh,
 Not adamant or steel Your direst dread
 Achilles, son of Thetis radiant-hair'd,
 Fights not, but sullen in his fleet abides
 Such from the citadel was heard the voice 610
 Of dread Apollo But Minerva ranged
 Meantime, Tritonian progeny of Jove,
 The Grecians, rousing whom she saw remote
 Then Amalynceus' son, Dioces, felt
 The force of fate, bruised by a rugged rock 615
 At his right heel, which Prius, Thracian Chief,
 The son of Imbrasus of Ænos, threw
 Bones and both tendons in its fall the mass
 Enormous crush'd He stretch'd in dust supine,
 With palms outspread toward his warrior friends 620
 Lay gasping life away But he who gave
 The fatal blow, Prius, advancing, urged
 Into his navel a keen lance, and shed
 His bowels forth, then, darkness veil'd his eyes
 Nor Prius long survived, him through the breast, 625
 Above the pap, Ætolian Thoas pierced,
 And in his lungs set fast the quivering spear
 Then Thoas swift approach'd, pluck'd from the wound
 His stormy spear, and with his falchion bright
 Gashing his middle belly, stretch'd him dead. 630

Yet stripp'd he not the slain, whom with long spears
 His Thracians hairy-scalp'd⁵ so round about
 Encompassed, that though bold and large of limb
 Were Thoas, from before them him they thrust
 Staggering and reeling in his forced retreat

635

They therefore in the dust, the Epean chief
 Dioreas, and the Thracian, Pirus lay
 Stretch'd side by side, with numerous slain around

Then had Minerva led through all that field
 Some warrior yet unhurt, him sheltering safe
 From all annoyance dread of dart or spear,
 No cause of blame in either had he found
 That day, so many Greeks and Trojans press'd,
 Extended side by side, the dusty plain.

640

⁵ Ἀκρόκομοι They wore only a lock of hair on the crown of the head.

BOOK V.

A R G U M E N T

Diomede is extraordinarily distinguished 'He kills Pandarus, who had violated the truce, and wounds first Venus, and then Mars

THEN Athenæan Pallas on the son
 Of Tydeus, Diomede, new force conferr'd
 And daring courage, that the Argives all
 He might surpass, and deathless fame achieve
 Fires on his helmet, and his shield around 5
 She kindled, bright and steady as the star
 Autumnal, which in Ocean newly bathed
 Assumes fresh beauty, with such glorious beams
 His head encircling and his shoulders broad,
 She urged him forth into the thickest fight 10
 There lived a man in Troy, Dares his name,
 The priest of Vulcan, rich he was and good,
 The father of two sons, Idæus this,
 That, Phegeus call'd, accomplish'd warriors both
 These, issuing from their phalanx, push'd direct 15
 Their steeds at Diomede, who fought on foot
 When now small interval was left between,
 First Phegeus his long-shadow'd spear dismiss'd,
 But over Diomedes' left shoulder pass'd
 The point, innocuous Then his splendid lance 20
 Tydides hurl'd, not ineffectual flew
 The weapon from his hand, but Phegeus pierced
 His paps between, and forced him to the ground
 At once, his sumptuous chariot left, down leap'd
 Idæus wanting courage to defend 25
 His brother slain, nor had he scaped himself
 His louring fate, but Vulcan, to preserve
 His ancient priest from unmixt sorrow, snatch'd
 The fugitive in darkness wrapt, away
 Then brave Tydides, driving off the steeds, 30

Consign'd them to his fellow-warriors' care,
That they might lead them down into the fleet.

The valiant Trojans, when they saw the sons
Of Dares, one beside his chariot slam,
And one by flight preserved, through all their host
Felt consternation Then Minerva seized
The hand of fiery Mars, and thus she spake

Gore-tainted, homicide, town-battering Mairs !
Leave we the Trojans and the Greeks to wage
Fierce fight alone, Jove prospering whom he will,
So shall we not provoke our father's ire

She said, and from the fight conducted forth
The impetuous Deity, whom on the side
She seated of Scamander deep-embank'd ¹

And now the host of Troy to flight inclined
Before the Grecians, and the Chiefs of Greece
Each slew a warrior Agamemnon first
Gigantic Odysseus from his chariot hurl'd,
Chief of the Halizonians He to flight
Turn'd foremost, when the monarch in his spine
Between the shoulder-bones his spear infix'd,
And urged it through his breast Sounding he fell,
And loud his batter'd armour rang around

By brave Idomeneus a Lydian died,
Phæstus, from fruitful Tarne sent to Troy,
Son of Mæonian Boius, him his steeds
Mounting, Idomeneus the spear-renown'd
Through his right shoulder pierced, unwelcome night
Involved him, from his chariot down he fell,
And the attendant Cretans stripp'd his arms

But Menelaus, son of Atreus slew
With his bright spear Scamandrius, Strophius' son,
A skilful hunter, for Diana him,
Herself, the slaughterer of all savage kinds
Had taught, on mountain or in forest bled
But she, shaft-aiming Goddess, in that hour
Avail'd him not, nor his own matchless skill,
For Menelaus, Atreus son spear famed,
Him flying wounded in the spine between
His shoulders, and the spear urged through his breast

Pione on his loud-resounding arms he fell.

Next, by Meriones Pheieclus died,
 Son of Harmonides All arts that ask
 A well-instructed hand his sire had learn'd,
 For Pallas dearly loved him He the fleet, 75
 Prime source of harm to Troy and to himself,
 For Paris built, unskill'd to spell aright
 The oracles predictive of the woe.

Pheieclus fled, Meriones his flight
 Outstripping, deep in his posterior flesh 80
 A spear infix'd, sliding beneath the bone
 It grazed his bladder as it pass'd, and stood
 Protruded far before Low on his knees
 Pheieclus sank, and with a shriek expired

Pedæus, whom, although his spurious son, 85
 Antenor's wife, to gratify her Lord,
 Had cherish'd as her own—him Meges slew
 Warlike Phylides² following close his flight,
 His keen lance drove into his poll, cut sheer
 His tongue within, and through his mouth enforced 90
 The glittering point He, prostrate in the dust,
 The cold steel press'd between his teeth and died

Eurypylus, Evemon's son, the brave
 Hypsenor slew, Dolopion was his sue,
 Priest of Scamander, revered as a God. 95
 In vain before Eurypylus he fled,
 He, running, with his falchion lopp'd his arm
 Fast by the shoulder, on the field his hand
 Fell blood-distained, and destiny severe
 With shades of death for ever veil'd his eyes 100

Thus strenuous they the toilsome battle waged
 But where Tydides fought, whether in aid
 Of Ilum's host, or on the part of Greece,
 Might none discern For as a winter-flood
 Impetuous, mounds and bridges sweeps away, 105
 The buttress'd bridge checks not its sudden force,
 The firm inclosure of vine-planted fields
 Luxuriant, falls before it, finish'd works
 Of youthful hands, once pleasant to the eye,
 Now levell'd, after ceaseless rain from Jove, 110

² Meges, son of Phyleus

So drove Tydides into sudden flight
 The Trojans , phalanx after phalanx fled
 Before the terior of his single arm

When him Lycaon's son illustrious saw
 Scouring the field, and from before his face 115
 The ranks dispersing wide, at once he bent
 Against Tydides his elastic bow

The arrow met him in his swift career
 Sure-aim'd , it struck direct the hollow mail
 Of his right shoulder, with resistless force 120
 Transfix'd it, and his hauberk stain'd with blood
 Loud shouted then Lycaon's son renown'd

Rush on, ye Trojans, spur your counsels hard
 Our fiercest foe is wounded, and I deem
 His death not distant far, if me the King³ 125
 Jove's son, indeed, from Lycia sent to Troy

So boasted Pandarus. Yet him the dart
 Quell'd not Retreating, at his coursers' heads
 He stood, and to the son of Capaneus
 His chamoteer and faithful friend he said 130

Arise, sweet son of Capaneus, dismount,
 And from my shoulder draw this bitter shaft

He spake , at once the son of Capaneus
 Descending, by its barb the bitter shaft
 Drew forth , blood spouted through his twisted mail 135
 Incontinent, and thus the Hero pray'd.

Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd !
 If ever me, propitious, or my sue
 Thou hast in furious fight help'd heretofore,
 Now aid me also Bring within the reach 140

Of my swift spear, Oh grant me to strike through
 The warrior who hath check'd my course, and boasts
 The sun's bright beams for ever quench'd to me !

He prayed, and Pallas heard , she braced his limbs,
 She wing'd him with alacrity divine, 145
 And standing at his side, him thus bespake

Now Diomed, be bold ! Fight now with Troy
 To thee, thy father's spirit I impart
 Fearless , shield-shaking Tydeus felt the same
 I also from thine eye the darkness purge 150

Which dimm'd thy sight before, that thou may'st know
Both Gods and men, should, therefore, other God
Approach to try thee, fight not with the powers
Immortal, but if foam-born Venus come,
Hei spare not Wound hei with thy glittering spear 155

So spake the blue-eyed Deity, and went
Then with the champions in the van again
Tydides mingled, hot before, he fights
With threefold fury now, nor less enraged
Than some gaunt lion whom o'erleaping light 160
The fold, a shepherd hath but gall'd, not kill'd,
Him irritating more, thenceforth the swain
Lurks unresisting, flies the abandon'd flock,
Heaps slain on heaps he leaves, and with a bound
Surmounting all impediment, escapes, 165
Such seem'd the valiant Diomede incensed
To fury, mingling with the host of Troy

Astynous and Hypenor first he slew,
One with his brazen lance above the pap
He pierced, and one with his huge falchion smote 170
Fast by the key-bone⁴, from the neck and spine
His paited shoulder diving at a blow

Them leaving, Polyides next he sought
And Abas, sons of a dream-dealing seer,
Eurydamas, their hoary father's dreams 175
Or not interpreted, or kept concealed,
Them saved not, for by Diomede they died
Xanthus and Thoon he encounter'd next,
Both sons of Phænops, sons of his old age,
Who other heir had none of all his wealth, 180
Nor hoped another, worn with many years
Tydides slew them both, nor aught reman'd
To the old man but sorrow for his sons

For ever lost, and strangers were his heirs
Two sons of Priam in one chariot borne 185
Echemon next, and Chionius felt his hand
Resistless As a lion on the herd

Leaping, while they the shrubs and bushes browse,
Breaks short the neck of heifer or of steer,
So them, though clinging fast and loth to fall, 190

⁴ Or collar-bone

Tydidēs hurl'd together to the ground,
Then stripp'd their splendid armour, and the steeds
Consigned and chariot to his soldiers' care

Æneas him discern'd scattering the ranks,
And through the battle and the clash of spears 195
Went seeking Godlike Pandarus, ere long
Finding Lycaon's martial son renown'd,
He stood before him, and him thus address'd

Thy bow, thy feather'd shafts, and glorious name
Where are they, Pandarus? whom none of Tioy 200
Could equal, whom of Lycia, none excel.
Come Lift thine hands to Jove, and at yon Chief
Dispatch an arrow who afflicts the host
Of Ilum thus, conquering where'er he flies,
And who hath slaughter'd numerous brave in arms 205
But him some Deity I rather deem
Avenging on us his neglected rites,
And who can stand before an angry God?

Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd
Brave leader of the Trojans brazen-mail'd, 210
Æneas! By his buckler which I know,
And by his helmet's height, considering too
His steeds, I deem him Diomede the bold,
Yet such pronounce him not, who seems a God
But if bold Diomede indeed he be 215
Of whom I speak, not without aid from heaven
His fury thus prevails, but at his side
Some God, in clouds enveloped, turns away
From him the arrow to a devious course.

Already, at his shoulder's hollow mail 220
My shaft hath pierced him through, and him I deem'd
Dismiss'd full sure to Pluto ere his time,
But he survives, whom therefore I at last
Perforce conclude some angry Deity
Steeds have I none or chariot to ascend, 225
Who have eleven chariots in the stands

Left of Lycaon, with fair hangings all
O'ermantled, strong, new finish'd, with their steeds
In pairs beside them, eating winnow'd grain
Me much Lycaon my old valiant sire 230
At my departure from his palace gates

Persuaded, that my chariot and my steeds
Ascending, I should so conduct my bands
To battle, counsel wise, and ill-refused !
But anxious, lest, (the host in Troy so long 235
Immew'd) my steeds, fed plenteously at home,
Should here want food, I left them, and on foot
To Ilium came, confiding in my bow
Ordain'd at last to yield me little good
Twice have I shot, and twice I struck the mark, 240
First Menelaus, and Tydides next .
From each I drew the blood, true, genuine blood,
Yet have but more incensed them In an hour
Unfortunate, I therefore took my bow
Down from the wall that day, when for the sake 245
Of noble Hector, to these pleasant plains
I came, a leader on the part of Troy
But should I once return, and with these eyes
Again behold my native land, my sire,
My wife, my stately mansion, may the hand, 250
That moment, of some adversary there
Shorten me by the head, if I not snap
This bow with which I charged myself in vain,
And burn the unprofitable tool to dust
To whom Æneas, Trojan Chief, replied 255
Nay, speak not so For ere that hour arrive
We will, with chariot and with horse, in arms
Encounter him, and put his strength to proof
Delay not, mount my chariot Thou shalt see
With what rapidity the steeds of Troy 260
Pursuing or retreating, scour the field
If after all, Jove purpose still to exalt
The son of Tydeus, these shall bear us safe
Back to the city Come then Let us on
The lash take thou, and the resplendent reins, 265
While I alight for battle, or thyself
Receive them, and the steeds shall be my care
Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd
Æneas ! manage thou the reins, and guide
Thy proper steeds If fly at last we must 270
The son of Tydeus, they will readier draw
Directed by their wonted charioteer.

Else, terrified, and missing thy control,
 They may refuse to bear us from the fight,
 And Tydeus' son assailing us, with ease 275
 Shall slay us both, and drive thy steeds away.
 Rule therefore thou the chariot, and myself

With my sharp spear will his assault receive
 So saying, they mounted both, and furious drove
 Against Tydides Them the noble son 280
 Of Capaneus observed, and turning quick
 His speech to Diomede, him thus address'd.

Tydides, Diomede, my heart's delight !
 Two warriors of immeasurable force
 In battle, ardent to contend with thee, 285
 Come rattling on Lycaon's offspring one,
 Bow-practised Pandarus, with whom appears
 Æneas, he who calls the mighty Chief
 Anchuses father, and whom Venus bore
 Mount—drive we swift away,—lest borne so far 290
 Beyond the foremost battle, thou be slain.

To whom, dark-frowning, Diomede replied.
 Speak not of flight to me, who am disposed
 To no such course I am ashamed to fly
 Or tremble, and my strength is still entire, 295

I cannot mount No Rather thus, on foot,
 I will advance against them Fear and dread
 Are not for me, Pallas forbids the thought
 One falls, be sure, swift as they are, the steeds
 That whul them on, shall never rescue both 300
 But hear my bidding, and hold fast the word.

Should all-wise Pallas grant me my desire
 To slay them both, drive not my counsers hence,
 But hook the reins, and seizing quick the pair
 That draw Æneas, urge them from the powers 305
 Of Troy away into the host of Greece

For they are sprung from those which Jove to Tios
 In compensation gave for Ganymede,
 The Sun himself sees not their like below
 Anchises, King of men, clandestine them 310
 Obtain'd, his mares submitting to the steeds
 Of King Laomedon Six brought him foals,
 Four to himself reserving, in his stalls

He fed them sleek, and two he gave his son
These, might we win them, were a noble prize 315

Thus mutual they conferr'd, those Chiefs the while,
With swiftest pace approach'd, and first his speech
To Diomede Lycaon's son address'd

Heroic offspring of a noble sire,
Brave son of Tydeus! false to my intent 320
My shaft hath harm'd thee little I will now
Make trial with my spear, if that may speed

He said, and shaking his long-shadow'd spear,
Dismiss'd it Forceful on the shield it struck
Of Diomede, transpierced it, and approach'd 325
With threatening point the hauberk on his breast
Loud shouted Pandarus—Ah nobly thrown!
Home to thy bowels Die, for die thou must,
And all the glory of thy death is mine

Then answer thus brave Diomede return'd 330
Undaunted I am whole Thy cast was short
But ye desist not, as I plain perceive,
Till one at least extended on the plain
Shall sate the God of battles with his blood

He said and threw Pallas the spear herself 335
Directed, at his eye fast by the nose
Deep-entering, through his ivory teeth it pass'd,
At its extremity divided sheer

His tongue, and started through his chin below
He headlong fell, and with his dazzling arms 340
Smote full the plain Back flew the fiery steeds
With swift recoil, and where he fell he died

Then sprang Æneas forth with spear and shield,
That none might drag the body, lion-like
He stalk'd around it, oval shield and spear 345
Advancing firm, and with incessant cries

Terrific, death denouncing on his foes
But Diomede with hollow grasp a stone
Enormous seized, a weight to overtask
Two strongest men of such as now are strong, 350

Yet He, alone, wielded the rock with ease
Full on the hip he smote him, where the thigh
Rolls in its cavity, the socket named
He crush'd the socket, lacerated wide

Both tendons, and with that rough-angled mass 355
 Flay'd all his flesh The Hero on his knees
 Sank, on his ample palm his weight upbore
 Labouring, and darkness overspread his eyes
 There had Æneas perish'd, King of men,
 Had not Jove's daughter Venus quick perceived 360
 His peril imminent, whom she had borne
 Herself to Anchises pasturing his herds
 Her snowy arms her darling son around
 She threw maternal, and behind a fold
 Of her bright mantle screening close his breast 365
 From mortal harm by some brave Grecian's spear,
 Stole him with eager swiftness from the fight
 Nor then forgot brave Sthenelus his charge
 Received from Diomede, but his own steeds
 Detaining distant from the boisterous war, 370
 Stretch'd tight the reins, and hook'd them fast behind
 The coursers of Æneas next he seized
 Ardent, and them into the host of Greece
 Driving remote, consign'd them to his care,
 Whom far above all others his compeers 375
 He loved, Deipylus, his bosom friend
 Congenial Him he charged to drive them thence
 Into the fleet, then, mounting swift his own,
 Lash'd after Diomede, he, fierce in arms,
 Pursued the Cyprian Goddess, conscious whom, 380
 Not Pallas, not Enyo, waster dread
 Of cities close-beleaguer'd, none of all
 Who o'er the battle's bloody course preside,
 But one of softer kind and prone to fear
 When, therefore, her at length, after long chase 385
 Through all the warring multitude he reach'd,
 With his protruded spear her gentle hand
 He wounded, piercing through her thin attire
 Ambrosial, by themselves the Graces wrought,
 Her inside wrist, fast by the rosy palm 390
 Blood follow'd, but immortal, ichor pure,
 Such as the blest inhabitants of heaven
 May bleed, nectareous, for the Gods eat not
 Man's food, nor slake as he with sable wine
 Their thirst, thence bloodless and from death exempt. 395

She, shrieking, from her arms cast down her son,
And Phoebus, in impenetrable clouds
Him hiding, lest the spear of some brave Greek
Should pierce his bosom, caught him swift away
Then shouted brave Tydides after her—

490

Depart, Jove's daughter ! fly the bloody field
Is't not enough that thou beguilest the hearts
Of feeble women ? If thou dare intrude
Again into the war, war's very name
Shall make thee shudder, wheresoever heard.

495

He said, and Venus with excess of pain
Bewilder'd went, but Iris tempest-wing'd
Forth led her through the multitude, oppress'd
With anguish, her white wrist to livid changed.
They came where Mars far on the left retired
Of battle sat, his horses and his spear
In darkness veil'd Before her brother's knees
She fell, and with entreaties urgent sought
The succour of his coursers golden-rein'd

410

Save me, my brother ! Pity me ! Thy steeds
Give me, that they may bear me to the heights
Olympian, seat of the immortal Gods !
Oh ! I am wounded deep, a mortal man
Hath done it, Diomede, nor would he fear
This day in fight the Sire himself of all

415

420

Then Mars his coursers gold-caparison'd
Resign'd to Venus, she, with countenance sad,
The chariot climb'd, and Iris at her side
The bright reins seizing lash'd the ready steeds
Soon as the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods
They reach'd, wing-footed Iris loosing quick
The coursers, gave them large whereon to browse
Ambrosial food, but Venus on the knees
Sank of Dione, who with folded arms
Maternal, to her bosom straining close
Her daughter, stroked her cheek, and thus enquired

425

430

My darling child ! who ? which of all the Gods
Hath rashly done such violence to thee
As if convicted of some open wrong ?

Her then the Goddess of love kindling smiles
Venus thus answer'd, Diomede the proud,

435

Audacious Dionede, he gave the wound,
 For that I stole Æneas from the fight
 My son, of all mankind my most beloved,
 Nor is it now the war of Greece with Troy, 410
 But of the Grecians with the Gods themselves
 Then thus Dione, Goddess all divine
 My child ! how hard soe'er thy sufferings seem
 Endure them patiently Full many a wrong
 From human hands profane the Gods endure, 415
 And many a painful stroke, mankind from ours
 Mars once endured much wrong, when on a time
 Him Otus bound and Ephialtes fast,
 Sons of Aloeus, and full thutteen moons
 In brazen thralldom held him There, at length, 420
 The fierce blood-nourished Mars had pined away,
 But that Eeribœa, loveliest nymph,
 His step-mother, in happy hour disclosed
 To Mercury the story of his wrongs,
 He stole the prisoner forth, but with his woes 425
 Already worn, languid and fetter-gall'd
 Nor Juno less endured, when erst the bold
 Son of Amphytrion with trident shaft
 Her bosom pierced, she then the misery felt
 Of irremediable pain severe 430
 Nor suffer'd Pluto less, of all the Gods
 Gigantic most, by the same son of Jove
 Alcides, at the portals of the dead
 Transfix'd and fill'd with anguish, he the house
 Of Jove and the Olympian summit sought 435
 Dejected, torture-stung, for sore the shaft
 Oppress'd him, into his huge shoulder driven.
 But Pæon him not hable to death
 With unction smooth of salutiferous balms
 Heal'd soon Presumptuous, sacrilegious man ! 440
 Careless what dire enormities he wrought,
 Who bent his bow against the powers of heaven !
 But blue-eyed Pallas instigated him
 By whom thou bleed'st Infatuate ! he forgets
 That whoso turns against the Gods his arms 445
 Lives never long, he never, safe escaped
 From furious fight, the hiss'd caresses hears

Of his own infants prattling at his knees
Let therefore Diomede beware, lest strong
And valiant as he is, he chance to meet 480
Some mightier foe than thou, and lest his wife,
Daughter of King Adiaustus, the discreet
Ægialea, from portentous dreams
Upstarting, call her family to wail
Her first-espoused, Achæa's proudest boast, 485
Diomede, whom she must behold no more

She said, and from her wrist with both hands wiped
The trickling ichor, the effectual touch
Divine chased all her pains, and she was heal'd
Them Juno mark'd and Pallas, and with speech 490
Sarcastic pointed at Saturnian Jove
To vex him, blue-eyed Pallas thus began

Eternal father ! may I speak my thought,
And not incense thee, Jove ? I can but judge
That Venus, while she coav'd some Grecian fair 495
To accompany the Trojans whom she loves
With such extravagance, hath heedless stroked
Her golden clasps, and scratch'd her lily hand

So she, then smiled the sue of Gods and men,
And calling golden Venus, her bespake 500

Wai and the tented field, my beauteous child,
Are not for thee Thou rather shouldst be found
In scenes of matrimonial bliss The toils
Of war to Pallas and to Mars belong

Thus they in heaven But Diomede the while 505
Sprang on Æneas, conscious of the God
Whose hand o'ershadow'd him, yet even him
Regarding lightly, for he burn'd to slay
Æneas, and to seize his glorious arms
Thrice then he sprang impetuous to the deed, 510
And thrice Apollo with his radiant shield
Repulsed him. But when ardent as a God
The fourth time he advanced, with thundering voice
Him thus the Archer of the skies rebuked

Think, and retire, Tydides ! nor affect 515
Equality with Gods, for not the same
Our nature is and theirs who tread the ground
He spake, and Diomede a step retired,

Not more , the anger of the Archer-God
 Declining slow, and with a sullen awe 520
 Then Phœbus, far from all the warrior throng
 To his own shrine the sacred dome beneath
 Of Pergamus, Æneus bore , there him
 Latona and shaft-arm'd Diana heal'd
 And glorified within their spacious fane. 525
 Meantime the Archer of the silver bow
 A visionary form prepared , it seem'd
 Himself Æneas, and was arm'd as he
 At once, in contest for that airy form,
 Grecians and Trojans on each other's breasts 530
 The bull-hide buckler batter'd and light targe
 Then thus Apollo to the warrior God
 Gore-tainted, homicide, town-batterer Mars !
 Wilt thou not meet and from the fight withdraw
 This man Tydides, now so fiery grown 535
 That he would even cope with Jove himself ?
 First Venus' hand he wounded, and assail'd
 Impetuous as a God, next, even me
 He ceased, and on the topmost turret sat
 Of Pergamus Then all-destroyer Mars 540
 Ranging the Trojan host, rank after rank
 Exhorted loud, and in the form assumed
 Of Acamas the Thracian leader bold,
 The Godlike sons of Priam thus harangued
 Ye sons of Priam, monarch Jove-beloved ! 545
 How long permit ye your Achaian foes
 To slay the people ?—till the battle rage
 (Push'd home to Ilum) at her solid gates ?
 Behold—a Chief disabled lies, than whom
 We reverence not even Hector more, 550
 Æneas, fly, save from the roaring storm
 The noble Anchisiades your friend
 He said , then every heart for battle glow'd ,
 And thus Sarpedon with rebuke severe
 Upbraiding generous Hector, stern began 555
 Where is thy courage, Hector ? for thou once
 Hadst courage Is it fled ? In other days
 Thy boast hath been that without native troops
 Or foreign aids, thy kindred and thyself

Alone, were guard sufficient for the town 560
 But none of all thy kindred now appears ,
 I can discover none , they stand aloof
 Quaking, as dogs that hear the lion's roar
 We bear the stress, who are but Troy's allies ,
 Myself am such, and from afar I came , 565
 For Lycia lies far distant on the banks
 Of the deep-eddied Xanthus There a wife
 I left and infant son, both dear to me,
 With plenteous wealth, the wish of all who want.
 Yet urge I still my Lycians, and am prompt 570
 Myself to fight, although possessing here
 Nought that the Greeks can carry or drive hence
 But there stand'st thou, neither employ'd thyself,
 Nor moving others to an active part
 For all their dearest pledges Oh beware ! 575
 Lest, as with meshes of an ample net,
 At one huge draught the Grecians sweep you all,
 And desolate at once your populous Troy !
 By day, by night, thoughts such as these should still
 Thy conduct influence, and from Chief to Chief 580
 Of the allies should send thee, praying each
 To make firm stand, all bickerings put away
 So spake Sarpedon, and his reprimand
 Stung Hector , instant to the ground he leap'd
 All arm'd, and shaking his bright spears his host 585
 Ranged in all quarters animating loud
 His legions, and rekindling horrid war
 Then, rolling back, the powers of Troy opposed
 Once more the Grecians, whom the Grecians dense
 Expected, unretreating, void of fear 590
 As flies the chaff wide scatter'd by the wind
 O'er all the consecrated floor, what time
 Ripe Ceres with brisk airs her golden grain
 Ventilates, whitening with its husk the ground ,
 So grew the Achaeans white, a dusty cloud 595
 Descending on their arms, which steeds with steeds
 Again to battle mingling, with their hoofs
 Up-stamp'd into the brazen vault of heaven ,
 For now the charoteers turn'd all to fight.
 Host toward host with full collected force 600

They moved direct Then Mars through all the field
 Took wide his range, and overhung the war
 With night, in aid of Troy, at the command
 Of Phœbus of the golden sword, for he
 Perceiving Pallas from the field withdrawn, 605
 Patroness of the Greeks, had Mais enjoïn'd
 To rouse the spirit of the Trojan host
 Meantime Apollo from his unctuous shrine
 Sent forth restored and with new force inspired
 Æneas He amidst his warriors stood, 610
 Who him with joy beheld still living, heal'd,
 And all his strength possessing unimpair'd
 Yet no man ask'd him aught No leisure now
 For question was, far other thoughts had they,
 Such toils the archer of the silver bow, 615
 Wide-slaughtering Mars, and Discord as at first
 Raging implacable, for them prepared
 Ulysses, either Ajax, Diomedes,—
 These roused the Greeks to battle, who themselves
 The force fear'd nothing, or the shouts of Troy, 620
 But steadfast stood, like clouds by Jove amass'd
 On lofty mountains, while the fury sleeps
 Of Boëas, and of all the stormy winds
 Shrill-voiced, that chase the vapours when they blow
 So stood the Greeks, expecting firm the approach 625
 Of Ilum's powers, and neither fled nor fear'd
 Then Agamemnon the embattled host
 On all sides ranging, cheer'd them Now, he cried,
 Be steadfast, fellow warriors, now be men!
 Hold fast a sense of honour More escape 630
 Of men who fear disgrace, than fall in fight,
 While dastards forfeit life and glory both
 He said, and hurl'd his spear He pierced a friend
 Of brave Æneas, warring in the van,
 Deicoon son of Peigasus, in Troy 635
 Not less esteem'd than Priam's sons themselves,
 Such was his fame in foremost fight acquired
 Him Agamemnon on his buckler smote,
 Nor stayed the weapon there, but through his belt
 His bowels enter'd, and with hideous clang 640

And outcry⁵ of his batter'd aims he fell

Æneas next two mightiest warriors slew,
Sons of Diocles, of a wealthy sire,
Whose house magnificent in Phæiæ stood,
Orsilochus and Crethon Their descent 645
From broad-stream'd Alpheus, Pyhan flood they drew
Alpheus begat Orsilochus, a prince

Of numerous powers Orsilochus begat
Warlike Diocles From Diocles sprang
Twins Crethon and Orsilochus, alike 650
Valiant, and skilful in all forms of war.

Their boyish prime scarce past, they with the Greeks
Embarking, in then sable ships had sail'd
To steed-famed Ilum, just revenge they sought
For Atreus' sons, but perished first themselves 655

As two young lions, in the deep recess
Of some dark forest on the mountain's brow
Late nourish'd by their dam, forth-issuing, seize
The fatted flocks and kine, both folds and stalls 660
Wasting rapacious, till at length, themselves
Deep-wounded perish by the hand of man,
So they, both vanquish'd by Æneas, fell,
And like two lofty pines uprooted, lay
Them fallen in battle Menelaus saw
With pity moved, radiant in arms he shook 665
His brazen spear, and strode into the van
Mars urged him furious on, conceiving hope
Of his death also by Æneas' hand

But him the son of generous Nestor mark'd
Antilochus, and to the foremost fight 670
Flew also, fearing lest some dire mischance
The Prince befalling, at one fatal stroke
Should frustate all the labours of the Greeks
They hand to hand, and spear to spear opposed,
Stood threatening dreadful onset, when beside 675
The Spartan Chief Antilochus appear'd
Æneas at the sight of two combined,
Stood not, although intrepid They the dead
Thence drawing far into the Grecian host

* Vide Samson to Harapha in the Agonistes There the word is used in the same sense

To their associates gave the hapless pair, 680
 Then, both returning, fought in front again
 Next, fierce as Mars, Pylæmenes they slew,
 Prince of the shielded band magnanimous
 Of Paphlagonia Him Atrides kill'd
 Spear-practised Menelaus, with a lance 685
 His throat transpiercing while erect he rode
 Then, while his charioteer, Mydon the brave,
 Son of Atymnias, turn'd his steeds to flight,
 Full on his elbow-point Antilochus,
 The son of Nestor, dash'd him with a stone 690
 The slack reins, white as ivory⁶, forsook
 His torpid hand and trail'd the dust At once
 Forth sprang Antilochus, and with his sword
 Hew'd deep his temples On his head he pitch'd
 Panting, and on his shoulders in the sand 695
 (For in deep sand he fell) stood long erect,
 Till his own courses spread him in the dust,
 The son of Nestor seized, and with his scourge
 Drove them afar into the host of Greece
 Them Hector through the ranks espying, flew 700
 With clamour loud to meet them, after whom
 Advanced in phalanx firm the powers of Troy
 Mars led them, with Enyo terror-clad,
 She by the maddening tumult of the fight
 Attended, he, with his enormous spear 705
 In both hands brandish'd, stalking now in front
 Of Hector, and now following his steps
 Him Diomede the bold discerning, felt
 Himself no small dismay, and as a man
 Wandering he knows not whither, far from home, 710
 If chance a rapid torrent to the sea
 Borne headlong thwart his course, the foaming flood,
 Obstreperous views awhile, then quick retires,
 So he, and his attendants thus bespake
 How oft, my countrymen! have we admired 715
 The noble Hector, skilful at the spear
 And unappall'd in fight? but still hath he
 Some God his guard, and even now I view

⁶ This is a construction of λευκ' ελεφαντι, given by some of the best commentators, and that seems the most probable

In human form Mais moving at his side
 Ye, then, with faces to the Trojans turn'd,
 Ceaseless retire, and war not with the Gods 711

He ended, and the Trojans now approach'd
 Then two bold warriors in one chariot borne,
 By valiant Hector died, Menesthes, one,
 And one, Anchialus Them fallen in fight 725

Ajax the vast, touch'd with compassion saw,
 Within small space he stood, his glittering spear
 Dismiss'd, and pierced Amphius Son was he
 Of Selagus, and Pæsus was his home,
 Where opulent he dwelt, but by his fate 739

Was led to fight for Priam and his sons
 Him Telamonian Ajax through his belt
 Wounded, and in his nether bowels deep
 Fix'd his long-shadow'd spear Sounding he fell
 Illustrious Ajax running to the slain 755

Prepared to strip his arms, but him a shower
 Of glittering weapons keen from Trojan hands
 Assail'd, and numerous his broad shield received
 He, on the body planting firm his heel,
 Forth drew the polish'd spear, but his bright arms 769

Took not, by darts thick-flying sore annoy'd
 Nor fear'd he little lest his haughty foes,
 Spear-arm'd and bold, should compass him around,
 Him, therefore, valiant though he were and huge,
 They push'd before them Staggering he retired 785

Thus toil'd both hosts in that laborious field
 And now his ruthless destiny impell'd
 Tlepolemus, Alcides' son, a Chief

Dauntless and huge, against a Godlike foe
 Sarpedon They approaching, face to face 790
 Stood, son and grandson of high-thundering Jove,
 And, haughty, thus Tlepolemus began

Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian host,
 Thou trembler! thee what cause could hither urge
 A man unskill'd in arms? They falsely speak 795
 Who call thee son of Ægis-bearing Jove,
 So far below their might thou fall'st who sprang
 From Jove in days of old What says report
 Of Hercules, (for him I boast my sue,)

All daring hero with a lion's heart ? 760
 With six ships only, and with followers few,
 He for the horses of Laomedon
 Lay'd Troy in dust, and widow'd all her streets
 But thou art base, and thy diminish'd powers
 Perish around thee, think not that thou camest 765
 For Ithum's good, but rather, whatsoe'er
 Thy force in fight, to find, subdued by me,
 A sure dismission to the gates of hell
 To whom the leader of the Lycian band
 Tlepolemus ! he ransack'd sacred Troy, 770
 As thou hast said, but for her monarch's fault
 Laomedon, who him with language harsh
 Requited ill for benefits received,
 Nor would the steeds surrender, seeking which
 He voyaged from afar But thou shalt take 775
 Thy bloody doom from this victorious aim,
 And, vanquish'd by my spear, shalt yield thy fame
 To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd
 So spake Sarpedon, and his ashen beam
 Tlepolemus upraised Both hurl'd at once 780
 Then quivering spears. Sarpedon's through the neck
 Pass'd of Tlepolemus, and show'd beyond
 Its ruthless point, thick darkness veil'd his eyes
 Tlepolemus with his long lance the thigh
 Pierced of Sarpedon, sheer into his bone 785
 He pierced him, but Sarpedon's father, Jove,
 Him rescued even on the verge of fate
 His noble friends conducted from the field
 The godlike Lycian, trailing as he went
 The pendant spear, none thinking to extract 790
 For his relief the weapon from his thigh,
 Through eagerness of haste to bear him thence
 On the other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd
 Bore off Tlepolemus Ulysses fill'd
 With earnest thoughts tumultuous them observed, 795
 Danger-defying Chief ! Doubtful he stood
 Or to pursue at once the Thunderer's son
 Sarpedon, or to take more Lycian lives
 But not for brave Ulysses had his fate
 That praise reserved, that he should slay the son 800

Renown'd of Jove, therefore his wavering mind
 Minerva bent again the Lycian band
 Then Cœianus, Alastor, Chromius fell,
 Alcandei, Halus, Prytanis, and brave
 Noemon, nor had these sufficed the Chief 805
 Of Ithaca, but Lycians more had fallen,
 Had not crest-tossing Hector huge perceived
 The havoc, radiant to the van he flew,
 Filling with dread the Grecians, his approach
 Sarpedon, son of Jove, joyful beheld, 810
 And piteous thus address'd him as he came

Ah, leave not me, Priamides! a prey
 To Grecian hands, but in your city, at least,
 Grant me to die since hither, doom'd, I came
 Never to gratify with my return 815

To Lycia, my loved spouse, or infant child
 He spake, but Hector unreplying pass'd
 Impetuous, ardent to repulse the Greeks
 That moment, and to drench his sword in blood
 Then, under shelter of a spreading beech * 820

Sacred to Jove, his noble followers placed
 The godlike Chief Sarpedon, where his friend
 Illustrious Pelagon, the ashen spear
 Extracted Sightless, of all thought bereft,
 He sank, but soon revived, by breathing air 825
 Refresh'd, that fann'd him gently from the North

Meantime the Argives, although press'd alike
 By Mars himself and Hector brazen-arm'd,
 Neither to flight inclined, nor yet advanced
 To battle, but inform'd that Mars the fight 830
 Waged on the side of Ilium, slow retired

Whom first, whom last slew then the mighty son
 Of Priam, Hector, and the brazen Mars!
 First godlike Teuthras, an equestrian Chief,
 Orestes, Trechus of Ætolian race, 835
 Enomaus, Helenus from CEnops' sprung,
 And brisk⁷ in fight Oresbius, such was he,
 And covetous of more in Hyla dwelt
 Fast by the lake Cephissus, where abode

⁷ This, according to Porphyrius as quoted by Clarke, is the true meaning of αἰολομιτρης.

Bœotian Princes numerous, rich themselves 840
 And rulers of a people wealth-renown'd
 But Juno, such dread slaughter of the Greeks
 Noting, thus, ardent, to Minerva spake
 Daughter of Jove invincible ! Our word
 That Troy shall perish, hath been given in vain 845
 To Menelaus, if we suffer Mars
 To ravage longer uncontroll'd The time
 Urges, and need appears that we ourselves
 Now call to mind the fury of our might
 She spake, nor blue-eyed Pallas not complied 850
 Then Juno, Goddess dread, from Saturn sprung,
 Her coursers gold-caparison'd prepared
 Impatient Hebe to the chariot roll'd
 The brazen wheels, and joined them to the smooth
 Steel axle, twice four spokes divided each 855
 Shot from the centre to the verge The verge
 Was gold by fellicies of eternal brass
 Guarded, a dazzling show ! The shining naves
 Were silver, silver cords and cords of gold
 The seat upbore, two crescents^s blazed in front 860
 The pole was argent all, to which she bound
 The golden yoke, and in their place disposed
 The breast-bands incorruptible of gold,
 But Juno to the yoke, herself, the steeds
 Led forth, on fire to reach the dreadful field 865
 Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
 On the adamantine floor of his abode
 Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
 Labour of her own hands She first put on
 The corslet of the cloud-assembler God, 870
 Then arm'd her for the field of woe complete
 She charged her shoulder with the dreadful shield
 The shaggy Ægis, bordered thick around
 With terror, there was Discord, Prowess there,
 There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim 875
 Of Gorgon, dire Deformity, a sign
 Oft borne portentous on the arm of Jove
 Her golden helm, whose concave had sufficed

^s These which I have called crescents, were a kind of hook of a semi-circular form, to which the reins were occasionally fastened

The legions of an hundred cities, rough
 With warlike ornament superb, she fix'd 880
 On her immortal head Thus arm'd, she rose
 Into the flaming chariot, and her spear
 Seized ponderous, huge, with which the Goddess sprung
 From an Almighty father, levels ranks
 Of heroes, against whom her anger burns 885
 Juno with lifted lash urged quick the steeds ,
 At her approach, spontaneous open'd the wide-
 Unfolding gates of heaven , the heavenly gates
 Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
 Of the Olympian summit appertains, 890
 And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
 And to replace the cloudy banner dense
 Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds ,
 Apart from all, and seated on the point
 Superior of the cloven mount, they found 895
 The Thunderer Juno the white-arm'd her steeds
 There stay'd, and thus the Goddess, ere she pass'd,
 Question'd the son of Saturn, Jove supreme
 Jove, Father, seest thou, and art not incensed,
 These ravages of Mars ? Oh what a field, 900
 Drench'd with what Grecian blood ! All rashly spilt,
 And in despite of me Venus, the while,
 Sits, and the Archer of the silver bow
 Delighted, and have urged, themselves, to this
 The frantic Mars within no bounds confined 905
 Of law or order But, eternal sue !
 Shall I offend thee chasing far away
 Mars deeply smitten from the field of war ?
 To whom the cloud assemble God replied
 Go ! but exhort thou rather to the task 910
 Spoil-huntress Athenæan Pallas, him
 Accustom'd to chastise with pain severe
 He spake, nor white-arm'd Juno not obey'd
 She lash'd her steeds , they readily their flight
 Began, the earth and starry vault between 915
 Far as from his high tower the watchmen kens
 O'er gloomy ocean, so far at one bound
 Advance the shrill-voiced coursers of the Gods
 But when at Troy and at the confluent streams

Of Simois and Scamander they arrived,	920
There Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, from the yoke	
Her steeds releasing, them in gather'd shades	
Conceal'd opaque, while Simois caused to spring	
Ambrosia from his bank, whereon they browsed	
Swift as her pinions waft the dove away	925
They sought the Grecians, ardent to begin	
Arriving where the mightiest and the most	
Compass'd equestrian Diomede around,	
In aspect lion-like, or like wild boars	
Of matchless force, there white-arm'd Juno stood,	930
And in the form of Stentor for his voice	
Of brass renown'd, audible as the roar	
Of fifty throats, the Grecians thus harangued	
Oh shame, shame, shame! Argives in form alone,	
Beautiful but dishonourable race!	935
While yet divine Achilles ranged the field,	
No Trojan stepp'd from yon Dardanian gates	
Abroad, all trembled at his stormy spear,	
But now they venture forth, now at your ships	
Defy you, from their city far remote	940
She ceased, and all caught courage from the sound	
But Athenæan Pallas eager sought	
The son of Tydeus, at his chariot side	
She found the Chief cooling his fiery wound	
Received from Pandarus, for him the sweat	945
Beneath the broad band of his oval shield	
Exhausted, and his arm fail'd him fatigued,	
He therefore raised the band and wiped the blood	
Coagulate, when o'er his chariot yoke	
Her arm the Goddess threw, and thus began	950
Tydeus, in truth, begat a son himself	
Not much resembling Tydeus was of size	
Diminutive, but had a warrior's heart	
When him I once commanded to abstain	
From furious fight (what time he enter'd Thebes	955
Ambassador, and the Cadmeans found	
Feasting, himself the sole Achaian there)	
And bade him quietly partake the feast,	
He, fired with wonted ardour, challenged forth	
To proof of manhood the Cadmean youth,	960

Whom easily, through my effectual aid,
 In contest of each kind he overcame
 But thou, whom I encircle with my power,
 Guard vigilant, and even bid thee forth
 To combat with the Trojans, thou, thy limbs 965
 Feelst wearied with the toils of war, or worse,
 Indulgest womanish and heartless fear
 Henceforth thou art not worthy to be deem'd
 Son of Oenides, Tydeus famed in arms

To whom thus valiant Diomede replied. 970
 I know thee well, oh Goddess sprung from Jove!
 And therefore willing shall, and plain, reply
 Me neither weariness nor heartless fear
 Restrains, but thine injunctions which impress
 My memory, still, that I should fear to oppose 975
 The blessed Gods in fight, Venus except,
 Whom in the battle found thou badest me pierce
 With unrelenting spear, therefore myself
 Retiring hither, I have hither call'd
 The other Argives also, for I know 980

That Mars, himself in arms, controuls the war
 Him answer'd then the Goddess azure-eyed
 Tydides! Diomede, my heart's delight!
 Fear not this Mars,⁹ nor fear thou other power
 Immortal, but be confident in me 985
 Arise Drive forth. Seek Mars, him only seek,
 Him hand to hand engage, this fiery Mars
 Respect not aught, base implement of wrong
 And mischief, shifting still from side to side
 He promised Juno lately and myself 990
 That he would fight for Greece, yet now forgets
 His promise, and gives all his aid to Troy

So saying, she backward by his hand withdrew
 The son of Capaneus, who to the ground
 Leap'd instant, she, impatient to his place 995
 Ascending, sat beside brave Diomede
 Loud groan'd the beechen axle, under weight
 Unwonted, for it bore into the fight
 An awful Goddess, and the chief of men
 Quick-seizing lash and reins Minerva drove 1000

Direct at Mars That moment he had slain
 Periphas, bravest of Ætolia's sons,
 And huge of bulk, Ochesius was his sire
 Him Mars the slaughterer had of life bereft
 Newly, and Pallas to elude his sight 1005
 The helmet fixed of Ades on her head
 Soon as gore-tainted Mars the approach perceived
 Of Diomede, he left the giant length
 Of Periphas extended where he died,
 And flew to cope with Tydeus' valiant son 1010
 Full nigh they came, when Mars on fire to slay
 The hero, foremost with his brazen lance
 Assail'd him, hurling o'er his horses' heads
 But Athenæan Pallas in her hand
 The flying weapon caught and turn'd it wide, 1015
 Baffling his aim Then Diomede on him
 Rush'd furious in his turn, and Pallas plunged
 The bright spear deep into his cinctured waist
 Dire was the wound, and plucking back the spear
 She tore him Bellow'd brazen-throated Mars 1020
 Loud as nine thousand warriors, or as ten
 Join'd in close combat Grecians, Trojans shook
 Appall'd alike at the tremendous voice
 Of Mars insatiable with deeds of blood
 Such as the dimness is when summer winds 1025
 Breathe hot, and sultry mist obscures the sky,
 Such brazen Mars to Diomede appear'd
 By clouds accompanied in his ascent
 Into the boundless ether. Reaching soon
 The Olympian heights, seat of the Gods, he sat 1030
 Beside Saturnian Jove, woe fill'd his heart,
 He show'd fast-streaming from the wound his blood
 Immortal, and impatient thus complain'd.
 Jove, Father! Seest thou these outrageous acts
 Unmoved with anger? Such are day by day 1035
 The dreadful mischiefs by the Gods contrived
 Against each other for the sake of man
 Thou art thyself the cause. Thou hast produced
 A foolish daughter petulant, addict
 To evil only and injurious deeds, 1040
 There is not in Olympus, save herself,

Who feels not thy controul, but she her will
Gratifies ever, and reproof from thee
Finds none, because, pernicious as she is,
She is thy daughter She hath now the mind 1045
Of haughty Diomed with madness fill'd
Against the immortal Gods, first Venus bled,
Her hand he pierc'd impetuous, then assal'd,
As if himself immortal, even me,
But me my feet stole thence, or overwhelm'd 1050
Beneath yon heaps of carcases impure,
What had I not sustain'd? And if at last
I lived, had halted crippled by the sword

To whom with dark displeasure Jove replied
Base and side-shifting traitor! vex not me 1055
Here sitting querulous, of all who dwell
On the Olympian heights, thee most I hate
Contentious, whose delight is war alone
Thou hast thy mother's moods, the very spleen
Of Juno, uncontrollable as she, 1060
Whom even I, reprove her as I may,
Scarce rule by mere commands, I therefore judge
Thy sufferings a contrivance all her own
But soft Thou art my son whom I begat,
And Juno bare thee I cannot endure 1065
That thou shouldst suffer long Hadst thou been born
Of other parents thus detestable,
What Deity soe'er had brought thee forth,
Thou shouldst have found long since an humble sphere

He ceased, and to the care his son consign'd 1070
Of Pæon, he with drugs of lenient powers,
Soon heal'd whom immortality secured
From dissolution As the juice from figs
Express'd what fluid was in milk before
Coagulates, stirr'd rapidly around, 1075
So soon was Mars by Pæon's skill restored
Him Hebe bathed, and with divine attire
Graceful adorn'd, when at the side of Jove
Again his glorious seat sublime he took

Meantime to the abode of Jove supreme 1080
Ascended Juno throughout Argos known
And mighty Pallas, Mars the plague of man,
By their successful force from slaughter driven

BOOK VI.

A R G U M E N T

The battle is continued The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector by the advice of Helenus enters Troy, and recommends it to Hecuba to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva, she with the matrons goes accordingly Hector takes the opportunity to find out Paris, and exhorts him to return to the field of battle An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache, and Paris, having armed himself in the meantime, comes up with Hector at the close of it, when they sally from the gate together

THUS was the field forsaken by the Gods
 And now success proved various, here the Greeks
 With their extended spears, the Trojans there
 Prevail'd alternate, on the champaign spread
 The Xanthus and the Simois between 5
 First Telamonian Ajax, bulwark firm
 Of the Achæans, broke the Trojan ranks,
 And kindled for the Greeks a gleam of hope,
 Slaying the bravest of the Thracian band,
 Huge Acamas, Eusoros' son, him first 10
 Full on the shaggy crest he smote, and urged
 The spear into his forehead, through his scull
 The bright point pass'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes
 But Diomede, heroic Chief, the son
 Of Teuthras slew, Axylus Rich was he, 15
 And in Arisba, (where he dwelt beside
 The public road, and at his open door
 Made welcome all,) respected and beloved
 But of his numerous guests none interposed
 To avert his woeful doom, nor him alone 20
 He slew, but with him also to the shades
 Calesius sent, his friend and charioteer
 Opheltius fell and Dresus, by the hand
 Slain of Euryalus, who, next, his arms
 On Pedasus and on Æsepus turned 25
 Brethren and twins. Them Abailbarea bore,

A Naiad, to Bucolion, son renown'd
 Of King Laomedon, his eldest born,
 But by his mother, at his birth, conceal'd.
 Bucolion pasturing his flocks, embraced 30
 The lovely nymph, she twins produced, both whom,
 Brave as they were and beautiful, thy son¹
 Mecisteus¹ slew, and from their shoulders tore
 Their armour Dauntless Polypætes slew
 Astyalus Ulysses with his spear 35
 Transfix'd Pydites, a Peircosian Chief,
 And Teucer Aretaon, Nestor's pride
 Antilochus, with his bright lance, of life
 Bereft Ablerus, and the royal arm
 Of Agamemnon, Elatus, he dwelt 40
 Among the hills of lofty Pedasus,
 On Satnio's banks, smooth-sliding river pure.
 Phylacus fled, whom Leitus as swift
 Soon smote Melanthius at the feet expired
 Of the renowned Eurypylus, and, flush'd 45
 With martial ardour, Menelaus seized
 And took alive Adrastus As it chanced
 A thicket his affrighted steeds detain'd
 Their feet entangling, they with restive force
 At its extremity snapp'd short the pole, 50
 And to the city, whither others fled,
 Fled also From his chariot headlong hurl'd,
 Adrastus press'd the plain fast by his wheel
 Flew Menelaus, and his quivering spear
 Shook over him, he, life imploring, clasp'd 55
 Importunate his knees, and thus exclaim'd
 Oh, son of Atreus, let me live! accept
 Illustrious ransom! In my father's house
 Is wealth abundant, gold, and brass, and steel
 Of truest temper, which he will impart 60
 Till he have gratified thine utmost wish,
 Inform'd that I am captive in your fleet.
 He said, and Menelaus by his words
 Vanquish'd, him soon had to the fleet dismiss'd
 Given to his train in charge, but swift and stern 65
 Approaching, Agamemnon interposed. —

¹ Euryalus

Now, brother, whence this milkiness of mind,
 These scruples about blood? Thy Trojan friends
 Have doubtless much obliged thee Die the race!
 May none escape us! Neither he who flies, 70
 Nor even the infant in his mother's womb
 Unconscious Perish universal Troy
 Unpitied, till her place be found no more!
 So saying, his brother's mind the Hero turn'd,
 Advising him aright, he with his hand 75
 Thrust back Adrastus, and himself, the King,
 His bowels pierced Supine Adrastus fell,
 And Agamemnon, with his foot the corse
 Impressing firm, pluck'd forth his ashen spear
 Then Nestor, raising high his voice, exclaim'd 80
 Friends, Heroes, Grecians, ministers of Mars!
 Let none, desirous of the spoil, his time
 Devote to plunder now, now slay your foes,
 And strip them when the field shall be your own
 He said, and all took courage at his word 85
 Then had the Trojans enter'd Troy again
 By the heroic Grecians foul repulsed,
 So was their spirit daunted, but the son
 Of Priam, Helenus, an augur far
 Excelling all, at Hector's side his speech 90
 To him and to Æneas thus address'd
 Hector, and thou, Æneas, since on you
 The Lycians chiefly and ourselves depend,
 For that in difficult emprise ye show
 Most courage, give best counsel, stand yourselves, 95
 And, visiting all quarters, cause to stand
 Before the city-gates our scatter'd troops,
 Ere yet the fugitives within the arms
 Be slaughter'd of their wives, the scorn of Greece
 When thus ye shall have rallied every band 100
 And roused their courage, weary though we be,
 Yet since necessity commands, even here
 Will we give battle to the host of Greece
 But, Hector! to the city thou depart,
 There charge our mother, that she go direct, 105
 With the assembled matrons, to the fane
 Of Pallas in the citadel of Troy

Opening her chambers' sacred doors, of all
Her treasured mantles there, let her select
The widest, most magnificently wrought,
And which she values most, *that* let her spread
On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine
Twelve heifers of the year yet never touch'd
With puncture of the goad, let her alike
Devote to her, if she will pity Troy,
Our wives and little ones, and will avert
The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers,
That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host,
Bravest, in my account, of all the Greeks
For never yet Achilles hath himself
So taught our people fear, although esteem'd
Son of a Goddess But this warrior's rage
Is boundless, and his strength past all compare
So Helenus, nor Hector not complied
Down from his chariot instant to the ground
All arm'd he leap'd, and, shaking his sharp spears,
Through every phalanx pass'd, rousing again
Their courage, and rekindling horrid war
They, turning, faced the Greeks, the Greeks repulsed,
Ceased from all carnage, nor supposed they less
Than that some Deity, the starry skies
Forsaken, help'd their foes, so firm they stood
But Hector to the Trojans call'd aloud
Ye dauntless Trojans and confederate powers
Call'd from afar! now be ye men, my friends,
Now summon all the fury of your might!
I go to charge our senators and wives
That they address the Gods with prayers and vows
For our success, and hecatombs devote
So saying the Hero went, and as he strode
The sable hide that lined his bossy shield
Smote on his neck and on his ancle bone
And now into the middle space between
Both hosts, the son of Tydeus and the son
Moved of Hippolochus, intent alike
On furious combat, face to face they stood,
And thus heroic Diomede began.

Most noble Champion! who of human kind

Art thou, whom in the man-ennobling fight
 I now encounter first ? Past all thy peers 150
 I must esteem thee valiant, who hast dared
 To meet my coming, and my spear defy
 Ah ! they are sons of miserable sires
 Who dare my might, but if a God from heaven
 Thou come, behold ! I fight not with the Gods 155
 That war Lycurgus son of Dryas waged,
 And saw not many years The nurses he
 Of brain-disturbing Bacchus down the steep
 Pursued of sacred Nyssa, they their wands
 Vine-wreathed cast all away, with an ox-goad 160
 Chastised by fell Lycurgus Bacchus plunged
 Meantime dismay'd into the Deep, where him
 Trembling, and at the Hero's haughty threats
 Confounded, Thetis in her bosom hid
 Thus by Lycurgus were the blessed powers 165
 Of heaven offended, and Saturnian Jove
 Of sight bereaved him, who not long that loss
 Survived, for he was curst by all above
 I, therefore, wage no contest with the Gods
 But if thou be of men, and feed on bread 170
 Of earthly growth, draw nigh, that with a stroke
 Well-aim'd, I may at once cut short thy days
 To whom the illustrious Lycian Chief replied.
 Why asks brave Diomed of my descent ?
 For, as the leaves, such is the race of man 175
 The wind shakes down the leaves, the budding grove
 Soon teems with others, and in spring they grow
 So pass mankind One generation meets
 Its destined period, and a new succeeds
 But since thou seem'st desirous to be taught 180
 My pedigree, whereof no few have heard,
 Know that in Aigos, in the very lap
 Of Aigos, for her steed grazed meadows famed,
 Stands Ephyræ there Sisyphus abode,
 Shrewdest of human kind, Sisyphus, named 185
 Æolides Himself a son begat,
 Glaucus, and he Bellerophon, to whom
 The Gods both manly force and beauty gave.
 Him Prætus, (for in Aigos at that time

Prætus was sovereign, to whose sceptre Jove
 Had subjected the land,) plotting his death,
 Contrived to banish from his native home
 For fair Anteia, wife of Prætus, mad
 Through love of young Bellerophon, him oft
 In secret to illicit joys enticed ,
 But she prevail'd not o'er the virtuous mind
 Discreet of whom she wooed ! therefore a he
 Framing, she royal Prætus thus bespake
 Die thou, or slay Bellerophon, who sought
 Of late to force me to his lewd embrace
 So saying, the anger of the King she roused
 Slay him himself he would not, for his heart
 Forbad the deed , him therefore he dismiss'd
 To Lycia, charged with tales of dire import
 Written in tablets, which he bade him show,
 That he might perish, to Anteia's sire
 To Lycia then, conducted by the Gods,
 He went, and on the shores of Xanthus found
 Free entertainment noble at the hands
 Of Lycia's potent King Nine days complete
 He feasted him, and slew each day an ox
 But when the tenth day's ruddy morn appear'd,
 He asked him then his errand, and to see
 Those written tablets from his son-in-law
 The letters seen, he bade him, first, destroy
 Chimæra, deem'd invincible, divine
 In nature, alien from the race of man,
 Lion in front, but dragon all behind,
 And in the midst a she-goat breathing forth
 Profuse the violence of flaming fire
 Her, confident in signs from heaven, he slew.
 Next, with the men of Solymæ he fought,
 Brave warriors far-renown'd, with whom he waged,
 In his account, the fiercest of his wars
 And lastly, when in battle he had slain
 The man-resisting Amazons, the king
 Another stratagem at his return
 Devised against him, placing close-conceal'd
 An ambush for him from the bravest chosen
 In Lycia, but they saw their homes no more ,

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Bellerophon the valiant slew them all
 The monarch hence collecting, at the last,
 His heavenly origin, him there detain'd,
 And gave him his own daughter, with the half
 Of all his royal dignity and power 235
 The Lycians also, for his proper use,
 Large lot assign'd him of their richest soil
 Commodious for the vine, or for the plough
 And now his consort fair three children bore
 To bold Bellerophon, Isandrus one, 240
 And one, Hippolochus, his youngest born
 Laodamia was for beauty such
 That she became a concubine of Jove
 She bore Sarpedon of heroic note
 But when Bellerophon, at last, himself 245
 Had anger'd all the Gods, feeding on grief
 He roam'd alone the Aleian field, exiled
 By choice, from every cheerful haunt of man
 Mars, thirsty still for blood, his son destroy'd
 Isandrus, warring with the host renown'd 250
 Of Solymæ, and in her wrath divine
 Diana from her chariot golden-rein'd
 Laodamia slew Myself I boast
 Sprung from Hippolochus, he sent me forth
 To fight for Troy, charging me much and oft 255
 That I should outstrip always all mankind
 In worth and valour, nor the house disgrace
 Of my forefathers, heroes without peer
 In Ephyra, and in Lycia's wide domain
 Such is my lineage, such the blood I boast 260
 He ceased Then valiant Diomedes rejoiced
 He pitch'd his spear, and to the Lycian Prince
 In terms of peace and amity replied
 Thou art my own hereditary friend,
 Whose noble Grand sire was a guest of mine 265
 For Oeneus, on a time, full twenty days,
 Regaled Bellerophon, and pledges fair
 Of hospitality they interchanged
 Oeneus a belt radiant with purple gave
 To brave Bellerophon, who in return 270
 Gave him a golden goblet Coming forth

I left the kind memorial safe at home
 A child was I when Tydeus went to Thebes,
 Where the Achæans perish'd, and of him
 Hold no remembrance, but henceforth, my friend, 275
 Thine host am I in Argos, and thou mine
 In Lycia, should I chance to sojourn there.
 We will not clash Trojans or aids of Troy
 No few the Gods shall furnish to my spear,
 Whom I may slaughter, and no want of Greeks 280
 On whom to prove thy prowess, thou shalt find
 But it were well that an exchange ensued
 Between us, take mine armour, give me thine,
 That all who notice us may understand
 Our patrimonial² amity and love. 285

So they, and each alighting, hand in hand
 Stood lock'd, faith promising and firm accord
 Then Jove of sober judgement so bereft
 Infatuate Glaucus that with Tydeus' son
 He baxter'd gold for brass, an hundred beeves 290
 In value, for the value small of nine

But Hector at the Scæan gate and beech
 Meantime arrived, to whose approach the wives
 And daughters flock'd of Troy, enquiring each
 The fate of husband, brother, son, or friend 295
 He bade them all with solemn prayer the Gods
 Seek fervent, for that woe was on the wing

But when he enter'd Priam's palace, built
 With splendid porticoes, and which within
 Had fifty chambers lined with polish'd stone, 300
 Contiguous all, where Priam's sons reposed
 And his sons' wives, and where, on the other side,
 In twelve magnificent chambers also lined
 With polish'd marble and contiguous all,

The sons-in-law of Priam lay beside 305
 His spotless daughters, there the mother queen
 Seeking the chamber of Laodice,
 Loveliest of all her children, as she went
 Met Hector On his hand she hung and said .

Why leavest thou, O my son! the dangerous field? 310
 I fear that the Achæans (hateful name!)

² *Ξεινοὶ πατρώιοι*

Compass the walls so closely, that thou seek'st
 Urged by distress the citadel, to lift
 Thine hands in prayer to Jove? But pause awhile
 Till I shall bring thee wine, that having pour'd 315
 Libation rich to Jove and to the powers
 Immortal, thou may'st drink and be refresh'd
 For wine is mighty to renew the strength
 Of weary man, and weary thou must be
 Thyself, thus long defending us and ours 320
 To whom her son majestic thus replied
 My mother, whom I reverence! cheering wine
 Bring none to me, lest I forget my might
 I fear, beside, with unwash'd hands to pour
 Libation forth of sable wine to Jove, 325
 And dare on none account, thus blood-defiled,
 Approach the tempest-stirring God in prayer
 Thou, therefore, gathering all our matrons, seek
 The fane of Pallas, huntress of the spoil,
 Bearing sweet incense, but from the attire 330
 Treasured within thy chamber, first select
 The amplest robe, most exquisitely wrought,
 And which thou prizest most,—then spread the gift
 On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine
 Twelve heifers also of the year, untouch'd 335
 With puncture of the goad, promise to slay
 In sacrifice, if she will pity Troy,
 Our wives and little ones, and will avert
 The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers.
 That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host 340
 Go then, my mother, seek the hallowed fane
 Of the spoil-huntress Deity I, the while,
 Seek Paris, and if Paris yet can hear,
 Shall call him forth But oh that earth would yawn
 And swallow him, whom Jove hath made a curse 345
 To Troy, to Priam, and to all his house,
 Methinks, to see him plunged into the shades
 For ever, were a cure for all my woes
 He ceased, the Queen, her palace entering, charged
 Her maidens, they, incontinent, throughout 350
 All Troy convened the matrons, as she bade.
 Meantime into her wardrobe incense-fumed,

Herself descended, there her treasures lay,
 Works of Sidonian women, whom her son
 The Godlike Paris, when he cross'd the seas 355
 With Jove-begotten Helen, brought to Troy
 The most magnificent, and varied most
 With colours radiant, from the 1est she chose
 For Pallas, vivid as a star it shone,
 And lowest lay of all Then forth she went, 360
 The Trojan matrons all following her steps

But when the long procession reach'd the fane
 Of Pallas in the heights of Troy, to them
 The fair Theano open'd the portals wide,
 Daughter of Cisseus, brave Antenor's spouse 365
 And by appointment public, at that time,
 Priestess of Pallas All with lifted hands
 In presence of Minerva wept aloud
 Beauteous Theano on the Goddess' lap
 Then spread the robe, and to the daughter fair 370
 Of Jove omnipotent her suit address'd

Goddess^s of Goddesses, our city's shield,
 Adored Minerva, hear 'oh' break the lance
 Of Diomedes, and give himself to fall
 Prone in the dust before the Scæan gate 375
 So will we offer to thee at thy shrine,
 This day twelve heifers of the year, untouch'd
 By yoke or goad, if thou wilt pity show
 To Troy, and save our children and our wives

Such prayer the priestess offer'd, and such prayer 380
 All present, whom Minerva heard averse
 But Hector to the palace sped meantime
 Of Alexander, which himself had built,
 Aided by every architect of name
 Illustrious then in Troy Chamber it had, 385
 Wide hall, proud dome, and on the heights of Troy
 Near neighbouring Hector's house and Priam's stood
 There enter'd Hector, Jove-beloved, a spear
 Its length eleven cubits in his hand,
 Its glittering head bound with a ring of gold 390
 He found within his chamber whom he sought,
 Polishing with exactest care his arms

^s *δια θεῶν.*

Resplendent, shield and hauberk fingering o'er
 With curious touch, and tampering with his bow.
 Helen of Argos with her female train 305
 Sat occupied, the while, to each in turn
 Some splendid task assigning Hector fix'd
 His eyes on Paris, and him stern rebuked
 Thy sullen humours, Paris, are ill-timed
 The people perish at our lofty walls, 400
 The flames of war have compass'd Troy around
 And thou hast kindled them, who yet thyself,
 That slackness show'st which in another seen
 Thou would'st resent to death Haste, seek the field
 This moment, lest, the next, all Ilium blaze 405
 To whom thus Paris graceful as a God
 Since, Hector, thou hast charged me with a fault,
 And not unjustly, I will answer make,
 And give thou special heed That here I sit,
 The cause is sorrow, which I wish'd to soothe 410
 In secret, not displeasure or revenge
 I tell thee also, that even now my wife
 Was urgent with me in most soothing terms
 That I would forth to battle, and myself,
 Aware that victory oft changes sides, 415
 That course prefer Wait, therefore, thou awhile,
 'Till I shall dress me for the fight, or go
 Thou first, and I will overtake thee soon
 He ceased, to whom brave Hector answer none
 Return'd, when Helen him with lenient speech 420
 Accosted mild My brother! who in me
 Hast found a sister worthy of thy hate,
 Authoress of all calamity to Troy,
 Oh that the winds, the day when I was born,
 Had swept me out of sight, whel'd me aloft 425
 To some inhospitable mountain-top,
 Or plunged me in the deep, there I had sunk
 O'erwhelm'd, and all these ills had never been
 But since the Gods would bring these ills to pass,
 I should, at least, some worthier mate have chosen, 430
 One not insensible to public shame
 But thus, oh this, nor hath nor will acquire
 Hereafter, aught which like discretion shews

Or reason, and shall find his just reward
 But enter, take this seat, for who as thou 435
 Labours, or who hath cause like thee to rue
 The crime, my brother, for which Heaven hath doom'd
 Both Paris and my most detested self
 To be the burthens of an endless song?

To whom the wailike Hector huge⁴ replied 440
 Me bid not, Helen, to a seat howe'er
 Thou wish my stay, for thou must not prevail
 The Trojans miss me, and myself no less
 Am anxious to return But urge in haste
 This loiterer forth, yea, let him urge himself 445
 To overtake me ere I quit the town
 For I must home in haste, that I may see
 My loved Andromache, my infant boy,
 And my domestics, ignorant if e'er
 I shall behold them more, or if my fate 450
 Ordain me now to fall by Grecian hands

So spake the dauntless hero, and withdrew
 But reaching soon his own well-built abode,
 He found not fair Andromache, she stood
 Lamenting Hector, with the nurse who bore 455
 Her infant, on a turret's top sublime
 He then, not finding his chaste spouse within,
 Thus from the portal, of her train enquired

Tell me, ye maidens, whither went from home
 Andromache the fair? Went she to see 460
 Her female kindred of my father's house,
 Or to Minerva's temple, where convened
 The bright-hair'd matrons of the city seek
 To soothe the awful Goddess? Tell me true

To whom his household's governess discreet 465
 Since, Hector, truth is thy demand, receive
 True answer Neither went she forth to see
 Her female kindred of thy father's house,
 Nor to Minerva's temple, where convened
 The bright-haired matrons of the city seek 470
 To soothe the awful Goddess, but she went

⁴ The bulk of his heroes is a circumstance of which Homer frequently reminds us by the use of the word μέγας—and which ought, therefore, by no means to be suppressed

Hence to the tower of Troy for she had heard
 That the Achæans had prevail'd, and driven
 The Trojans to the walls, she, therefore, wild
 With grief, flew thither, and the nurse her steps
 Attended, with thy infant in her arms 475

So spake the prudent governess, whose words
 When Hector heard, issuing from his door
 He backward trod with hasty steps the streets
 Of lofty Troy, and having travell'd all 480

The spacious city, when he now approach'd
 The Scæan gate, whence he must seek the field,
 There, hasting home again his noble wife
 Met him, Andromache the rich-endow'd
 Fair daughter of Eetion famed in arms. 485

Eetion, who in Hypoplacian Thebes
 Umbrageous dwelt, Cilicia's mighty lord,—
 His daughter valiant Hector had espoused
 There she encounter'd him, and with herself
 The nurse came also, bearing in her arms 490

Hectorides, his infant darling boy,
 Beautiful as a star Him Hector called
 Scamandrios, but Astyanax⁵ all else
 In Ilium named him, for that Hector's arm
 Alone was the defence and strength of Troy. 495

The father, silent, eyed his babe, and smiled.
 Andromache, meantime, before him stood,
 With streaming cheeks, hung on his hand, and said
 Thy own great courage will cut short thy days,
 My noble Hector ! neither pitiest thou 500

Thy helpless infant, or my hapless self,
 Whose widowhood is near, for thou wilt fall
 Ere long, assail'd by the whole host of Greece
 Then let me to the tomb, my best retreat

When thou art slain For comfort none or joy 505

Can I expect, thy day of life extinct,
 But thenceforth, sorrow Father I have none,
 No mother When Cilicia's city, Thebes
 The populous, was by Achilles sack'd,

He slew my father, yet his gorgeous arms 510
 Stripp'd not through reverence of him, but consumed,

⁵ The name signifies, the *Chief of the city*

Aim'd as it was, his body on the pile,
 And heap'd his tomb, which the Oreades⁶,
 Jove's daughters, had with elms inclosed around
 My seven brothers, glory of our house, 515
 All in one day descended to the shades,
 For brave Achilles, while they fed their herds
 And snowy flocks together, slew them all.
 My mother, Queen of the well-wooded realm
 Of Hypoplacian Thebes, her luther brought 520
 Among his other spoils, he loosed again
 At an inestimable ransom-price,
 But by Diana⁷ pierced, she died at home.
 Yet Hector—oh my husband! I in thee
 Find parents, brothers, all that I have lost 525
 Come! have compassion on us Go not hence,
 But guard this turret, lest of me thou make
 A widow, and an orphan of thy boy
 The city walls are easiest of ascent
 At yonder fig-tree, station there thy powers, 530
 For whether by a prophet warn'd, or taught
 By search and observation, in that part
 Each Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,
 The sons of Atreus, and the valiant son
 Of Tydeus, have now thrice assail'd the town 535
 To whom the leader of the host of Troy
 These cares, Andromache, which thee engage,
 All touch me also, but I dread to incur
 The scorn of male and female tongues in Troy,
 If, dastard-like, I should decline the fight 540
 Nor feel I such a wish No. I have learn'd
 To be courageous ever, in the van
 Among the flower of Ilum to assert
 My glorious father's honour, and my own.
 For that the day shall come when sacred Troy, 545
 When Priam, and the people of the old
 Spear-practis'd King shall perish, well I know.
 But for no Trojan sorrows yet to come
 So much I mourn, not e'en for Hecuba,
 Nor yet for Priam, nor for all the brave 550

⁶ Mountain nymphs

⁷ Sudden deaths were ascribed either to Diana or Apollo.

Of my own brothers who shall kiss the dust,
 As for thyself, when some Achaian Chief
 Shall have convey'd thee weeping hence, thy sun
 Of peace and liberty for ever set
 Then shalt thou toil in Argos at the loom 555
 For a task-mistress, and constrain'd shalt draw
 From Hypereia's fount, or from the fount
 Messeis, water at her proud command
 Some Grecian then, seeing thy tears, shall say—
 "This was the wife of Hector, who excell'd 560
 All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged"
 Such he shall speak thee, and thy heart, the while,
 Shall bleed afresh through want of such a friend
 To stand between captivity and thee.
 But may I rest beneath my hill of earth 565
 Or ere that day arrive! I would not live
 To hear thy cries, and see thee torn away
 So saying, illustrious Hector stretch'd his arms
 Forth to his son, but with a scream, the child
 Fell back into the bosom of his nurse, 570
 His father's aspect dreading, whose bright arms
 He had attentive mark'd and shaggy crest
 Playing tremendous o'er his helmet's height
 His father and his gentle mother laugh'd^s,
 And noble Hector lifting from his head 575
 His dazzling helmet, placed it on the ground,
 Then kiss'd his boy and dandled him, and thus
 In earnest prayer the heavenly powers implored
 Hear all ye Gods! as ye have given to me,
 So also on my son excelling might 580
 Bestow, with chief authority in Troy
 And be his record this, in time to come,
 When he returns from battle Lo! how far
 The son excels the sire! May every foe
 Fall under him, and he come laden home 585
 With spoils blood-stain'd to his dear mother's joy
 He said, and gave his infant to the arms
 Of his Andromache, who him received
 Into her fragrant bosom, bitter tears

^s The Scholiast in Villosion calls it φυσικον τινα και μετριον γελωτα, a natural and moderate laughter.

With sweet smiles mingling , he with pity moved 590
That sight observed, soft touch'd her cheek, and said,

Mourn not, my loved Andromache, for me
Too much , no man shall send me to the shades
Of Tartarus, ere mine allotted hour,
Nor lives he who can overpass the date 595
By heaven assign'd him, be he base or brave
Go then, and occupy content at home
The woman's province , ply the distaff, spin
And weave, and task thy maidens War belongs
To man , to all men , and of all who first 600
Drew vital breath in Ilium, most to me

He ceased, and from the ground his helmet raised
Hair-crested , his Andromache, at once
Obedient, to her home repau'd, but oft
Turn'd as she went, and, turning, wept afresh. 605
No sooner at the palace she arrived
Of havoc-spreading Hector, than among
Her numerous maidens found within, she raised
A general lamentation , with one voice,
In his own house, his whole domestic train 610
Mourn'd Hector, yet alive , for none the hope
Conceived of his escape from Grecian hands,
Or to behold their living master more

Nor Paris in his stately mansion long
Delay'd, but, arm'd resplendent, traversed swift 615
The city, all alacrity and joy
As some stall'd horse high-fed, his stable-cord
Snapt short, beats under foot the sounding plain,
Accustomed in smooth-sliding streams to lave
Exulting , high he bears his head, his mane 620
Undulates o'er his shoulders, pleased he eyes
His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees
Shoots to the meadow where his fellows graze ,
So Paris, son of Priam, from the heights
Of Pergamus into the streets of Troy, 625
All dazzling as the sun, descended, flush'd
With martial pride, and bounding in his course.
At once he came where noble Hector stood
Now turning, after conference with his spouse,
When godlike Alexander thus began. 630

My hero brother, thou hast surely found
My long delay most irksome More dispatch
Had pleased thee more, for such was thy command

To whom the warlike Hector thus replied.

No man, judicious, and in feat of arms 635

Intelligent, would pour contempt on thee,

(For thou art valiant,) wert thou not remiss

And wilful negligent, and when I hear

The very men who labour in thy cause

Reviling thee, I make thy shame my own 640

But let us on All such complaints shall cease

Hereafter, and thy faults be touch'd no more,

Let Jove but once afford us riddance clear

Of these Achaeans, and to quaff the cup

Of liberty, before the living Gods 645

BOOK VII

ARGUMENT.

Ajax and Hector engage in single combat The Grecians fortify their camp

So saying, illustrious Hector through the gates
To battle rush'd, with Paris at his side,
And both were bent on deeds of high renown
As when the Gods vouchsafe propitious gales
To longing mariners, who with smooth oars
Threshing the waves have all their strength consumed,
So them the longing Trojans glad received

At once each slew a Grecian Paris slew
Menesthius who in Arna dwelt, the son
Of Arethous, club-bearing chief, 10
And of Philomedusa radiant-eyed.

But Hector wounded with his glittering spear
Eioneus, he pierced his neck beneath
His brazen morion's verge, and dead he fell
Then Glaucus, leader of the Lycian host,
Son of Hippolochus, in furious fight

Iphinous son of Dexias assail'd,
Mounting his rapid mares, and with his lance
His shoulder pierced, unhorsed he fell and died.

Such slaughter of the Grecians in fierce fight 20

Minerva noting, from the Olympian hills
Flew down to sacred Ilium, whose approach
Marking from Pergamus Apollo flew
To meet her, ardent on the part of Troy.

Beneath the beech they join'd, when first the King, 25
The son of Jove, Apollo, thus began

Daughter of Jove supreme ' why hast thou left
Olympus, and with such impetuous speed?
Comest thou to give the Danaï success
Decisive? For I know that pity none

Thou feel'st for Trojans, perish as they may.
 But if advice of mine can influence thee
 To that which shall be best, let us compose
 This day the furious fight, which shall again
 Hereafter rage, till Ilium be destroy'd 35
 Since such is Juno's pleasure and thy own
 Him answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed
 Celestial archer! be it so I came
 Myself so purposing into the field
 From the Olympian heights But by what means 40
 Wilt thou induce the warriors to a pause?
 To whom the King, the son of Jove, replied.
 The courage of equestrian Hector bold
 Let us excite, that he may challenge forth
 To single conflict terrible some Chief 45
 Achaean The Achæians brazen-mail'd
 Indignant, will supply a champion soon
 To combat with the noble Chief of Troy
 So spake Apollo, and his counsel pleased
 Minerva, which when Helenus the seer, 50
 Priam's own son, in his prophetic soul
 Perceived, approaching Hector, thus he spake
 Jove's peer in wisdom, Hector, Priam's son!
 I am thy brother Wilt thou list to me?
 Bid cease the battle Bid both armies sit 55
 Call first, thyself, the mightiest of the Greeks
 To single conflict I have heard the voice
 Of the Eternal Gods, and well assured
 Foretell thee that thy death not now impends.
 He spake, whom Hector heard with joy elate 60
 Before his van striding into the space
 Both hosts between, he with his spear transverse
 Press'd back the Trojans, and they sat Down sat
 The well-graved Grecians also at command
 Of Agamemnon, and in shape assumed 65
 Of vultures, Pallas and Apollo perch'd
 High on the lofty beech sacred to Jove
 The father Ægis-arm'd, delighted thence
 They view'd the peopled plain horrent around
 With shields and helms and glittering spears erect 70
 As when fresh-blowing Zephyrus the flood

Sweeps first, the ocean blackens at the blast,
 Such seem'd the plain whereon the Achæians sat
 And Trojans, whom between thus Hector spake
 Ye Trojans, and Achæians brazen-greaved, 75
 Attend while I shall speak ! Jove high-enthroned
 Hath not fulfill'd the truce, but evil plans
 Against both hosts, till either ye shall take
 Troy's lofty towers, or shall yourselves in flight
 Fall vanquish'd at your billow-cleaving barks 80
 With you is all the flower of Greece Let him
 Whose heart shall move him to encounter sole
 Illustrious Hector, from among you all
 Stand forth, and Jove be witness to us both
 If he, with his long-pointed lance, of life 85
 Shall me bereave, my armour is his prize,
 Which he shall hence into your fleet convey,
 Not so my body, that he shall resign
 For burial to the men and wives of Troy
 But if Apollo make the glory mine, 90
 And he fall vanquish'd, him will I despoil,
 And hence conveying into sacred Troy
 His arms, will in the temple hang them high
 Of the bow-bender God, but I will send
 His body to the fleet, that him the Greeks 95
 May grace with rites funereal On the banks
 Of wide-spread Hellespont ye shall upraise
 His tomb, and as they cleave with oary barks
 The sable Deep, posterity shall say—
 " It is a warrior's tomb, in ancient days, 100
 The Hero died, him warlike Hector slew "
 So men shall speak hereafter, and my fame
 Who slew him, and my praise, shall never die
 He ceased, and all sat mute His challenge bold
 None dared accept, which yet they blush'd to shun, 105
 Till Menelaus, at the last, arose
 Groaning profound, and thus reproach'd the Greeks
 Ah boasters ! henceforth women—men no more—
 Eternal shame, shame infinite is ours,
 If none of all the Grecians dares contend 110
 With Hector Dastards—deaf to glory's call—
 Rot where ye sit ! I will myself take arms

Against him, for the gods alone dispose,
At their own pleasure, the events of war

He ended, and put on his radiant arms.

115

Then, Menelaus, manifest appear'd

Thy death, approaching by the dreadful hands

Of Hector, mightier far in arms than thou,

But that the Chiefs of the Achæans all

Upstarting stay'd thee, and himself the King,

120

The son of Atreus, on thy better hand

Seizing affectionate, thee thus address'd

Thou ravest, my royal brother ! and art seized

With needless frenzy But, however chafed,

Restrain thy wrath, nor covet to contend

125

With Priameian Hector, whom in fight

All dread, a warrior thy superior far

Not even Achilles, in the glorious field,

(Though stronger far than thou,) this hero meets

Undaunted Go then, and thy seat resume

130

In thy own band, the Achæans shall for him,

Doubtless, some fitter champion furnish forth

Brave though he be, and with the toils of war

Insatiable, he shall be willing yet,

Seated on his bent knees, to breathe a while,

135

Should he escape the arduous brunt severe

So saying, the hero by his counsel wise

His brother's purpose alter'd, he complied,

And his glad servants eased him of his arms.

Then Nestor thus the Argive host bespake.

140

Great woe, ye Gods ! hath on Achæa fallen

Now may the warlike Peleus, hoary Chief,

Who both with eloquence and wisdom rules

The Myrmidons, our foul disgrace deplore

With him discoursing, erst of ancient times,

145

When all your pedigrees I traced, I made

His heart bound in him at the proud report

But now, when he shall learn how here we sat

Cowering at foot of Hector, he shall oft

His hands uplift to the immortal Gods,

150

Praying a swift release into the shades

Jove ! Pallas ! Phœbus ! Oh that I were young

As when the Pylians in fierce fight engaged

The Arcadians spear-expert, beside the stream
 Of rapid Celadon¹ beneath the walls 155
 We fought of Pheia, where the Jardan rolls
 There Ereuthalion, Chief of Godlike form,
 Stood forth before his van, and with loud voice
 Defied the Pylians Arm'd he was in steel
 By royal Areithous whilom worn, 160
 Brave Areithous, Colynetes¹ named
 By every tongue, for that in bow and spear
 Nought trusted he, but with an iron mace
 The close-embattled phalanx shatter'd wide.
 Him by address, not by superior force, 165
 Lycurgus vanquish'd, in a narrow pass,
 Where him his iron whirl-bat² nought avail'd
 Lycurgus stealing on him, with his lance
 Transpierced and fix'd him to the soil supine
 Him of his arms, bright gift of brazen Mars, 170
 He stripp'd, which after, in the embattled field
 Lycurgus wore himself, but, growing old,
 Surrender'd them to Ereuthalion's use
 His armour-bearer, high in his esteem,
 And Ereuthalion wore them on the day 175
 When he defied our best All hung their heads
 And trembled, none dared meet him, till at last
 With inborn courage waim'd, and nought dismayed,
 Though youngest of them all, I undertook
 That contest, and, by Pallas' aid, prevail'd 180
 I slew the man in height and bulk all men
 Surpassing, and much soil he cover'd slain
 Oh for the vigour of those better days!
 Then should not Hector want a champion long,
 Whose call to combat, ye, although the prime 185
 And pride of all our land, seem slow to hear
 He spake reproachful, when at once arose
 Nine heroes Agamemnon, King of men,
 Foremost arose, then Tydeus' mighty son,
 With either Ajax in fierce prowess clad, 190
 The Cretan next, Idomeneus, with whom
 Uprose Meriones his friend approved,
 Terrible as the man-destroyer Mars

¹ The club-bearer² It is a word used by Dryden.

Evæmon's noble offspring next appear'd
 Eurypylus , Andræmon's son the next 195
 Thoas , and last, Ulysses, glorious Chief
 All these stood ready to engage in arms
 With warlike Hector, when the ancient King,
 Gerenian Nestor, thus his speech resumed
 Now cast the lot for all Who wins the chance 200
 Shall yield Achaia service, and himself
 Seive also, if successful he escape
 This brunt of hostile hardiment severe
 So Nestor They, inscribing each his lot,
 Into the helmet cast it of the son 205
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon Then the host
 Pray'd all, their hands uplifting, and with eyes
 To the wide heavens directed, many said—
 Eternal sire ! choose Ajax, or the son
 Of Tydeus, or the King himself³ who sways 210
 The sceptre in Mycenæ wealth-renown'd !
 Such prayer the people made , then Nestor shook
 The helmet, and forth leaped, whose most they wished,
 The lot of Ajax Throughout all the host
 To every chief and potentate of Greece, 215
 From right to left the herald bore the lot
 By all disown'd , but when at length he reach'd
 The inscriber of the lot, who cast it in,
 Illustrious Ajax, in his open palm
 The herald placed it, standing at his side 220
 He, conscious, with heroic joy the lot
 Cast at his foot, and thus exclaim'd aloud
 My friends ! the lot is mine, and my own heart
 Rejoices also , for I nothing doubt
 That noble Hector shall be foil'd by me 225
 But while I put mine armour on, pray all
 In silence to the King Saturnian Jove,
 Lest, while ye pray, the Trojans overhear
 Or pray aloud, for whom have we to dread ?
 No man shall my firm standing by his strength 230
 Unsettle, or for ignorance of mine
 Me vanquish, who, I hope, brought forth and train'd
 In Salamis, have, now, not much to learn

³ Agamemnon

He ended They with heaven-directed eyes
 The King in prayer address'd, Saturnian Jove 235
 Jove ! glorious father ! who from Ida's height
 Controulest all below, let Ajax prove
 Victorious, make the honour all his own !
 Or, if not less than Ajax, Hector share
 Thy love and thy regard, divide the prize 240
 Of glory, and let each achieve renown !
 Then Ajax put his radiant armour on,
 And, arm'd complete, rush'd forward As huge Mars
 To battle moves the sons of men between
 Whom Jove with heart-devouring thirst inspires 245
 Of war, so moved huge Ajax to the fight,
 Tower of the Greeks, dilating with a smile
 His martial features terrible, on feet,
 Firm-planted, to the combat he advanced
 Stride after stride, and shook his quivering spear 250
 Him viewing, Argos' universal host
 Exulted, while a panic loosed the knees
 Of every Trojan, even Hector's heart
 Beat double, but escape for him remain'd
 None now, or to retreat into his ranks 255
 Again, from whom himself had challenged forth
 Ajax advancing like a tower his shield
 Sevenfold, approach'd It was the labour'd work
 Of Tychius, armourer of matchless skill,
 Who dwelt in Hyla, coated with the hides 260
 Of seven high-pamper'd bulls that shield he flamed
 For Ajax, and the disk plated with brass.
 Advancing it before his breast, the son
 Of Telamon approach'd the Trojan Chief,
 And face to face, him threatening, thus began. 265
 Now, Hector, prove, by me alone opposed,
 What Chiefs the Danaï can furnish forth
 In absence of the lion-hearted prince
 Achilles, breaker of the ranks of war
 He, in his billow-cleaving barks incensed 270
 Against our leader Agamemnon, lies,
 But warriors of my measure, who may serve
 To cope with thee, we want not, numerous such
 Are found amongst us But begin to fight

To whom majestic Hector fierce in arms	275
Ajax ' heroic leader of the Greeks '	
Offspring of Telamon ' essay not me	
With words to terrify, as I were boy	
Or girl unskill'd in war , I am a man	
Well exercised in battle, who have shed	280
The blood of many a warrior, and have learn'd,	
From hand to hand shifting my shield, to fight	
Unwearied , I can make a sport of war,	
In standing fight adjusting all my steps	
To martial measures sweet, or vaulting light	285
Into my chariot, thence can urge the foe	
Yet in contention with a Chief like thee	
I will employ no stratagem, or seek	
To smite thee privily, but with a stroke	
(If I may reach thee) visible to all	290
So saying, he shook, then hurl'd his masey spear	
At Ajax, and his broad shield sevenfold	
On its eighth surface of resplendent brass	
Smote full , six hides the unblunted weapon pierced,	
But in the seventh stood rooted Ajax, next,	295
Heroic chief, hurl'd his long shadow'd spear	
And struck the oval shield of Priam's son	
Through his bright disk the weapon tempest-driven	
Ghded, and in his hauberk-rings infixt	
At his soft flank, ripp'd wide his vest within	300
Inclined oblique he 'scaped the dreadful doom	
Then each from other's shield his massy spear	
Recovering quick, like lions hunger-pinch'd	
Or wild boars irresistible in force,	
They fell to close encounter Priam's son	305
The shield of Ajax at its centre smote,	
But fail'd to pierce it, for he bent his point	
Sprang Ajax then, and meeting full the targe	
Of Hector, shock'd him , through it and beyond	
He urged the weapon with its sliding edge	310
Athwart his neck, and blood was seen to start	
But still, for no such cause, from battle ceased	
Crest-tossing Hector, but retiring, seized	
An huge stone angled sharp and black with age	
That on the champaign lay The bull-hide guard	315

Sevenfold of Ajax with that stone he smote
 Full on its centre, sang the circling brass
 Then Ajax far an heavier stone upheaved,
 He whirled it, and with might immeasurable
 Dismiss'd the mass, which with a mill-stone weight 320
 Sank through the shield of Hector, and his knees
 Disabled, with his shield supine he fell,
 But by Apollo raised, stood soon again
 And now, with swords they had each other hewn,
 Had not the messengers of Gods and men 325
 The heralds wise, Idæus on the part
 Of Ilum, and Talthybius for the Greeks,
 Advancing interposed His sceptre each
 Between them held, and thus Idæus spake
 My children, cease! prolong not still the fight. 330
 Ye both are dear to cloud-assembler Jove,
 Both valiant, and all know it But the night
 Hath fallen, and night's command must be obeyed
 To him the son of Telamon replied
 Idæus! bid thy master speak as thou. 335
 He is the challenger If such his choice,
 Mine differs not, I wait but to comply
 Him answer'd then heroic Hector huge.
 Since, Ajax, the immortal powers on thee
 Have bulk pre-eminent and strength bestow'd, 340
 With such address in battle, that the host
 Of Greece hath not thine equal at the spear,
 Now let the combat cease. We shall not want
 More fair occasion, on some future day
 We will not part till all-disposing heaven 345
 Shall give thee victory, or shall make her mine
 But night hath fallen, and night must be obey'd,
 That thou may'st gratify with thy return
 The Achæans, and especially thy friends
 And thy own countrymen I go, no less 350
 To exultate in Priam's royal town
 Men and robed matrons, who shall seek the Gods
 For me, with pious ceremonial due
 But come We will exchange, or ere we part,
 Some princely gift, that Greece and Troy may say 355
 Hereafter, with soul-wasting rage they fought,

But parted with the gentleness of friends

So saying, he with its sheath and belt a sword

Presented bright-emboss'd, and a bright belt

Purpureal⁴ took from Ajax in return

360

Thus separated, one the Grecians sought,

And one the Trojans, they when him they saw

From the unconquer'd hands return'd alive

Of Ajax, with delight their Chief received,

And to the city led him, double joy

365

Conceiving all at his unhop'd escape

On the other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd

To noble Agamemnon introduced

Exulting Ajax, and the King of men

In honour of the conqueror slew an ox

370

Of the fifth year to Jove omnipotent

Him flaying first, they carved him next and spread

The whole abroad, then, scoring deep the flesh,

They pierced it with the spits, and from the spits,

(Once roasted well) withdrew it all again.

375

Their labour thus accomplish'd, and the board

Furnish'd with plenteous cheer they feasted all

Till all were satisfied, nor Ajax miss'd

The conqueror's meed, to whom the hero-king

Wide-ruling Agamemnon, gave the chine

380

Perpetual,⁵ his distinguish'd portion due.

The calls of hunger and of thirst at length

Both well sufficed, thus, foremost of them all

The ancient Nestor, whose advice had oft

Proved salutary, prudent thus began.

385

Chiefs of Achaia, and thou, chief of all,

Great Agamemnon! Many of our host

Lie slain, whose blood sprinkles, in battle shed,

The banks of smooth Scamander, and their souls

Have journey'd down into the realms of death

390

⁴ This word I have taken leave to coin. The Latins have both substantive and adjective *Purpura*—*Purpureus*. We make purple serve both uses, but it seems a poverty to which we have no need to submit, at least in poetry.

⁵ The word is here used in the Latin sense of it. Virgil, describing the entertainment given by Evander to the Trojans, says that he regaled them

Perpetui tergo bovis et lustratibus extis ÆN viii
It means, the whole.

To-morrow, therefore, let the battle pause
 As need requires, and at the peep of day
 With mules and oxen, wheel ye from all parts
 The dead, that we may burn them near the fleet
 So, home to Greece returning, will we give 395
 The fathers' ashes to the children's care
 Accumulating next, the pile around,
 One common tomb for all with brisk dispatch
 We will upbuild for more secure defence
 Of us and of our fleet, strong towers and tall 400
 Adjoining to the tomb, and every tower
 Shall have its ponderous gate, commodious pass
 Affording to the mounted charioteer
 And last, without those towers and at their foot,
 Dig we a trench, which compassing around 405
 Our camp, both steeds and warriors shall exclude,
 And all fierce inroad of the haughty foe
 So counsell'd he, whom every Chief approved
 In Troy meantime, at Priam's gate beside
 The lofty citadel, debate began 410
 The assembled senators between, confused,
 Clamorous, and with furious heat pursued
 When them Antenor, prudent, thus bespake
 Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies of Troy,
 My counsel hear ! Delay not Instant yield 415
 To the Atridæ, hence to be convey'd,
 Helen of Greece with all that is her own
 For charged with violated oaths we fight,
 And hope I none conceive that aught by us
 Design'd shall prosper, unless so be done 420
 He spake and sat, when from his seat arose
 Paris, fair Helen's noble paramour,
 Who thus with speech impassion'd quick replied
 Antenor ! me thy counsel hath not pleased,
 Thou could'st have framed far better, but if this 425
 Be thy deliberate judgement, then the Gods
 Make thy deliberate judgement nothing worth
 But I will speak myself Ye Chiefs of Troy,
 I tell you plain I will not yield my spouse.
 But all her treasures to our house convey'd 430
 From Argos, those will I resign, and add

Still other compensation from my own

Thus Paris said and sat, when like the Gods
Themselves in wisdom, from his seat uprose
Dardanian Priam, who them thus address'd.

435

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy !

I shall declare my sentence, hear ye me

Now let the legions, as at other times,

Take due refreshment, let the watch be set,

And keep ye vigilant guard At early dawn

440

We will dispatch Idæus to the fleet,

Who shall inform the Atridæ of this last

Resolve of Paris, author of the war.

Discreet Idæus also shall propose

A respite (if the Atridæ so incline)

445

From war's dread clamour, while we burn the dead

Then will we clash again, till heaven at length

Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide

He ceased, whose voice the assembly pleased, obey'd

Then, troop by troop, the army took repast,

450

And at the dawn Idæus sought the fleet,

He found the Danaï, servants of Mars,

Beside the stern of Agamemnon's ship

Consulting, and amid the assembled Chiefs

Arrived, with utterance clear them thus address'd.

455

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Chiefs, the flower

Of all Achaia ! Priam and the Chiefs

Of Ilium, bade me to your ear impart

(If chance such embassy might please your ear)

The mind of Paris, author of the war.

460

The treasures which on board his ships he brought

From Argos home, (oh, had he perish'd first !)

He yields them with addition from his own

Not so the consort of the glorious prince

Brave Menelaus, her, (although in Troy

465

All counsel otherwise,) he still detains

Thus too I have in charge Are ye inclined

That the dread-sounding clamours of the field

Be caused to cease, till we shall burn the dead ?

Then will we clash again, 'till heaven at length

470

Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.

So spake Idæus, and all silent sat,

Till at the last brave Diomede replied

No. We will none of Paris' treasures now,
Nor even Helen's self A child may see
Destruction winging swift her course to Troy 475

He said The admiring Greeks with loud applause
All praised the speech of warlike Diomede,
And answer thus the King of men return'd.

Idæus ' thou hast witness'd the resolve 480
Of the Achaian Chiefs, whose choice is mine.

But for the slain, I shall not envy them
A funeral pile, the spirit fled, delay
Suits not Last rites cannot too soon be paid
Burn them And let high-thundering Jove attest 485
Himself mine oath, that war shall cease the while

So saying, he to all the Gods upraised
His sceptre, and Idæus homeward sped
To sacred Ilum The Dardanians there
And Trojans, all assembled, his return 490

Expected anxious He amid them told
Distinct his errand, when, at once dissolved,
The whole assembly rose, these to collect
The scatter'd bodies, those to gather wood,
While on the other side, the Greeks arose 495
As sudden, and all issuing from the fleet
Sought fuel, some, and, some, the scatter'd dead.

Now from the gently-swelling flood profound
The sun arising, with his earliest rays
In his ascent to heaven smote on the fields, 500

When Greeks and Trojans met Scarce could the slain
Be clear distinguish'd, but they cleansed from each
His clotted gore with water, and warm tears

Distilling copious, heaved them to the wains.
But wailing none was heard, for such command 505

Had Priam issued, therefore heaping high
The bodies, silent and with sorrowing hearts
They burn'd them, and to sacred Troy return'd
The Grecians also, on the funeral pile

The bodies heaping sad, burn'd them with fire 510
Together, and return'd into the fleet.

Then, ere the peep of dawn, and while the veil
Of night, though thinner, still o'erhung the earth,

Achaians, chosen from the rest, the pile
 Encompass'd With a tomb (one tomb for all) 515
 They crown'd the spot adust, and to the tomb
 (For safety of their fleet and of themselves)
 Strong fortress added of high wall and tower,
 With solid gates affording egress thence
 Commodious to the mounted charioteer , 520
 Deep foss and broad they also dug without,
 And planted it with piles. So toil'd the Greeks
 The Gods, that mighty labour, from beside
 The Thunderer's throne with admiration view'd,
 When Neptune, shaker of the shores began 525
 Eternal father ! is there on the face
 Of all the boundless earth one mortal man
 Who will, in times to come, consult with heaven '
 See'st thou yon height of wall, and yon deep trench
 With which the Grecians have their fleet inclosed, 530
 And, careless of our blessing, hecatomb
 Or invocation have presented none ?
 Far as the day-spring shoots herself abroad,
 So far the glory of this work shall spread,
 While Phœbus and myself, who, toiling hard, 535
 Built walls for King Laomedon, shall see
 Forgotten all the labour of our hands
 To whom, indignant, thus high-thundering Jove
 Oh thou, who shakest the solid earth at will,
 What hast thou spoken ? An inferior power, 540
 A god of less sufficiency than thou,
 Might be allowed some fear from such a cause
 - Fear not Where'er the morning shoots her beams,
 Thy glory shall be known , and when the Greeks
 Shall seek their country through the waves again, 545
 Then break this bulwark down, submerge it whole,
 And spreading deep with sand the spacious shore
 As at the first, leave not a trace behind
 Such conference held the Gods , and now the sun
 Went down, and, that great work perform'd, the Greeks 550
 From tent to tent slaughter'd the fatted ox
 And ate their evening cheer Meantime arriv'd
 Large fleet with Lemnian wine , Euneus, son
 Of Jason and Hypsipile, that fleet

From Lemnos freighted, and had stow'd on board 555
A thousand measures from the rest apart
For the Atridæ, but the host at large
By traffic were supplied, some barter'd brass,
Others bright steel, some purchased wine with hides,
These with their cattle, with their captives those, 560
And the whole host prepared a glad regale
All night the Grecians feasted, and the host
Of Ilum, and all night deep-planning Jove
Portended dire calamities to both,
Thundering tremendous '—Pale was every cheek, 565
Each pour'd his goblet on the ground, nor dæd
The hardest drink, 'till he had first perform'd
Libation meet to the Saturnian King
Omnipotent, then, all retiring, sought
Their couches, and partook the gift of sleep. 570

BOOK VIII.

A R G U M E N T

Jove calls a council, in which he forbids all interference of the Gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomedes delivers him. In the chariot of Diomedes they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomedes. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Grecian host, discomfited, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomedes, with others, at sight of a favourable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Grecians, but are stopped by Jupiter, who reascends from Ida, and in heaven foretells the distresses which await the Grecians.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night, and prepares his host for an assault to be made on the Grecian camp in the morning.

THE saffron-mantled morning now was spread
 O'er all the nations, when the Thunderer Jove,
 On the deep-fork'd Olympian topmost height
 Convened the Gods in council, amid whom
 He spake himself, they all attentive heard 5
 Gods ! Goddesses ! Inhabitants of heaven !
 Attend, I make my secret purpose known
 Let neither God nor Goddess interpose
 My counsel to rescind, but with one heart
 Approve it that it reach, at once, its end. 10
 Whom I shall mark soever from the rest
 Withdrawn, that he may Greeks or Trojans aid,
 Disgrace shall find him, shamefully chastised
 He shall return to the Olympian heights,
 Or I will hurl him deep into the gulfs 15
 Of gloomy Tartarus, where Hell shuts fast
 Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,
 As far below the shades, as earth from heaven.

There shall he learn how far I pass in might
 All others, which if ye incline to doubt, 20
 Now prove me Let ye down the golden chain
 From heaven, and at its nether links pull all
 Both Goddesses and Gods But me your King,
 Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw
 To earth from heaven, toil adverse as ye may 25
 Yet I, when once I shall be pleased to pull,
 The earth itself, itself the sea, and you
 Will lift with ease together, and will wind
 The chain around the spiry summit sharp
 Of the Olympian, that all things upheaved 30
 Shall hang in the mid heaven So far do I,
 Compared with all who live, transcend them all

He ended, and the Gods long time amazed
 Sat silent, for with awful tone he spake,
 But at the last Pallas blue-eyed began 35

Father! Saturnian Jove! of Kings supreme!
 We know thy force resistless, but our hearts
 Feel not the less, when we behold the Greeks
 Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot
 If thou command, we, doubtless, will abstain 40
 From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
 Suggesting still, as may in part effect
 Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.

To whom with smiles answer'd cloud-gatherer Jove.
 Fear not, my child! stern as my accent was, 45
 I forced a frown—no more For in mine heart
 Nought feel I but benevolence to thee.

He said, and to his chariot join'd his steeds
 Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold,
 He put on golden raiment, his bright scourge 50
 Of gold receiving rose into his seat,
 And lash'd his steeds, they not unwilling flew
 Midway the earth between and starry heaven.
 To spring-fed Ida, mother of wild beasts,
 He came, where stands in Gargarus his shrine 55
 Breathing fresh incense! there the Sue of all
 Arriving, loosed his coursers, and around
 Involving them in gather'd clouds opaque,
 Sat on the mountain's head, in his own might
 Exulting, with the towers of Ilum all 60

Beneath his eye, and the whole fleet of Greece.

In all their tents, meantime, Achæa's sons
Took short refreshment, and for fight prepared
On the other side, though fewer, yet constrain'd
By strong necessity, throughout all Troy, 65
In the defence of children and of wives
Ardent, the Trojans panted for the field.
Wide flew the city-gates, forth rush'd to war
Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose
They met, they clash'd, loud was the din of spears 70
And bucklers on their bosoms brazen-mail'd
Encountering, shields in opposition firm
Met bossy shields, and tumult wild arose¹.

There many a shout and many a dying groan
Were heard, the slayer and the maim'd aloud 75
Clamouring, and the earth was drench'd with blood
'Till sacred morn had brighten'd into noon,
The vollied weapons on both sides their task
Perform'd effectual, and the people fell
But when the sun had climb'd the middle skies, 80
The Sire of all then took his golden scales,
Doom against doom he weigh'd, the eternal fates
In counterpoise, of Trojans and of Greeks
He raised the beam, low sank the heavier lot
Of the Achæans, the Achæan doom 85
Subsided, and the Trojan struck the skies

Then roar'd his thunders from the summit hurl'd
Of Ida, and his vivid lightnings flew
Into Achæa's host They at the sight
Astonish'd stood, fear whiten'd every cheek. 90
Idomeneus dared not himself abide
That shock, nor Agamemnon stood, nor stood
The heroes Ajax, ministers of Mars
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,
Alone fled not, nor he by choice remain'd, 95
But by his steed retarded, which the mate
Of beauteous Helen, Paris, with a shaft
Had stricken where the forelock grows, a part
Of all most mortal Tortured by the wound
Erect he rose, the arrow in his brain, 100
And writhing furious, scared his fellow steeds

¹ In the repetition of this expression, the translator follows the original.

Meantime, while, strenuous, with his falchion's edge
 The hoary warrior stood slashing the reins,
 Through multitudes of fierce pursuers borne
 On rapid wheels, the dauntless charioteer, 105
 Approach'd him, Hector Then, past hope, had died
 The ancient King, but Diomedé discern'd
 His peril imminent, and with a voice
 Like thunder, called Ulysses to his aid
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd ! 110
 Art thou too fugitive, and turn'st thy back
 Like the base multitude ? Ah ! fear a lance
 Implanted ignominious in thy spine
 Stop—Nestor dies Fell Hector is at hand
 So shouted Diomedé, whose summons loud, 115
 Ulysses yet heard not, but, passing, flew
 With headlong haste to the Achaian fleet
 Then, Diomedé, unaided as he was,
 Rush'd ardent to the vaw-ward, and before
 The steeds of the Neleian sovereign old 120
 Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus address'd
 Old Chief ! these youthful warriors are too brisk
 For thee, press'd also by encroaching age
 Thy servant too is feeble, and thy steeds
 Are tardy. Mount my chariot Thou shalt see 125
 With what rapidity the steeds of Troy,
 Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
 I took them from that terror of his foes,
 Æneas Thine to our attendants leave,
 While these against the warlike powers of Troy 130
 We push direct, that Hector's self may know
 If my spear rage not furious as his own
 He said, nor the Gerenian Chief refused
 Thenceforth their servants, Sthenelus and good
 Eurymedon, took charge of Nestor's steeds, 135
 And they the chariot of Tydides both
 Ascended, Nestor seized the reins, plied well
 The scourge, and soon they met Tydides hurl'd
 At Hector first, while rapid he advanced,
 But missing Hector, wounded in the breast 140
 Eniopeus his charioteer, the son
 Of brave Thebæus, managing the steeds

He fell, his fiery counsels, at the sound
 Startled, recoil'd, and where he fell he died
 Deep sorrow for his charioteer o'erwhelm'd 145
 The mind of Hector, yet, although he mourn'd
 He left him, and another sought as brave.
 Nor wanted long his steeds a charioteer,
 For finding soon the son of Iphitus,
 Bold Archepolemus, he bade him mount 150
 His chariot, and the reins gave to his hand
 Then deeds of bloodiest note should have ensued,
 Penn'd had the Trojans been, as lambs, in Troy,
 But for quick succour of the sire of all
 Thundering, he downward hurl'd his candent bolt 155
 To the horse-feet of Diomedes, dire fumed
 The flaming sulphur, and both horses dove
 Under the axle, belly to the ground
 Forth flew the splendid reins from Nestor's hand,
 And thus to Diomedes, appall'd, he spake 160
 Back to the fleet, Tydides! Can'st not see
 That Jove ordains not, now, the victory thine?
 The son of Saturn glorifies to-day
 This Trojan, and, if such his will, can make
 The morrow ours, but vain it is to thwart 165
 The mind of Jove, for he is Lord of all
 To him the valiant Diomedes replied
 Thou hast well said, old warrior! but the pang
 That wrings my soul, is this The public ear
 In Ilum shall from Hector's lips be told— 170
 I drove Tydides—fearing me he fled
 So shall he vaunt, and may the earth her jaws
 That moment opening swallow me alive!
 Him answer'd the Gerenian warrior old
 What saith the son of Tydeus, glorious Chief? 175
 Should Hector so traduce thee as to call
 Thee base and timid, neither Trojan him
 Nor Dardan would believe, nor yet the wives
 Of numerous shielded warriors brave of Troy,
 Widow'd by thy unconquerable arm 180
 So saying, he through the fugitives his steeds
 Turn'd swift to flight Then Hector and his host
 With clamour infinite their darts woe-wing'd
 Shower'd after them, and Hector, mighty Chief

Majestic, from afar, thus call'd aloud 185

Tydidēs ! thee the Danaī swift-horsed
 Were wont to grace with a superior seat,
 The mess of honour, and the brimming cup,
 But now will mock thee Thou art woman now
 Go, timorous girl ! Thou never shalt behold 190
 Me flying, climb our battlements, or lead
 Our women captive I will slay thee first

He ceased Then Diomede in dread suspense
 Thrice purposed, turning, to withstand the foe,
 And thrice in thunder from the mountain-top 195
 Jove gave the signal of success to Troy,
 When Hector thus the Trojans hail'd aloud

Trojans and Lycians, and close-warring sons
 Of Dardanus, oh summon all your might,
 Now, now be men ! I know that from his heart 200
 Saturnian Jove glory and bright success

For me prepares, but havoc for the Greeks
 Fools ! they shall find this wall which they have raised
 Too weak to check my course, a feeble guard
 Contemptible, such also is the trench, 205

My steeds shall slight it with an easy leap
 But when ye see me in their fleet arrived,
 Remember fire Then bring me flaming brands
 That I may burn their galleys, and themselves
 Slaughter beside them, struggling in the smoke 210

He spake, and thus encouraged next his steeds
 Xanthus ! Podargus ! and ye generous pair
 Æthon and glossy Lampus ! now requite
 Mine, and the bounty of Andromache,
 Far-famed Eetion's daughter, she your bowl 215
 With corn fresh-flavour'd and with wine full oft

Hath mingled, your refreshment seeking first
 Ere mine, who have a youthful husband's claim
 Now follow ! now be swift, that we may seize
 The shield of Nestor, bruited to the skies 220
 As golden all, trappings and disk alike

Now from the shoulders of the equestrian Chief
 Tydides tear we off his splendid mail,
 The work of Vulcan May we take but these,
 I have good hope that, ere this night be spent, 225
 The Greeks shall climb their galleys and away

So vaunted he, but Juno with disdain
 His proud boast heard, and shuddering in her throne,
 Rock'd the Olympian, turning then toward
 The Ocean's mighty sovereign, thus she spake 230
 Alas! earth-shaking sovereign of the waves,
 Feel'st thou no pity of the perishing Greeks?
 Yet Greece, in Helice, with gifts not few
 Nor sordid, and in Ægæ, honours thee,
 Whom therefore thou shouldst prosper Would we all 235
 Who favour Greece associate to repulse
 The Trojans, and to check loud-thundering Jove,
 On Ida scated he might lour alone
 To whom the sovereign, shaker of the shores,
 Indignant Juno! lash in speech! what word 240
 Hath 'scaped thy lips? never, with my consent,
 Shall we, the powers subordinate, in arms
 With Jove contend He far excels us all
 So they Meantime, the trench and wall between,
 The narrow interval with steeds was fill'd 245
 Close throng'd and shielded warriors There immew'd
 By Priameian Hector, fierce as Mars,
 They stood, for Hector had the help of Jove
 And now with blazing fire then gallant barks
 He had consumed, but Juno moved the mind 250
 Of Agamemnon vigilant himself,
 To exhortation of Achaia's host
 Through camp and fleet the monarch took his way,
 And, his wide robe imperial in his hand,
 High on Ulysses' huge black galley stood, 255
 The central ship conspicuous, thence his voice
 Might reach the most remote of all the line
 At each extreme, where Ajax had his tent
 Pitch'd, and Achilles, fearless of surprise
 Thence, with loud voice, the Grecians thus he hail'd 260
 Oh shame to Greece! Warriors in shew alone!
 Where is your boasted prowess? Ye profess'd
 Van-glorious erst in Lemnos, while ye fed

- None daring to keep the field, and all striving to enter the gates to-
 gether, they obstructed their own passage, and were, of course, compelled
 into the narrow interval between the foss and rampart

But there are different opinions about the space intended See Vil-
 lions

Plenteously on the flesh of beeves full-grown,
 And crown'd your beakers high, that ye would face 265
 Each man a hundred Trojans in the field—
 Ay, twice a hundred,—yet are all too few
 To face one Hector now, nor doubt I aught
 But he shall soon fire the whole fleet of Greece
 Jove! Father! what great sovereign ever felt 270
 Thy frowns as I? Whom hast thou shamed as me?
 Yet I neglected not, through all the course
 Of our disastrous voyage (in the hope
 That we should vanquish Troy) thy sacred rites,
 But where I found thine altar, piled it high 275
 With fat and flesh of bulls, on every shore
 But oh, vouchsafe to us, that we at least
 Ourselves, deliver'd, may escape the sword,
 Nor let their foes thus tread the Grecians down!

He said The eternal father pitying saw 280
 His tears, and for the monarch's sake preserved
 The people Instant, surest of all signs,
 He sent his eagle, in his pounces strong
 A fawn he bore, fruit of the nimble hind,
 Which fast beside the beauteous altar raised 285
 To Panomphæan³ Jove sudden he dropp'd

They, conspicuous, soon, that sent from Jove he came,
 More ardent spring to fight Then none of all
 Those numerous Chiefs could boast that he outstipp'd
 Tydides, urging forth beyond the foss 290
 His rapid steeds, and rushing to the war
 He, foremost far, a Trojan slew, the son
 Of Phradmon, Agelaus, as he turn'd
 His steeds to flight, him turning with his spear
 Through back and bosom Diomedes transpierced, 295
 And with loud clangor of his arms he fell
 Then, royal Agamemnon pass'd the trench
 And Menelaus, either Ajax, then,
 Clad with fresh prowess both, them follow'd, next,
 Idomeneus, with his heroic friend 300
 In battle dread as homicidal Mars,
 Meriones, Eræmon's son renown'd
 Succeeded, bold Eurypylus, and ninth
 Teucer, wide-straining his impatient bow

³ To Jove the source of all oracular information

He under covert fought of the broad shield 305
 Of Telamonian Ajax, Ajax high
 Upraised his shield, the hero from beneath
 Took aim, and whom his arrow struck, he fell;
 Then close as to his mother's side a child
 For safety creeps, Teucer to Ajax' side 310
 Retired, and Ajax shielded him again
 Whom then slew Teucer first, illustrious Chief?
 Orsilochns, and Ophleustes, first,
 And Oimemus he slew, then Dætor died,
 Chromius and Lycophontes brave in fight 315
 With Amopaon Polyæmon's son,
 And Melanippus These, together heap'd,
 All fell by Teucer on the plain of Troy
 The Trojan ranks thinn'd by his mighty bow
 The King of armies Agamemnon saw 320
 Well-pleased, and him approaching, thus began.
 Brave Telamonian Teucer, oh, my friend,
 Thus shoot, that light may visit once again
 The Danaï, and Telamon rejoice!
 Thee Telamon within his own abode 325
 Rear'd although spurious, mount him, in return,
 Although remote, on glory's heights again
 I tell thee, and the effect shall follow sure,
 Let but the Thunderer and Minerva grant
 The pillage of fair Ilum to the Greeks, 330
 And I will give to thy victorious hand,
 After my own, the noblest recompense,
 A tripod or a chariot with its steeds,
 Or some fair captive to partake thy bed
 To whom the generous Teucer thus replied 335
 Atides! glorious monarch! wherefore me
 Exhorteest thou to battle? who myself
 Glow with sufficient ardour, and such strength
 As heaven affords me spare not to employ
 Since first we drove them back, with watchful eye 340
 Their warriors I have mark'd, eight shafts my bow
 Hath sent long-barb'd, and every shaft, well-aim'd,
 The body of some Trojan youth robust
 Hath pierced, but still yon ravening wolf escapes
 He said, and from the neive another shaft 345
 Impatient sent at Hector, but it flew

Devious, and brave Gorgythion struck instead
 Him beautiful Castianira, brought
 By Priam from Æsymba, nymph of form
 Celestial, to the King of Ilium boie 350
 As in the garden, with the weight surcharged
 Of its own fruit, and drench'd by vernal rains
 The poppy falls oblique, so he his head
 Hung languid, by his helmet's weight depress'd
 Then Teucer yet an arrow from the nerve 355
 Dispatch'd at Hector, with impatience fired
 To pierce him, but again his weapon err'd
 Turn'd by Apollo, and the bosom struck
 Of Archeptolemus, his rapid steeds
 To battle urging, Hector's charioteer 360
 He fell, his fiery coussers at the sound
 Recoil'd, and lifeless where he fell he lay
 Deep sorrow for his charioteer the mind
 O'erwhelm'd of Hector, yet he left the slain,
 And seeing his own brother nigh at hand, 365
 Cebriones, him summon'd to the reins,
 Who with alacuity that charge received
 Then Hector, leaping with a dreadful shout
 From his resplendent chariot, grasp'd a stone,
 And rush'd on Teucer, vengeance in his heart 370
 Teucer had newly fitted to the nerve
 An arrow keen selected from the rest,
 And warlike Hector, while he stood the cold
 Retracting, smote him with that rugged rock
 Just where the key-bone interposed divides 375
 The neck and bosom, a most mortal part
 It snapp'd the bow-string, and with numbing force
 Struck dead his hand, low on his knees he dropp'd,
 And from his opening grasp let fall the bow
 Then not unmindful of a brother fallen 380
 Was Ajax, but, advancing rapid, stalk'd
 Around him, and his broad shield interposed,
 Till brave Alaster and Mecisteus, son
 Of Echius, friends of Teucer, from the earth
 Upraised and bore him groaning to the fleet 385
 And now again fresh force Olympian Jove
 Gave to the Trojans, right toward the foss
 They drove the Greeks, while Hector in the van

Advanced, death menacing in every look

As some fleet hound close-threatening flank or haunch 390
Of boar or lion, oft as he his head

Turns flying, marks him with a steadfast eye,

So Hector chased the Grecians, slaying still

The hindmost of the scatter'd multitude

But when, at length, both piles and hollow foss 395

They had surmounted, and no few had fallen

By Trojan hands, within their fleet they stood

Imprison'd, calling each to each, and prayer

With lifted hands, loud offering to the Gods

With Gorgon looks, meantime, and eyes of Mars, 400

Hector impetuous his mane-tossing steeds

From side to side before the rampart drove,

When white-arm'd Juno pitying the Greeks,

In accents wing'd her speech to Pallas turn'd

Alas, Jove's daughter! shall not we at least 405

In this extremity of their distress

Care for the Grecians by the fatal force

Of this one Chief destroy'd? I can endure

The rage of Priameian Hector now

No longer, such dire mischiefs he hath wrought. 410

Whom answer'd thus Pallas, cærulean-eyed

—And Hector had himself long since his life

Resign'd and rage together, by the Greeks

Slain under Ilium's walls, but Jove, my sire,

Mad counsels executing and perverse, 415

Me counterworks in all that I attempt,

Nor aught remembers how I saved ofttimes

His son enjoin'd full many a task severe

By King Eueystheus, to the Gods he wept,

And me Jove sent in haste to his relief 420

But had I then foreseen what now I know,

When through the adamantine gates he pass'd

To bind the dog of hell, by the deep floods

Hemm'd in of Styx, he had return'd no more

But Thetis wins him now, her will prevails, 425

And mine he hates, for she hath kiss'd his knees

And grasp'd his beard, and him in prayer implored

That he would honour her heroic son

Achilles, city-waster pounce renown'd

'Tis well,—the day shall come when Jove again 430

Shall call me darling, and his blue-eyed maid
 As heretofore, —but thou thy steeds prepare,
 While I, my father's mansion entering, am
 For battle I would learn by trial sure,
 If Hector Priam's offspring famed in fight 435
 (Ourselves appearing in the walks of war)
 Will greet us gladly Doubtless at the fleet
 Some Trojan also, shall to dogs resign
 His flesh for food, and to the fowls of heaven
 So counsell'd Pallas, nor the daughter dread 440
 Of mighty Saturn, Juno, disapproved,
 But busily and with dispatch prepared
 The trappings of her course's golden-rein'd.
 Meantime, Minerva progeny of Jove,
 On the adamantine floor of his abode 445
 Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
 Labour of her own hands She first put on
 The corslet of the cloud assembler God,
 Then arm'd her for the field of woe, complete
 Mounting the fiery chariot, next she seized 450
 Her ponderous spear, huge, irresistible,
 With which Jove's awful daughter levels ranks
 Of heroes against whom her anger buins.
 Juno with lifted lash urged on the steeds
 At their approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide- 455
 Unfolding gates of heaven, the heavenly gates
 Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
 Of the Olympian summit appertains,
 And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
 And to replace the cloudy barrier dense 460
 Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds
 Which when the Eternal Father from the heights
 Of Ida saw, kindling with instant ire
 To golden-pinion'd Iris thus he spake
 Haste, Iris, turn them thither whence they came, 465
 Me let them not encounter, honour small
 To them, to me, should from that strife accrue
 Tell them, and the effect shall sure ensue,
 That I will smite their steeds, and they shall halt
 Disabled, break their chariot, dash themselves 470
 Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface
 The wounds by my avenging bolts impress'd.

So shall my blue-eyed daughter learn to dread
 A father's anger, but for the offence
 Of Juno, I resent it less, for she 475
 Clashes⁴ with all my counsels from of old
 He ended, Iris with a tempest's speed
 From the Idaean summit soar'd at once
 To the Olympian, at the open gates
 Exterior of the mountain many-valed 480
 She stayed them, and her coming thus declared
 Whither, and for what cause? What rage is this?
 Ye may not aid the Grecians, Jove forbids,
 The son of Saturn threatens, if ye force
 His wrath by perseverance into act, 485
 That he will smite your steeds, and they shall halt
 Disabled, break your chariot, dash yourselves
 Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface
 The wounds by his avenging bolts impress'd
 So shall his blue-eyed daughter learn to dread 490
 A father's anger, but for the offence
 Of Juno, he resents it less, for she
 Clashes with all his counsels from of old
 But thou, Minerva, if thou dare indeed
 Lift thy vast spear against the breast of Jove, 495
 Incorrigible art and dead to shame
 So saying, the rapid Iris disappear'd,
 And thus her speech to Pallas Juno turn'd
 Ah Pallas, progeny of Jove! henceforth
 No longer, in the cause of mortal men, 500
 Contend we against Jove Perish or live
 Grecians or Trojans as he wills, let him
 Dispose the order of his own concerns,
 And judge between them, as of right he may
 So saying, she turn'd the coursers, them the Hours 505
 Released, and to ambrosial mangers bound,
 Then thrust their chariot to the luminous wall
 They, mingling with the Gods, on golden thrones
 Dejected sat, and Jove from Ida borne
 Reach'd the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods. 510
 His steeds the glorious King of Ocean loosed,
 And thrust the chariot, with its veil o'erspread,

⁴ *Ενυλγων* —The word is here metaphorical, and expresses, in its primary use, the breaking of a spear against a shield

Into its station at the altar's side
 'Then sat the Thunderer on his throne of gold
 Himself, and the huge mountain shook Meantime 515
 Juno and Pallas, seated both apart,
 Spake not or question'd him Their mute reserve
 He noticed, conscious of the cause, and said
 Juno and Pallas, wherefore sit ye sad ?
 Not through fatigue by glorious fight incurr'd 520
 And slaughter of the Trojans whom ye hate
 Mark now the difference Not the Gods combined
 Should have constrained *me* back, till all my force,
 Superior as it is, had fail'd, and all
 My fortitude But ye, ere ye beheld 525
 The wonders of the field, trembling retired,
 And ye did well—Hear what had else befallen
 My bolts had found you both, and ye had reach'd,
 In your own chariot borne, the Olympian height,
 Seat of the blest Immortals, never more 530
 He ended, Juno and Minerva heard
 Low murmuring deep disgust, and side by side
 Devising sat calamity to Troy
 Minerva, through displeasure against Jove,
 Nought utter'd, for her bosom boil'd with rage, 535
 But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied
 What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove most severe !
 We know thy force irresistible, yet our hearts
 Feel not the less when we behold the Greeks
 Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot. 540
 If thou command, we doubtless will abstain
 From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
 Suggesting still, as may in part affect
 Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all
 Then answer, thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd 545
 Look forth, imperial Juno, if thou wilt,
 To-morrow at the blush of earliest dawn,
 And thou shalt see Saturn's almighty son
 The Argive host destroying far and wide
 For Hector's fury shall admit no pause 550
 Till he have roused Achilles, in that day
 When at the ships, in perilous streights, the hosts
 Shall wage fierce battle for Patroclus slain
 Such is the voice of fate. But as for thee—

Withdraw thou to the confines of the abyss 555
 Where Saturn and Iapetus retired,
 Exclusion sad endure from balmy airs
 And from the light of morn, hell-gut around,
 I will not call thee thence No Should thy rage
 Transport thee thither, there thou may'st abide, 560
 There sullen nurse thy disregarded spleen
 Obstinate as thou art, and void of shame
 He ended, to whom Juno nought replied
 And now the radiant sun in Ocean sank,
 Drawing night after him o'er all the earth, 565
 Night, undesired by Troy, but to the Greeks
 Thrice welcome for its interposing gloom
 Then Hector on the river's brink fast by
 The Grecian fleet, where space he found unstrew'd
 With carcases, convened the Chiefs of Troy 570
 They, there dismounting, listen'd to the words
 Of Hector Jove-beloved, he grasp'd a spear
 In length eleven cubits, bright its head
 Of brass, and collar'd with a ring of gold.
 He lean'd on it, and ardent thus began 575
 Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
 I hoped, this evening, (every ship consumed,
 And all the Grecians slain,) to have return'd
 To wind-swept Ilum But the shades of night
 Have interven'd, and to the night they owe, 580
 In chief, their whole fleet's safety and then own.
 Now, therefore, as the night enjoins, all take
 Needful refreshment Your high-mettled steeds
 Release, lay food before them, and in haste
 Drive hither from the city fatted sheep 585
 And oxen, bring ye from your houses bread,
 Make speedy purchase of heart-cheering wine,
 And gather fuel plenteous, that all night,
 E'en till Aurora, daughter of the morn,
 Shall look abroad, we may with many fires 590
 Illume the skies, lest even in the night,
 Launching, they mount the billows and escape
 Beware that they depart not unannoy'd,
 But, as he leaps on board, give each a wound
 With shaft or spear, which he shall nurse at home 595
 So shall the nations fear us, and shall vex

With ruthless war Troy's gallant sons no more
 Next, let the heralds, ministers of Jove,
 Loud notice issue, that the boys well-grown,
 And ancients silver-hair'd on the high towers 600
 Built by the Gods, keep watch, on every hearth
 In Troy, let those of the inferior sex
 Make sprightly blaze, and place ye there a guard
 Sufficient, lest in absence of the troops
 An ambush enter, and surprise the town 605
 Act thus, ye dauntless Trojans, the advice
 Is wholesome, and shall serve the present need,
 And so much for the night, ye shall be told
 The business of the morn when morn appears
 It is my prayer to Jove and to all heaven 610
 (Not without hope) that I may hence expel
 These dogs, whom Ilum's unpropitious fates
 Have wafted hither in their sable barks
 But we will also watch this night, ourselves,
 And, arming with the dawn, will at their ships 615
 Give them brisk onset Then shall it appear
 If Diomed the brave shall me compel
 Back to our walls, or I, his arms blood-stain'd,
 Torn from his breathless body, bear away
 To-morrow, if he dare but to abide 620
 My lance, he shall not want occasion meet
 For show of valour But much more I judge
 That the next rising sun shall see him slain
 With no few friends around him Would to heaven '
 I were as sure to 'scape the blight of age, 625
 And share their honours with the Gods above,
 As comes the morrow fraught with woe to Greece
 So Hector, whom his host with loud acclaim
 All praised Then each his sweating steeds released,
 And rein'd them safely at his chariot-side 630
 And now from Troy provision large they brought,
 Oxen, and sheep, with store of wine and bread,
 And fuel much was gather'd 'Next, the Gods
 With sacrifice they sought, and from the plain

* The following lines, to the end of this paragraph, are a translation
 of some which Barnes has here inserted from the second Alcibiades of
 Plato

Upwafted by the winds the smoke aspued 635
Savoury, but unacceptable to those
Above , such hatred in their hearts they bore
To Priam, to the people of the brave
Spear-practised Priam, and to sacred Troy
Big with great purposes and proud they sat, 640
Not disarray'd, but in fair form disposed
Of even ranks , and watch'd their numerous fires.
As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland-heights 645
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but ether open'd wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd ,
So numerous seem'd those fires the bank between
Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece, 650
In prospect all of Troy , a thousand fires,
Each watch'd by fifty warriors seated near
The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned
Aurora should restore the light of day 655

BOOK IX

ARGUMENT

By advice of Nestor, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, Phoenix, and Ajax to the tent of Achilles with proposals of reconciliation. They execute their commission, but without effect. Phoenix remains with Achilles, Ulysses and Ajax return.

So watch'd the Trojan host, but thoughts of flight,
 Companions of chill fear, from heaven infused,
 Possess'd the Grecians, every leader's heart
 Bled, pierced with anguish insupportable
 As when two adverse winds blowing from Thrace, 5
 Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy Deep
 Vex sudden, all around, the sable flood
 High curl'd, flings forth the salt weed on the shore,
 Such tempest rent the mind of every Greek
 Forth stalk'd Atrides with heart-riving woe 10
 Transfixt, he bade his heralds call by name
 Each Chief to council, but without the sound
 Of proclamation, and that task himself
 Among the foremost sedulous perform'd
 The sad assembly sat, when weeping fast 15
 As some deep¹ fountain pours its rapid stream
 Down from the summit of a lofty rock,
 King Agamemnon in the midst arose,
 And, groaning, the Achæans thus address'd
 Friends, counsellors and leaders of the Greeks¹ 20
 In due perplexity Saturnian Jove
 Involves me, cruel, he assured me erst,
 And solemnly, that I should not return
 Till I had wasted wall-encircled Troy,

¹ In the original the word is—*μελανυδρος*—dark-watered,—and it is rendered—*deep*—by the best interpreters, because deep waters have a blackish appearance. *Δνοφερὸν ὕδωρ* is properly water that runs with rapidity, water—*μετα δονησεως φερομενον*—See Villoisson

But now (ah fraudulent and foul reverse !)
 Commands me back inglorious to the shores 25
 Of distant Argos, with diminish'd troops
 So stands the purpose of almighty Jove,
 Who many a citadel hath laid in dust,
 And shall hereafter, matchless in his power 30
 Haste therefore My advice is, that we all
 Fly with our fleet into our native land,
 For wide-built Ithum shall not yet be ours
 He ceased, and all sat silent, long the sons
 Of Greece, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, silent sat, 35
 When thus, at last, bold Diomede began
 Atreides ! foremost of the Chiefs I rise
 To controvert thy purpose ill-conceived,
 And with such freedom as the laws, O King !
 Of consultation and debate allow. 40
 Hear patient Thou hast been thyself the first
 Who e'er reproach'd me in the public ear
 As one effeminate and slow to fight ,
 How truly, let both young and old decide,
 The son of wily Saturn hath to thee 45
 Given, and refused , he placed thee high in power,
 Gave thee to sway the sceptre o'er us all,
 But courage gave thee not, his noblest gift
 Art thou in truth persuaded that the Greeks
 Are pusillanimous, as thou hast said ? 50
 If thy own fears impel thee to depart,
 Go thou, the way is open , numerous ships,
 Thy followers from Mycenæ, line the shore
 But we, the rest, depart not, 'till the spoil
 Of Troy reward us Or if all incline 55
 To seek again their native home, fly all ,
 Myself and Sthenelus will persevere
 Till Ithum fall, for with the Gods we came
 He ended, all the admiring sons of Greece
 With shouts the warlike Diomede extoll'd, 60
 When thus equestrian Nestor next began
 Tydides, thou art eminently brave
 In fight, and all the princes of thy years
 Excell'st in council None of all the Greeks
 Shall find occasion just to blame thy speech 65

Or to gainsay, yet thou hast fallen short
 What wonder? Thou art young, and were myself
 Thy father, thou should'st be my latest-born
 Yet when thy speech is to the Kings of Greece,
 It is well framed and prudent Now attend! 70
 Myself will speak, who have more years to boast
 Than thou hast seen, and will so closely scan
 The matter, that Atrides, our supreme,
 Himself shall have no cause to censure *me*
 He is a wretch, insensible and dead 75
 To all the charities of social life,
 Whose pleasure is in civil broils alone²
 But night is urgent, and with night's demands
 Let all comply Prepare we now repast,
 And let the guard be stationed at the trench 80
 Without the wall, the youngest shall supply
 That service, next, Atides, thou begun
 (For thou art here supreme) thy proper task
 Banquet the elders, it shall not disgrace
 Thy sovereignty, but shall become thee well 85
 Thy tents are filled with wine which day by day
 Ships bring from Thrace, accommodation large
 Hast thou, and numerous is thy menial train
 Thy many guests assembled, thou shalt hear
 Our counsel, and shalt choose the best, great need 90
 Have all Achaia's sons, now, of advice
 Most prudent, for the foe, fast by the fleet
 Hath kindled numerous fires, which who can see
 Unmoved? This night shall save us or destroy
 He spake, whom all with full consent approved 95
 Forth rush'd the guard well-arm'd! first went the son
 Of Nestor, Thrasymedes, valiant Chief,
 Then, sons of Mars, Ascalaphus advanced,
 And brave Ialmenus, whom follow'd next
 Deipyrus, Aphareus, Meriones, 100
 And Lycomedes, Cleon's son renown'd
 Seven were the leaders of the guard, and each

² The observation seems made with a view to prevent such a reply from Agamemnon to Diomedes as might give birth to new dissensions, while it reminds him indirectly of the mischiefs that had already attended his quarrel with Achilles

An hundred spearmen headed, young and bold
 Between the wall and trench their seat they chose,
 There kindled fires, and each his food prepared 105
 Atreides, then, to his pavilion led
 The thronging Chiefs of Greece, and at his board
 Regaled them, they with readiness and keen
 Dispatch of hunger shaid the savoury feast,
 And when nor thirst remain'd nor hunger more 110
 Unsated, Nestor then, arising first,
 Whose counsels had been ever wisest deem'd,
 Warm for the public interest, thus began
 Atreides ! glorious sovereign ! King of men !
 Thou art my first and last, proem and close, 115
 For thou art mighty, and to thee are given
 From Jove the sceptre and the laws in charge,
 For the advancement of the general good
 Hence, in peculiar, both to speak and hear
 Become thy duty, and the best advice, 120
 By whomsoever offer'd, to adopt
 And to perform, for thou art judge alone
 I will promulge the counsel which to me
 Seems wisest, such, that other Grecian none
 Shall give thee better, neither is it new, 125
 But I have ever held it since the day
 When, most illustrious ! thou wast pleased to take
 By force the mad Buseis from the tent
 Of the enraged Achilles, not, in truth,
 By my advice, who did dissuade thee much, 130
 But thou complying with thy princely wrath,
 Hast shamed an Hero whom themselves the Gods
 Delight to honour, and his prize detain'st
 Yet even now contrive we, although late,
 By lenient gifts liberal, and by speech 135
 Conciliatory, to assuage his ire
 Then answer'd Agamemnon, King of men
 Old Chief ! there is no falsehood in thy charge,
 I have offended, and confess the wrong
 The warrior is alone an host, whom Jove 140
 Loves as he loves Achilles, for whose sake
 He hath Achaia's thousands thus subdued
 But if the impulse of a wayward mind

Obeying, I have err'd, behold me, now,
 Prepared to soothe him with atonement large 145
 Of gifts inestimable, which by name
 I will propound in presence of you all
 Seven tripods, never sullied yet with fire,
 Of gold ten talents, twenty cauldrons bright,
 Twelve courseis, strong, victorious in the race, 150
 No man possessing prizes such as mine
 Which they have won for me, shall feel the want
 Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold
 Seven virtuous female captives will I give
 Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all, 155
 Whom, when himself took Lesbos, I received
 My chosen portion, passing womankind
 In perfect loveliness of face and form
 These will I give, and will with these resign
 Her whom I took, Briseis, with an oath 160
 Most solemn, that unconscious as she was
 Of my embraces, such I yield her his
 All these I give him now, and if at length
 The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn
 Priam's great city, let him heap his ships 165
 With gold and brass, entering and choosing first
 When we shall share the spoil Let him beside
 Choose twenty from among the maids of Troy,
 Helen except, loveliest of all their sex
 And if once more, the rich milk-flowing land 170
 We reach of Aigios, he shall there become
 My son-in-law, and shall enjoy like state
 With him whom I in all abundance rear,
 My only son Orestes At my home
 I have three daughters, let him hence conduct 175
 To Phthia, her whom he shall most approve
 Chrysothemis shall be his bride, or else
 Laodice, or if she please him more,
 Iphianassa, and from him I ask
 No dower, myself will such a dower bestow 180
 As never father on his child before
 Seven fair well-peopled cities I will give,
 Cardamyle and Enope, and rich
 In herbage, Hira, Pheræ stately-built,

And for her depth of pasturage renown'd 185
 Anthëia, proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
 And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.
 All these are maritime, and on the shore
 They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
 Most rich in flocks and herds, who tributes large, 190
 And gifts presenting to his sceptred hand,
 Shall hold him high in honour as a God
 These will I give him if from wrath he cease
 Let him be overcome Pluto alone
 Is found implacable and deaf to prayer, 195
 Whom therefore of all Gods men hate the most
 My power is greater, and my years than his
 More numerous, therefore let him yield to me
 To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied
 Atreides ! glorious sovereign ! King of men ! 200
 No sordid gifts, or to be view'd with scorn,
 Givest thou the Prince Achilles But away !
 Send chosen messengers, who shall the son
 Of Peleus, instant, in his tent address
 Myself will choose them, be it theirs to obey 205
 Let Phoenix lead, Jove loves him Be the next
 Huge Ajax, and the wise Ulysses thurd
 Of heralds, Odus and Eurybates
 Shall them attend Bring water for our hands,
 Give charge that every tongue abstain from speech 210
 Portentous, and propitiate Jove by prayer
 He spake, and all were pleased The heralds pour'd
 Pure water on their hands, attendant youths
 The beakers crown'd, and wine from right to left
 Distributed to all Libation made, 215
 All drank, and in such measure as they chose,
 Then hasted forth from Agamemnon's tent
 Gerenian Nestor at their side them oft
 Instructed, each admonishing by looks
 Significant, and motion of his eyes, 220
 But most Ulysses, to omit no means
 By which Achilles likehest might be won
 Along the margin of the sounding Deep
 They pass'd, to Neptune, compasser of earth,
 Preferring vows ardent with numerous prayers, 225

That they might sway with ease the mighty mind
 Of fierce Æacides And now they reach'd
 The station where his Myimidons abode
 Him solacing they found his heart with notes
 Struck from his silver-fiamed harmonious lyre, 230
 Among the spoils he found it when he sack'd
 Eetion's city, with that lyre his cares
 He sooth'd and glorious heroes were his theme
 Patroclus silent sat, and he alone,
 Before him, on Æacides intent, 235
 Expecting still when he should cease to sing
 The messengers advanced (Ulysses first)
 Into his presence, at the sight, his harp
 Still in his hand, Achilles from his seat
 Started astonish'd, nor with less amaze 240
 Patroclus also, seeing them, arose
 Achilles seized their hands, and thus he spake
 Hail friends! ye all are welcome Urgent cause
 Hath doubtless brought you, whom I dearest hold,
 (Though angry still,) of all Achaia's host 245
 So saying, he introduced them, and on seats
 Placed them with purple arras overspread,
 Then thus bespake Patroclus standing nigh
 Son of Menæteus! bring a beaker more
 Capacious, and replenish it with wine 250
 Diluted³ less, then give to each his cup,
 For dearer friends than these who now arrive
 My roof beneath, or worthier, have I none
 He ended, and Patroclus quick obey'd
 Whom much he loved Achilles, then, himself 255
 Advancing near the fire an ample⁴ tray,
 Spread goats' flesh on it, with the flesh of sheep
 And of a fatted brawn, of each a chine

³ I have given this sense to the word *Ζυγορσπον*—on the authority of the Venetian Scholium, though some contend that it should be translated—*quickly* Achilles, who had reproached Agamemnon with intemperate drinking, was himself, more addicted to music than to wine

⁴ It is not without authority that I have thus rendered *ἄρτιον μεγα* Homer's banquets are never stewed or boiled, it cannot therefore signify a kettle It was probably a kitchen table, dresser, or tray, on which the meat was prepared for the spit Accordingly we find that this very meat was spitted afterward—See Schaefelbergerius

Automedon attending held them fast,
 While with sharp steel Achilles from the bone 260
 Sliced thin the meat, then pierced it with the spits
 Meantime the godlike Menætiades
 Kindled fierce fire, and when the flame declined,
 Raked wide the embers, laid the meat to roast,
 And taking sacred salt from the hearth-side 265
 Where it was treasured, shower'd it o'er the feast
 When all was finish'd, and the board set forth,
 Patroclus furnish'd it around with bread
 In baskets, and Achilles served the guests
 Beside the tent-wall, opposite he sat 270
 To the divine Ulysses ' first he bade
 Patroclus make oblation, he consign'd
 The consecrated morsel to the fire,
 And each, at once, his savoury mess assail'd
 When neither edge of hunger now they felt 275
 Nor thirsted longer, Ajax with a nod
 Made sign to Phoenix, which Ulysses mark'd,
 And charging high his cup, drank to his host
 Health to Achilles ' hospitable cheer
 And well prepared, we want not at the board 280
 Of royal Agamemnon, or at thine,
 For both are nobly spread, but dainties now,
 Or plenteous boards, are little our concern
 Oh godlike Chief ' tremendous ills we sit
 Contemplating with fear, doubtful if life 285
 Or death, with the destruction of our fleet,
 Attend us, unless thou put on thy might
 For lo ! the haughty Trojans, with their friends
 Call'd from afar, at the fleet-side encamp,
 Fast by the wall, where they have kindled fires 290
 Numerous, and threaten that no force of ours
 Shall check their purposed inroad on the ships
 Jove grants them favourable signs from heaven,
 Bright lightnings, Hector glares revenge, with rage
 Infuriate, and by Jove assisted, heeds 295
 Nor God nor man, but prays the morn to rise
 That he may hew away our vessel-heads,
 Burn all our fleet with fire, and at their sides
 Slay the Achæans struggling in the smoke

Horrible are my fears lest these his threats	300
The Gods accomplish, and it be our doom	
To perish here, from Argos far remote	
Up, therefore ! if thou canst, and now at last	
The weary sons of all Achaia save	
From Trojan violence Regret, but vain,	305
Shall else be thine hereafter, when no cure	
Of such great ill, once suffer'd, can be found.	
Thou therefore, seasonably kind, devise	
Means to preserve from such disastrous fate	
The Grecians Ah, my friend ! when Peleus thee	310
From Phthia sent to Agamemnon's aid,	
On that same day he gave thee thus in charge	
" Juno, my son, and Pallas, if they please,	
Can make thee valiant, but thy own big heart	
Thyself restrain Sweet manners win respect	315
Cease from pernicious strife, and young and old	
Throughout the host shall honour thee the more "	
Such was thy father's charge, which thou, it seems,	
Remember'st not Yet even now thy wrath	
Renounce, be reconciled, for princely gifts	320
Atrides gives thee if thy wrath subside	
Hear, if thou wilt, and I will tell thee all,	
How vast the gifts which Agamemnon made	
By promise thine, this night within his tent	
Seven tripods never sullied yet with fire,	325
Of gold ten talents, twenty cauldrons bright,	
Twelve steeds strong-limb'd, victorious in the race,	
No man possessing prizes such as those	
Which they have won for him, shall feel the want	
Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold	330
Seven virtuous female captives he will give,	
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,	
Whom when thou conquer'dst Lesbos, he received	
His chosen portion, passing woman-kind	
In perfect loveliness of face and form.	335
These will he give, and will with these resign	
Her whom he took, Baiseis, with an oath	
Most solemn, that unconscious as she was	
Of his embraces, such he yields her back	
All these he gives thee now ! and if at length	340

The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn
 Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships
 With gold and brass, entering and choosing first,
 When we shall spare the spoil, and shalt beside
 Choose twenty from among the maids of Troy, 345
 Helen except, loveliest of all their sex,
 And if once more the rich milk-flowing land
 We reach of Argos, thou shalt there become
 His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state
 With him, whom he in all abundance rears, 350
 His only son Oestes In his house
 He hath three daughters, thou may'st home conduct
 To Phthia, her whom thou shalt most approve.
 Chrysothemis shall be thy bride, or else
 Laodice, or if she please thee more 355
 Iphianassa, and from thee he asks
 No dower, himself will such a dower bestow
 As never father on his child before
 Seven fair well-peopled cities will he give,
 Caidamyle and Enope, and rich 360
 In herbage, Hira, Pheræ stately built,
 And for her depth of pasturage renown'd,
 Antheia, proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
 And Pegasus impurpled dark with vines
 All these are maritime, and on the shore 365
 They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
 Most rich in flocks and herds, who tribute large
 And gifts presenting to thy sceptred hand,
 Shall hold thee high in honour as a God
 These will he give thee, if thy wrath subside 370
 But should'st thou rather in thine heart the more
 Both Agamemnon and his gifts detest,
 Yet oh compassionate the afflicted host
 Prepared to adore thee Thou shalt win renown
 Among the Grecians that shall never die 375
 Now strike at Hector He is here,—himself
 Provokes thee forth, madness is in his heart,
 And in his rage he glories that our ships
 Have hither brought no Grecian brave as he
 Then thus Achilles matchless in the race 380
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!

I must with plainness speak my fixt resolve
 Unalterable, lest I hear from each
 The same long murmur'd melancholy tale
 For I abhor the man, not more the gates 385
 Of hell itself, whose words belie his heart
 So shall not mine My judgement undisguis'd
 Is this, that neither Agamemnon me
 Nor all the Greeks shall move, for ceaseless toil
 Wins here no thanks, one recompense awaits 390
 The sedentary and the most alert,
 The brave and base in equal honour stand,
 And drones and heroes fall unwept alike
 I after all my labours, who exposed
 My life continual in the field, have earn'd 395
 No very sumptuous prize As the poor bird
 Gives to her unfledged brood a morsel gain'd
 After long search, though wanting it herself,
 So I have worn out many sleepless nights,
 And waded deep through many a bloody day 400
 In battle for their wives^o I have destroy'd
 Twelve cities with my fleet, and twelve, save one,
 On foot contending in the fields of Troy
 From all these cities, precious spoils I took
 Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand 405
 Gave all the treasure He within his ships
 Abode the while, and having all received,
 Little distributed, and much retained,
 He gave, however, to the Kings and Chiefs
 A portion, and they keep it Me alone 410
 Of all the Grecian host he hath despoil'd,
 My bride, my soul's delight is in his hands,
 And let him, couch'd with her, enjoy his fill
 Of dalliance What sufficient cause, what need
 Have the Achæans to contend with Troy? 415
 Why hath Atrides gather'd such an host,
 And led them hither? Was't not for the sake
 Of beauteous Helen? And of all mankind
 Can none be found who love their proper wives
 But the Atridæ? There is no good man 420

^o Dacier observes, that he pluralizes the one wife of Menelaus through the impetuosity of his spirit

Who loves not, guards not and with care provides
 For his own wife, and, though in battle won,
 I loved the fair Buseis at my heart
 But having disposess'd me of my prize
 So foully, let him not essay me now, 425
 For I am warn'd, and he shall not prevail
 With thee and with thy peers let him advise,
 Ulysses ' how the fleet may likehest 'scape
 Yon hostile fires ' full many an arduous task
 He hath accomplish'd without aid of mine , 430
 So hath he now this rampart and the trench
 Which he hath digg'd around it, and with stakes
 Planted contiguous—puny barriers all
 To Hero-slaughtering Hector's force opposed.
 While I the battle waged, present myself 435
 Among the Achæans, Hector never fought
 Far from his walls, but to the Scæan gate
 Advancing and the beech-tree, there remain'd
 Once, on that spot he met me, and my aim
 Escaped with difficulty even there 440
 But since I feel myself not now inclined
 To fight with noble Hector, yielding first
 To Jove due worship, and to all the Gods,
 To-morrow will I launch, and give my ships
 Their lading Look thou forth at early dawn, 445
 And, if such spectacle delight thee aught,
 Thou shalt behold me cleaving with my prow
 The waves of Hellespont, and all my crews
 Of lusty rowers, active in their task,
 So shall I reach (if Ocean's mighty God 450
 Prosper my passage) Phthia the deep-soil'd
 On the third day I have possessions there,
 Which hither roaming in an evil hour
 I left abundant I shall also hence
 Convey much treasure, gold and burnish'd brass, 455
 And glittering steel, and women passing fair
 My portion of the spoils But he, your King,
 The prize he gave, himself, himself resumed,
 And taunted at me. Tell him my reply,
 And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks 460
 May indignation feel like me, if arm'd

Always in impudence, he seek to wrong
Them also Let him not henceforth presume,
Canine and hard in aspect though he be,
To look me in the face I will not share 465
His counsels, neither will I aid his works
Let it suffice him, that he wrong'd me once,
Deceived me once, henceforth his glozing arts
Are lost on me But let him rot in peace
Crazed as he is, and by the stroke of Jove 470
Infatuate I detest his gifts, and him
So honour, as the thing which most I scorn
And would he give me twenty times the worth
Of this his offer, all the treasured heaps
Which he possesses, or shall yet possess, 475
All that Orchomenos within her walls,
And all that opulent Egyptian Thebes
Receives, the city with an hundred gates,
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war,
And would he give me riches as the sands, 480
And as the dust of earth, no gifts from him
Should soothe me, till my soul were first avenged
For all the offensive licence of his tongue
I will not wed the daughter of your Chief,
Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms 485
With golden Venus, had she all the skill
Of blue-eyed Pallas, even so endow'd
She were no bride for me No He may choose
From the Achaeans some superior Prince,
One more her equal. Peleus, if the Gods 490
Preserve me, and I safe arrive at home,
Himself, ere long, shall mate me with a bride
In Hellas and in Phthia may be found
Fair damsels many, daughters of the Chiefs
Who guard our cities, I may choose of them, 495
And make the loveliest of them all my own
There, in my country, it hath ever been
My dearest purpose, wedded to a wife
Of rank convenient, to enjoy in peace
Such wealth as ancient Peleus hath acquired 500
For life in my account, surpasses far
In value, all the treasures which report

Ascribed to populous Ilium ere the Greeks
 Arrived, and while the city yet had peace,
 Those also which Apollo's marble shrine 505
 In rocky Pytho boasts Fat flocks and beeves
 May be by force obtain'd, tripods and steeds
 Are bought or won, but if the breath of man
 Once overpass its bounds, no force arrests
 Or may constrain the unbodied spirit back 510
 Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks
 Thetis, a twofold consummation waits
 If still with battle I encompass Troy,
 I win immortal glory, but all hope
 Renounce of my return If I return 515
 To my beloved country, I renounce
 The illustrious meed of glory, but obtain
 Secure and long immunity from death
 And truly I would recommend to all
 To voyage homeward, for the fall as yet 520
 Ye shall not see of Ilium's lofty towers,
 For that the Thunderer with uplifted arm
 Protects her, and her courage hath revived
 Bear ye mine answer back, as is the part
 Of good ambassadors, that they may frame 525
 Some liker plan, by which both fleet and host
 May be preserved, for, my resentment still
 Burning, this project is but premature
 Let Phoenix stay with us, and sleep this night
 Within my tent, that, if he so incline, 530
 He may to-morrow in my fleet embark,
 And hence attend me, but I leave him free
 He ended, they astonish'd at his tone
 (For vehement he spake) sat silent all,
 Till Phoenix, aged warrior, at the last 535
 Gush'd into tears, (for dread his heart o'erwhelm'd
 Lest the whole fleet should perish,) and replied
 If thou indeed have purposed to return,
 Noble Achilles! and such wrath retain'st
 That thou art altogether fixt to leave 540
 The fleet a prey to desolating fires,
 How then, my son! shall I at Troy abide
 Forlorn of thee? When Peleus, hoary Chief,

Sent thee to Agamemnon, yet a child,
 Unpractised in destructive fight, nor less 545
 Of councils ignorant, the schools in which
 Great minds are form'd, he bade me to the war
 Attend thee forth, that I might teach thee all,
 Both elocution and address in arms
 Me therefore shalt thou not with my consent 550
 Leave here, my son ! no, not would Jove himself
 Promise me, reaping smooth this silver beard,
 To make me downy-cheek'd as in my youth ,
 Such as when erst from Hellas beauty-famed
 I fled, escaping from my father's wiath 555
 Amyntoi, son of Ormenus, who loved
 A beauteous concubine, and for her sake
 Despised his wife and persecuted me
 My mother suppliant at my knees, with prayer
 Perpetual importuned me to embrace 560
 The damsel first, that she might loathe my sire
 I did so , and my father soon possess'd
 With hot suspicion of the fact, let loose
 A storm of imprecation, in his rage
 Invoking all the Furies to forbid 565
 That ever son of mine should press his knees
 Tartarian Jove⁶ and dread Persephone⁷
 Fulfill'd his curses , with my pointed spear
 I would have pierced his heart, but that my wiath
 Some Deity assuaged, suggesting oft 570
 What shame and obloquy I should incur,
 Known as a parricide through all the land
 At length, so treated, I resolved to dwell
 No longer in his house My friends, indeed,
 And all my kindred compass'd me around 575
 With much entreaty, wooing me to stay ,
 Oxen and sheep they slaughter'd, many a plump
 Well-fatted brawn extended in the flames,
 And drank the old man's vessels to the lees.
 Nine nights continual at my side they slept, 580
 While others watch'd by turns, nor were the fires
 Extinguish'd ever, one, beneath the porch
 Of the barr'd hall, and one that from within

⁶ Pluto.⁷ Proserpine

The vestibule illumed my chamber door
 But when the tenth dark night at length arriv'd, 585
 Sudden the chamber doors bursting I flew
 That moment forth, and unperceived alike
 By guards and menial women, leap'd the wall
 Through spacious Hellas flying thence afar,
 I came at length to Phthia the deep-soil'd, 590
 Mother of flocks, and to the royal house
 Of Peleus, Peleus with a willing heart
 Receiving, loved me as a father loves
 His only son, the son of his old age,
 Inheritor of all his large demesnes. 595
 He made me rich, placed under my controul
 A populous realm, and on the skirts I dwelt
 Of Phthia, ruling the Dolopian race.
 Thee from my soul, thou semblance of the Gods,
 I loved, and all-illustrious as thou art, 600
 Achilles ! such I made thee For with me,
 Me only, would'st thou forth to feast abroad,
 Nor would'st thou taste thy food at home, 'till first
 I placed thee on my knees, with my own hand
 Thy viands carved and fed thee, and the wine 605
 Held to thy lips, and many a time, in fits
 Of infant frowardness, the purple juice
 Rejecting thou hast deluged all my vest,
 And fill'd my bosom Oh, I have endured
 Much, and have also much perform'd for thee, 610
 Thus purposing, that since the Gods vouchsaf'd
 No son to me, thyself should'st be my son,
 Godlike Achilles ! who should'st screen perchance
 From a foul fate my else unshelter'd age.
 Achilles ! bid thy mighty spirit down. 615
 Thou should'st not be thus merciless, the Gods,
 Although more honourable, and in power
 And virtue thy superiors, are themselves
 Yet placable, and if a mortal man
 Offend them by transgression of their laws, 620
 Libation, incense, sacrifice, and prayer,
 In meekness offer'd turn their wrath away.
 Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled^s, lame, slant-eyed,
^s Wrinkled—because the countenance of a man driven to prayer by

Which though far distant, yet with constant pace
 Follow Offence Offence robust of limb, 625
 And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
 And over all the earth before them runs
 Hurtful to man They, following, heal the hurt
 Received respectfully when they approach,
 They help us, and our prayers hear in return 630
 But if we slight, and with obdurate heart
 Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry
 Against us, supplicating that Offence
 May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.
 Thou, therefore, O Achilles! honour yield 635
 To Jove's own daughters, vanquish'd, as the brave
 Have oft-times been, by honour paid to Thee
 For came not Agamemnon as he comes
 With gifts in hand, and promises of more
 Hereafter, burn'd his anger still the same, 640
 I would not move thee to renounce thy own,
 And to assist us, howsoever distress'd
 But now, not only are his present gifts
 Most liberal, and his promises of more
 Such also, but these Princes he hath sent 645
 Charged with entreaties, thine especial friends,
 And chosen for that cause, from all the host
 Shght not their embassy, nor put to shame
 Their intercession We confess that once
 Thy wrath was unproveable and just 650
 Thus we have heard the heroes of old times
 Applauded oft, whose anger, though intense,
 Yet left them open to the gentle sway
 Of reason and conciliatory gifts
 I recollect an ancient history, 655
 Which, since all here are friends, I will relate.
 The brave Ætolians and Curetes met
 Beneath the walls of Calydon, and fought

a consciousness of guilt is sorrowful and dejected *Lame*—because it
 is a remedy to which men recur late, and with reluctance *And slant-*
eyed—either because, in that state of humiliation, they fear to lift their
 eyes to heaven, or are employed in taking a retrospect of their past mis-
 conduct.

The whole allegory, considering *when* and *where* it was composed, forms
 a very striking passage

With mutual slaughter, the Ætolian powers
 In the defence of Calydon the fair, 660
 And the Curetes, bent to lay it waste
 That strife Diana of the golden throne
 Kindled between them, with resentment fired
 That Oeneus had not in some fertile spot
 The first fruits of his harvest set apart 665
 To her, with hecatombs he entertained
 All the Divinities of heaven beside,
 And her alone, daughter of Jove supreme,
 Or through forgetfulness, or some neglect,
 Served not, omission careless and profane ! 670
 She, progeny of Jove, Goddess shaft-arm'd,
 A savage boar bight-tusk'd in anger sent,
 Which haunting Oeneus' fields much havoc made
 Trees numerous on the earth in heaps he cast
 Uprooting them, with all their blossoms on. 675
 But Meleager, Oeneus' son, at length
 Slew him, the hunters gathering and the hounds
 Of numerous cities, for a boar so vast
 Might not be vanquish'd by the power of few,
 And many to their funeral piles he sent 680
 Then raised Diana clamorous dispute,
 And contest hot between them, all alike,
 Curetes and Ætolians fierce in arms
 The boar's head claiming, and his bristly hide
 So long as warlike Meleager fought, 685
 Ætolia prosper'd, nor with all their powers
 Could the Curetes stand before the walls
 But when resentment once had fired the heart
 Of Meleager, which hath tumult oft
 Excited in the breasts of wisest men, 690
 (For his own mother had his wrath provoked
 Althæa) thenceforth with his wedded wife
 He dwelt, fair Cleopatra, close retired
 She was Marpessa's daughter, whom she bore
 To Idas, bravest warrior in his day 695
 Of all on earth He fear'd not 'gainst the King
 Himself Apollo, for the lovely nymph
 Marpessa's sake, his spouse, to bend his bow
 Her, therefore, Idas and Marpessa named

Thenceforth Alcyone, because the fate
 Of sad Alcyone Marpessa shared, 700
 And wept like hei, by Phœbus forced away
 Thus Meleager, tortured with the pangs
 Of wrath indulged, with Cleopatra dwelt,
 Vex'd that his mother curs'd him, for, with grief 705
 Frantic, his mother importuned the Gods
 To avenge her slaughter'd brothers⁹ on his head
 Oft would she smite the earth, while on her knees
 Seated, she fill'd her bosom with her tears,
 And call'd on Pluto and dread Proserpine 710
 To slay her son, nor vain was that request,
 But by implacable Erynnis heard
 Roaming the shades of Erebus Ere long
 The tumult and the deafening din of war
 Roar'd at the gates, and all the batter'd towers 715
 Resounded Then the elders of the town
 Dispatch'd the high-priests of the Gods to plead
 With Meleager for his instant aid,
 With strong assurances of rich reward
 Where Calydon afforded fattest soil 720
 They bade him choose to his own use a farm
 Of fifty measured acres, vineyard half,
 And half of land commodious for the plough
 Him Oeneus also, warrior grey with age,
 Ascending to his chamber, and his doors 725
 Smiting importunate, with earnest prayers
 Assay'd to soften, kneeling to his son
 Nor less his sisters woo'd him to relent,
 Nor less his mother, but in vain, he grew
 Still more obdurate His companions last, 730
 The most esteem'd and dearest of his friends,
 The same suit urged, yet he persisted still
 Relentless, nor could even they prevail
 But when the battle shook his chamber-doors
 And the Curetes climbing the high towers 735
 Had fired the spacious city, then with tears
 Theauteous Cleopatra, and with prayers
 Assail'd him, in his view she set the woes

⁹ She had five brothers Iphiclus, Polyphontes, Phanes, Eurypylus, Plexippus

Numberless of a city storm'd,—the men
 Slaught'rd, the city burnt to dust, the chaste 740
 Matrons with all their children diagg'd away
 That dread recital roused him, and at length
 Issuing, he put his radiant armour on.
 Thus Meleager, gratifying first
 His own resentment from a fatal day 745
 Saved the Ætolians, who the promised gift
 Refused him, and his toils found no reward
 But thou my son, be wiser, follow thou
 No dæmon who would tempt thee to a course
 Like his, occasion more propitious far 750
 Smiles on thee now, than if the fleet were fired
 Come, while by gifts invited, and receive
 From all the host, the honours of a God,
 For should'st thou, by no gifts induced, at last
 Enter the bloody field, although thou chase 755
 The Trojans hence, yet less shall be thy praise
 Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race
 Phœnix, my guide, wise, noble and revered !
 I covet no such glory ! the renown
 Ordain'd by Jove for me, is to resist 760
 All importunity to quit my ships
 While I have power to move, or breath to draw
 Hear now, and mark me well Cease thou from tears
 Confound me not, pleading with sighs and sobs
 In Agamemnon's cause, O love not Him, 765
 Lest I renounce thee, who am now thy friend
 Assist me rather, as thy duty bids,
 Him to afflict, who hath afflicted me,
 So shalt thou share my glory and my power
 These shall report as they have heard, but here 770
 Rest thou this night, and with the rising morn
 We will decide, to stay or to depart
 He ceased, and silent, by a nod enjoin'd
 Patroclus to prepare an easy couch
 For Phœnix, anxious to dismiss the rest 775
 Incontinent, when Ajax, godlike son
 Of Telamon, arising, thus began
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 Depart we now, for I perceive that end

Or fruit of all our reasonings shall be none	780
It is expedient also that we hear	
Our answer back (unwelcome as it is)	
With all dispatch, for the assembled Greeks	
Expect us Brave Achilles shuts a fire	
Within his breast, the kindness of his friends,	785
And the respect peculiar by ourselves	
Shown to him, on his heart work no effect.	
Inexorable man ! others accept	
Even for a brother slain, or for a son	
Due compensation, the delinquent dwells	790
Secure at home, and the receiver, soothed	
And pacified, represses his revenge	
But thou, resentful of the loss of one,	
One virgin (such obduracy of heart	
The Gods have given thee) can'st not be appeased	795
Yet we assign thee seven in her stead,	
The most distinguish'd of then sex, and add	
Large gifts beside Ah then, at last relent !	
Respect thy roof, we are thy guests, we come	
Chosen from the multitude of all the Greeks,	800
Beyond them all ambitious of thy love	
To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift	
My noble friend, offspring of Telamon !	
Thou seem'st sincere, and I believe thee such	
But at the very mention of the name	805
Of Atreus' son, who shamed me in the sight	
Of all Achaea's host, bearing me down	
As I had been some vagrant at his door,	
My bosom boils Return ye and report	
Your answer I no thought will entertain	810
Of crimson war, till the illustrious son	
Of wallike Priam, Hector, blood-embued,	
Shall in their tents the Myrmidons assail	
Themselves, and fire my fleet At my own ship,	
And at my own pavilion, it may chance	815
That even Hector's violence shall pause	
He ended, they from massy goblets each	
Libation pour'd, and to the fleet their course	
Resumed direct, Ulysses at their head	
Patroclus then his fellow warriors bade,	820

And the attendant women, spread a couch
 For Phoenix, they the couch, obedient, spread
 With fleeces, with rich arras, and with flax
 Of subtlest woof There hoary Phoenix lay
 In expectation of the sacred dawn 825
 Meantime Achilles in the interior tent,
 With beauteous Diomeda by himself
 From Lesbos brought, daughter of Phorbas, lay
 Patroclus opposite reposed, with whom
 Slept charming Iphus, hei, when he had won 830
 The lofty towers of Scyros, the divine
 Achilles took, and on his friend bestow'd
 But when those Chiefs at Agamemnon's tent
 Arrived, the Greeks on every side arose
 With golden cups welcoming their return 835
 All question'd them, but Agamemnon first
 Oh worthy of Achaia's highest praise,
 And her chief ornament, Ulysses, speak!
 Will he defend the fleet? or his big heart
 Indulging wrathful, doth he still refuse? 840
 To whom renown'd Ulysses thus replied
 Atreides, Agamemnon, King of men!
 He, his resentment quenches not, or will,
 But burns with wrath the more, thee and thy gifts
 Rejecting both He bids thee with the Greeks 845
 Consult by what expedient thou may'st save
 The fleet and people, threatening that himself
 Will at the peep of day launch all his barks,
 And counselling, beside, the general host
 To voyage homeward, for that end as yet 850
 Of Ilum wall'd to heaven, ye shall not find,
 Since Jove the Thunderer with uplifted arm
 Protects her, and her courage hath revived
 Thus speaks the Chief, and Ajax is prepared,
 With the attendant heralds, to report 855
 As I have said But Phoenix in the tent
 Sleeps of Achilles, who his stay desired,
 That on the morrow, if he so incline,
 The hoary warrior may attend him hence
 Home to his country, but he leaves him free 860
 He ended They astonish'd at his tone

(For vehement he spake) sat silent all
 Long silent sat the afflicted sons of Greece,
 When thus the mighty Diomede began
 Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men !
 Thy supplications to the valiant son
 Of Peleus, and the offer of thy gifts
 Innumeros, had been better far withheld
 He is at all times haughty, and thy suit
 Hath but increased his haughtiness of heart
 Past bounds but let him stay, or let him go
 As he shall choose. He will resume the fight
 When his own mind shall prompt him, and the Gods
 Shall urge him forth Now follow my advice
 Ye have refresh'd your hearts with food and wine,
 Which are the strength of man, take now repose,
 And when the rosy-finger'd morning fair,
 Shall shine again, set forth without delay
 The battle, horse and foot, before the fleet,
 And where the foremost fight, fight also thou
 He ended, all the Kings applauded warm
 His counsel, and the dauntless tone admred
 Of Diomede. Then, due libation made,
 Each sought his tent, and took the gift of sleep

565

570

575

580

BOOK X.

A R G U M E N T

Diomede and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rhæus

ALL night, the leaders of the host of Greece
 Lay sunk in soft repose, all save the Chief,
 The son of Atreus, him from thought to thought
 Roving solicitous, no sleep relieved
 As when the spouse of beauteous Juno, darts 5
 His frequent fires, designing heavy rain
 Immense or hail storm, or field-whitening snow,
 Or else wide-throated war calamitous,
 So frequent were the groans by Atreus' son
 Heaved from his inmost heart, trembling with dread 10
 For cast he but his eye toward the plain
 Of Ilium, there, astonish'd, he beheld
 The city fronted with bright fires, and heard
 Pipes, and recorders, and the hum of war,
 But when again the Grecian fleet he view'd, 15
 And thought on his own people, then his hair
 Uprooted elevating to the Gods,
 He from his generous bosom groan'd again
 At length he thus resolved, of all the Greeks
 To seek Neleian Nestor first, with whom 20
 He might, perchance, some plan for the defence
 Of the afflicted Danaï devise
 Rising, he wrapp'd his tunic to his breast,
 And to his royal feet unsullied bound
 His sandals, o'er his shoulders, next, he threw 25
 Of amplest size a lion's tawny skin
 That swept his footsteps, dappled o'er with blood,
 Then took his spear Meantime not less appall'd
 Was Menelaus, on whose eyelids sleep

Sat not, lest the Achaians for his sake 30
 O'er many waters borne, and now intent
 On glorious deeds, should perish all at Troy
 With a pard's spotted hide his shoulders broad
 He mantled over, to his head he raised
 His brazen helmet, and with vigorous hand 35
 Grasping his spear, forth issued to arouse
 His brother, mighty sovereign of the host
 And by the Grecians like a God revered
 He found him at his galley's stern, his arms
 Assuming radiant, welcome he arrived 40
 To Agamemnon, whom he thus address'd

Why arm'st thou, brother? Would'st thou urge abroad
 Some trusty spy into the Trojan camp?
 I fear lest none so hardy shall be found
 As to adventure, in the dead still night, 45
 So far, alone, valiant indeed were he!

To whom great Agamemnon thus replied
 Heaven-favour'd Menelaus! We have need,
 Thou and myself, of some device well-framed,
 Which both the Grecians and the fleet of Greece 50
 May rescue, for the mind of Jove hath chang'd,
 And Hector's prayers alone now reach his ear
 I never saw, nor by report have learn'd
 From any man, that ever single chief
 Such awful wonders in one day perform'd 55
 As he with ease against the Greeks, although
 Nor from a Goddess sprung nor from a God
 Deeds he hath done, which, as I think, the Greeks
 Shall deep and long lament, such numerous ills
 Achaia's host hath at his hands sustain'd 60
 But haste, begone, and at their several ships
 Call Ajax and Idomeneus, I go
 To exhort the noble Nestor to arise,
 That he may visit, if he so incline,
 The chosen band who watch, and his advice 65
 Give them, for him most prompt they will obey,
 Whose son, together with Meriones,
 Friend of Idomeneus, controuls them all,
 Entrusted by ourselves with that command.

Him answer'd Menelaus bold in arms 70

Explain thy purpose — Would'st thou that I wait
Thy coming, there, or thy commands to both
Given, that I incontinent return ?

To whom the Sovereign of the host replied
There stay, lest striking into different paths 75
(For many passes intersect the camp)

We miss each other, summon them aloud
Where thou shalt come, enjoin them to arise,
Call each by his hereditary name,
Honouring all Beware of manners proud, 80
For we ourselves must labour, at our birth
By Jove ordain'd to suffering and to toil

So saying, he his brother thence dismiss'd
Instructed duly, and, himself, his steps
Turned to the tent of Nestor Him he found 85
Amid his sable galleys in his tent

Reposing soft, his armour at his side,
Shield, spears, bright helmet, and the broader'd belt
Which, when the Senior arm'd led forth his host

To fight, he wore, for he complied not yet 90
With the encroachments of enfeebling age

He raised his head, and on his elbow propp'd,
Questioning Agamemnon, thus began.

But who art thou, who thus alone, the camp
Roamest, amid the darkness of the night, 95
While other mortals sleep ? Comest thou abroad

Seeking some friend or soldier of the guard ?
Speak—come not nearer mute What is thy wish ?

To whom the son of Atreus, King of men
Oh Nestor, glory of the Grecian name, 100
Offspring of Neleus ! thou in me shalt know

The son of Atreus, Agamemnon, doom'd
By Jove to toil, while life shall yet inform
These limbs, or I shall draw the vital air

I wander thus, because that on my lids 105
Sweet sleep sits not, but war and the concerns
Of the Achaians occupy my soul

Terrible are the fears which I endure
For these my people, such as supersede
All thought, my bosom can no longer hold 110

My throbbing heart, and tremors shake my limbs

But if thy mind, more capable, project
 Aught that may profit us (for thee it seems
 Sleep also shuns) arise, and let us both
 Visit the watch, lest, haply, overtoil'd 115
 They yield to sleep, forgetful of their charge
 The foe is posted near, and may intend
 (None knows his purpose) an assault by night

To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied
 Illustrious Agamemnon, King of men ! 120

Deep-planning Jove the imaginations proud
 Of Hector will not ratify, nor all

His sanguine hopes effectuate, in his turn
 He also (fierce Achilles once appeased)

Shall trouble feel, and, haply, more than we 125
 But with all readiness I will arise

And follow thee, that we may also rouse
 Yet others, Diomede the spear-renown'd,

Ulysses, the swift Ajax, and the son
 Of Phyleus, valiant Meges It were well 130

Were others also visited and call'd,
 The Godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,

Whose ships are at the camp's extremest bounds
 But though I love thy brother and revere,

And though I grieve e'en thee, yet speak I must, 135
 And plainly censure him, that thus he sleeps

And leaves to thee the labour, who himself
 Should range the host, soliciting the Chiefs

Of every band, as utmost need requires
 Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men. 140

Old warrior, times there are, when I could wish
 Myself thy censure of him, for in act

He is not seldom tardy and remiss
 Yet is not sluggish indolence the cause,

No, nor stupidity, but he observes 145
 Me much, expecting till I lead the way

But he was foremost now, far more alert
 This night than I, and I have sent him forth

Already, those to call whom thou hast named.
 But let us hence, for at the guard I trust 150

To find them, since I gave them so in charge
 To whom the brave Gerenian Chief replied.

Him none will censure, or his will dispute,
 Whom he shall waken and exhort to rise
 So saying, he bound his corslet to his breast, 155
 His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,
 And fastening by its clasps his purple cloak
 Around him, double and of shaggy pile,
 Seized, next, his sturdy spear headed with brass,
 And issued first, into the Grecian fleet 160
 There, Nestor, brave Gerenian, with a voice
 Sonorous roused the Godlike counsellor
 From sleep, Ulysses, the alarm came o'er
 His startled ear, forth from his tent he sprang
 Sudden, and of their coming, quick, enquired 165
 Why roam ye thus the camp and fleet alone
 In darkness? by what urgent need constrain'd?
 To whom the hoary Pylian thus replied
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd¹
 Resent it not, for dread is our distress 170
 Come, therefore, and assist us to convene
 Yet others, qualified to judge if war
 Be most expedient, or immediate flight
 He ended, and regaining, quick, his tent,
 Ulysses slung his shield, then coming forth 175
 Join'd them The son of Tydeus first they sought.
 Him sleeping arm'd before his tent they found,
 Encompass'd by his friends also asleep,
 His head each rested on his shield, and each
 Had planted on its nether point¹ erect 180
 His spear beside him, bright their polish'd heads,
 As Jove's own lightning glitter'd from afar
 Himself, the Hero slept A wild bull's hide
 Was spread beneath him, and on arras tinged
 With splendid purple lay his head reclined. 185
 Nestor, beside him standing, with his heel
 Shook him, and urgent, thus the Chief reproved.
 Awake Tydides! wherefore givest the night
 Entire to balmy slumber? Hast not heard
 How on the rising ground beside the fleet 190

¹ *Σαυρωρη*—seems to have been a hollow iron with a point, fitted to the obtuse end of the spear for the purpose of planting that end of it in the ground. It might probably be taken off at pleasure

The Trojans sit, small interval between ?

He ceased , then upsprang Diomed alarm'd
Instant, and in wing'd accents thus replied

Old wakeful Chief ! thy toils are never done.

Are there not younger of the sons of Greece, 195

Who ranging in all parts the camp, might call

The Kings to council ? But no curb controuls

Or can abate activity like thine

To whom Gerenian Nestor in return

My friend ! thou hast well spoken I have sons, 200

And they are well deserving , I have here

A numerous people also, one of whom

Might have sufficed to call the Kings of Greece

But such occasion presses now the host

As hath not oft occur'd the overthrow 205

Complete, or full deliverance of us all,

In balance hangs, poised on a razor's edge

But haste, and if thy pity of my toils

Be such, since thou art younger, call, thyself,

Ajax the swift, and Meges to the guard 210

Then Diomed a lion's tawny skin

Around him wrapp'd, dependent to his heels,

And, spear in hand, set forth The Hero call'd

Those two, and led them whither Nestor bade

They, at the guard arrived, not sleeping found 215

The captains of the guard, but sitting all

In vigilant posture with their arms prepared

As dogs that, careful watch the fold by night,

Hearing some wild beast in the woods, which hounds

And hunters with tumultuous clamour drive 220

Down from the mountain top, all sleep forego ,

So, sat not on their eyelids gentle sleep

That dreadful night, but constant to the plain

At every sound of Trojan feet they turn'd.

The old Chief joyful at the sight, in terms 225

Of kind encouragement them thus address'd

So watch, my children ! and beware that sleep

Invade none here lest all become a prey

So saying, he traversed with quick pace the trench

By every Chief whom they had thither call'd 230

Attended, with whom Nestor's noble son

Went, and Meriones, invited both
 To join their consultation. From the foss
 Emerging, in a vacant space they sat,
 Unstrew'd with bodies of the slain, the spot 235
 Whence furious Hector, after slaughter made
 Of numerous Greeks, night falling, had returned
 There seated, mutual converse close they held,
 And Nestor, brave Gerenian, thus began
 Oh friends ! hath no Achaian here such trust 240
 In his own prowess, as to venture forth
 Among yon haughty Trojans ? He, perchance,
 Might on the borders of their host surprise
 Some wandering adversary, or might learn
 Their consultations whether they propose 245
 Here to abide in prospect of the fleet,
 Or, satiate with success against the Greeks
 So signal, meditate retreat to Troy
 These tidings gain'd, should he at last return
 Secure, his recompence will be renown 250
 Extensive as the heavens, and fair reward
 From every leader of the fleet, his gift
 Shall be a sable² ewe, and sucking lamb,
 Rare acquisition ! and at every board
 And sumptuous banquet, he shall be a guest 255
 He ceased, and all sat silent, when at length
 The mighty son of Tydeus thus replied
 Me, Nestor, my courageous heart incites
 To penetrate into the neighbour host
 Of enemies, but went some other Chief 260
 With me, far greater would my comfort prove,
 And I should dare the more. Two going forth,
 One quicker sees than other, and suggests
 Prudent advice, but he who singly goes,
 Mark whatso'er he may, the occasion less 265
 Improves, and his expedients soon exhausts
 He ended, and no few willing arose
 To go with Diomedes Servants of Mars
 Each Ajax willing stood, willing as they
 Meriones, most willing Nestor's son, 270

² *Sable*, because the expedition was made by night, and *each with a lamb*,
 as typical of the fruit of their labours

Willing the brother of the Chief of all,
 Nor willing less Ulysses to explore
 The host of Troy, for he possess'd a heart
 Delighted ever with some bold exploit

Then Agamemnon, King of men, began 275
 Now Diomede, in whom my soul delights !
 Choose whom thou wilt for thy companion , choose
 The fittest here , for numerous wish to go
 Leave not through deference to another's rank,
 The more deserving, nor prefer a worse, 280
 Respecting either pedigree or power

Such speech he interposed, fearing his choice
 Of Menelaus , then, renown'd in arms
 The son of Tydeus, rising, spake again
 Since, then, ye bid me my own partner choose 285
 Free from constraint, how can I overlook
 Divine Ulysses, whose courageous heart
 With such peculiar cheerfulness endures
 Whatever toils, and whom Minerva loves ?
 Let *Him* attend me, and through fire itself 290
 We shall return , for none is wise as he

To him Ulysses, hardy Chief, replied
 Tydides ! neither praise me much, nor blame,
 For these are Grecians in whose ears thou speak'st,
 And know me well But let us hence ! the night 295
 Draws to a close , day comes apace , the stars
 Are far advanced , two portions have elapsed
 Of darkness, but the third is yet entire

So they , then each his dreadful arms put on
 To Diomede, who at the fleet had left 300
 His own, the dauntless Thrasymedes gave
 His shield and sword two-edged, and on his head
 Placed, crestless, unadorn'd his bull skin casque
 It was a stripling's helmet, such as youths
 Scarce yet confirm'd in lusty manhood, wear 305
 Meriones with quiver, bow and sword
 Furnish'd Ulysses, and his brows enclosed
 In his own casque of hide with many a thong
 Well braced within , guarded it was without
 With boar's teeth ivory-white inherent firm 310
 On all sides, and with woollen head-piece lined.

That helmet erst Autolycus³ had brought
 From Eleon, city of Amyntor son
 Of Hormenus, where he the solid walls
 Bored through, clandestine, of Amyntor's house 315
 He on Amphidamas the prize bestow'd
 In Scandia, from Amphidamas it pass'd
 To Molus as an hospitable pledge,
 He gave it to Meriones his son,
 And now it guarded shrewd Ulysses' brows 320
 Both clad in arms terrific, forth they sped,
 Leaving their fellow Chiefs, and as they went
 An heron, by command of Pallas, flew
 Close on the right beside them, darkling they
 Discern'd him not, but heard his clanging plumes. 325
 Ulysses in the favourable sign
 Exulted, and Minerva thus invoked
 Oh hear me, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd !
 My present helper in all streights, whose eye
 Marks all my ways, oh with peculiar care 330
 Now guard me, Pallas ! grant that after toil
 Successful, glorious, such as long shall fill
 With grief the Trojans, we may safe return
 And with immortal honours to the fleet
 Valiant Tydides, next, his prayer preferr'd 335
 Hear also me, Jove's offspring by the toils
 Of war invincible ! me follow now
 As my heroic father erst to Thebes
 Thou followedst, Tydeus, by the Greeks dispatch'd
 Ambassador, he left the mail-clad host 340
 Beside Asopus, and with terms of peace
 Entrusted, enter'd Thebes, but by thine aid
 Benevolent, and in thy strength, perform'd
 Returning, deeds of terrible renown
 Thus, now, protect me also ! In return 345
 I vow an offering at thy shrine, a young
 Broad-fronted heifer, to the yoke as yet
 Untamed, whose horns I will incase with gold
 Such prayer they made, and Pallas heard well pleased
 Their orisons ended to the daughter dread 350
 Of mighty Jove, lion-like they advanced

³ Autolycus was grandfather of Ulysses by the mother's side

Through shades of night, through carnage, aims and blood

Nor Hector to his gallant host indulged

Sleep, but convened the leaders, leader none

Or senator of all his host he left

355

Unsummon'd, and his purpose thus promulged

Where is the warrior who for rich reward,

Such as shall well suffice him, will the task

Adventurous, which I propose, perform?

A chariot with two steeds of proudest height,

360

Surpassing all in the whole fleet of Greece,

Shall be his portion, with immortal praise,

Who shall the well-appointed ships approach

Courageous, there to learn if yet a guard

As heretofore, keep them, or if subdued

365

Beneath us, the Achaeans flight intend,

And worn with labour have no will to watch

So Hector spake, but answer none return'd

There was a certain Trojan, Dolon named,

Son of Humedes herald of the Gods,

370

Rich both in gold and brass, but in his form

Unightly, yet the man was swift of foot,

Sole brother of five sisters, he his speech

To Hector and the Trojans thus address'd

My spirit, Hector, prompts me, and my mind

375

Endued with manly vigour, to approach

Yon gallant ships, that I may tidings hear

But come For my assurance, lifting high

Thy sceptre, swear to me, for my reward,

The horses and the brazen chariot bright

380

Which bear renown'd Achilles o'er the field.

I will not prove an useless spy, nor fall

Below thy best opinion, pass I will

Their army through, 'till I shall reach the ship

Of Agamemnon, where the Chiefs, perchance,

385

Now sit consulting, or to fight, or fly

Then raising high his sceptre, Hector sware

Know, Jove himself, Juno's high-thundering spouse'

That Trojan none shall in that chariot ride

By those steeds drawn, save Dolon, on my oath

390

I make them thine, enjoy them evermore

He said, and falsely sware, yet him assured

Then Dolon, instant, o'er his shoulder slung
 His bow elastic, wrapp'd himself around
 With a grey wolf-skin, to his head a casque 395
 Adjusted, coated o'er with ferret's felt,
 And seizing his sharp javelin, from the host
 Turn'd right toward the fleet, but was ordain'd
 To disappoint his sender, and to bring
 No tidings thence. The throng of Trojan steeds 400
 And warriors left, with brisker pace he moved,
 When brave Ulysses his approach perceived,
 And thus to Diomede his speech address'd
 Tydides! yonder man is from the host,
 Either a spy he comes, or with intent 405
 To spoil the dead First, freely let him pass
 Few paces, then pursuing him with speed,
 Seize on him suddenly, but should he prove
 The nimble of the three, with threatening spear
 Enforce him from his camp toward the fleet, 410
 Lest he elude us, and escape to Troy
 So they, then, turning from the road oblique,
 Among the carcasses each lay'd him down.
 Dolon, suspecting nought, ran swiftly by
 'But when such space was interposed as mules 415
 Plough in a day, (for mules the ox surpass
 Through fallows deep drawing the ponderous plough)
 Both ran toward him Dolon at the sound
 Stood, for he hoped some Trojan fiends at hand
 From Hector sent to bid him back again 420
 But when within spear's cast, or less they came,
 Knowing them enemies he turn'd to flight
 Incontinent, whom they as swift pursued
 As two fleet hounds sharp fang'd, tram'd to the chace,
 Hang on the rear of flying hind or hare, 425
 And drive her, never swerving from the track,
 Through copses close, she screaming scuds before,
 So Diomede and dread Ulysses him
 Chased constant, intercepting his return

* Commentators here are extremely in the dark, and even Aristarchus seems to have attempted an explanation in vain —The Translator does not pretend to have ascertained the distance intended, but only to have given a distance suited to the occasion.

And now, fast-fleeing to the ships, he soon 430
 Had reach'd the guard, but Pallas with new force
 Inspired Tydides, lest a meaner Greek
 Should boast that he had smitten Dolon first,
 And Diomedes win only second praise
 He poised his lifted spear, and thus exclaim'd 435
 Stand! or my spear shall stop thee. Death impends
 At every step, thou can'st not 'scape me long
 He said, and threw his spear, but by design,
 Err'd from the man The polish'd weapon swift
 O'er-glancing his right shoulder, in the soil 440
 Stood fixt, beyond him Terrified he stood,
 Stammering, and sounding through his lips the clash
 Of chattering teeth, with visage deadly wan
 They panting rush'd on him, and both his hands
 Seized fast, he wept, and suppliant them bespake 445
 Take me alive, and I will pay the price
 Of my redemption I have gold at home,
 Brass also, and bright steel, and when report
 Of my captivity within your fleet
 Shall reach my father, treasures he will give 450
 Not to be told, for ransom of his son
 To whom Ulysses politic replied
 Take courage, entertain no thought of death
 But haste! this tell me, and disclose the truth
 Why thus toward the ships comest thou alone 455
 From yonder host, by night, while others sleep?
 To spoil some carcase? or from Hector sent
 A spy of all that passes in the fleet?
 Or by thy curiosity impell'd?
 Then Dolon, his limbs trembling, thus replied. 460
 To my great detriment, and far beyond
 My own design, Hector trepann'd me forth,
 Who promised me the steeds of 'Peleus' son
 Illustrious, and his brazen chariot bright
 He bade me, under night's fast-fitting shades 465
 Approach our enemies, a spy, to learn
 If still as heretofore, ye station guards
 For safety of your fleet, or if subdued
 Completely, ye intend immediate flight,
 And worn with labour, have no will to watch 470

To whom Ulysses, smiling, thus replied
 Thou hadst, in truth, an appetite to gifts
 Of no mean value, coveting the steeds
 Of brave Æacides, but steeds are they
 Of fiery sort, difficult to be ruled 475
 By force of mortal man, Achilles' self
 Except, whom an immortal mother bore
 But tell me yet again, use no disguise,
 Where left'st thou, at thy coming forth, your Chiet,
 The valiant Hector? where hath he disposed 480
 His armour battle-worn, and where his steeds?
 What other quarters of your host are watch'd?
 Where lodge the guard, and what intend ye next?
 Still to abide in prospect of the fleet?
 Or well-content that ye have thus reduced 485
 Achaia's host, will ye retire to Troy?

To whom thus answer Dolon straight returned
 Son of Eumedes. With unfeigning truth
 Simply and plainly will I utter all
 Hector, with all the Senatorial Chiefs, 490
 Beside the tomb of sacred Ilius sits
 Consulting, from the noisy camp remote
 But for the guards, Hero¹ concerning whom
 Thou hast enquired, there is no certain watch
 And regular appointed o'er the camp, 495
 The native⁵ Trojans (for *they* can no less)
 Sit sleepless all, and each his next exhorts
 To vigilance, but all our foreign aids,
 Who neither wives nor children hazard here,
 Trusting the Trojans for that service, sleep 500

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied
 How sleep the strangers, and allies?—apart?
 Or with the Trojans mingled?—I would learn

So spake Ulysses, to whom Dolon thus,
 Son of Eumedes I will all unfold, 505
 And all most truly By the sea are lodged
 The Carians, the Pæonians arm'd with bows,
 The Leleges, with the Pelasgian band,
 And the Caucones On the skirts encamp

⁵ Ὅσων γὰρ Τρωων πύρος ἐσχαται—As many as are owners of hearths,
 —that is to say, all who are householders here, or natives of the city

Of Thymbria, the Mæonians crested high, 510
 The Phrygian horsemen, with the Lycian host,
 And the bold troop of Mysia's haughty sons
 But wherefore these enquiries, thus minute?
 For if ye wish to penetrate the host,
 These who possess the borders of the camp 515
 Farthest removed of all, are Thracian powers
 Newly arrived, among them Rhesus sleeps,
 Son of Eioneus, then Chief and King
 His steeds I saw, the fairest by these eyes
 Ever beheld, and loftiest, snow itself 520
 They pass in whiteness, and in speed the winds
 With gold and silver all his chariot burns,
 And he arrived in golden armour clad
 Stupendous! little suited to the state
 Of mortal man—fit for a God to wear! 525
 Now, either lead me to your gallant fleet,
 Or, where ye find me, leave me straightly bound
 Till ye return, and, after trial made,
 Shall know if I have spoken false or true
 But him brave Diomede with aspect stern 530
 Answer'd Since, Dolon! thou art caught, although
 Thy tidings have been good, hope not to live,
 For should we now release thee and dismiss,
 Thou wilt revisit yet again the fleet
 A spy or open foe, but smitten once 535
 By this death-dealing arm, thou shalt return
 To render mischief to the Greeks no more
 He ceased, and Dolon would have stretch'd his hand
 Toward his beard, and pleaded hard for life,
 But with his faulchion, rising to the blow, 540
 On the mid-neck he smote him, cutting sheer
 Both tendons with a stroke so swift, that ere
 His tongue had ceased, his head was in the dust
 They took his helmet clothed with ferret's felt,
 Stipp'd off his wolf-skin, seized his bow and spear, 545
 And brave Ulysses lifting in his hand
 The trophy to Minerva, pray'd and said
 Hail Goddess, these are thine! for thee of all
 Who in Olympus dwell, we will invoke
 First to our aid Now also guide our steps, 550

Propitious, to the Thracian tents and steeds
 He ceased, and at arm's-length the lifted spoils
 Hung on a tamarisk, but mark'd the spot,
 Plucking away with hand-full grasp the reeds
 And spreading boughs, lest they should seek the prize 555
 Themselves in vain, returning ere the night,
 Swift traveller, should have fled before the dawn
 Thence, o'er the bloody champaign strew'd with arms
 Proceeding, to the Thracian lines they came
 They, wearied, slept profound, beside them lay, 560
 In triple order regular arranged,
 Their radiant armour, and their steeds in pairs
 Amid them Rhesus slept, and at his side
 His coursers, to the outer chariot-ring
 Fasten'd secure Ulysses saw him first, 565
 And, seeing, mark'd him out to Diomedes
 Behold the man, Tydides! Lo! the steeds
 By Dolon specified whom we have slain
 Be quick. Exert thy force Arm'd as thou art,
 Sleep not Loose thou the steeds, or slaughter thou 570
 The Thracians, and the steeds shall be my care
 He ceased, then blue-eyed Pallas with fresh force
 Invigour'd Diomedes. From side to side
 He slew, dread groans arose of dying men
 Hewn with the sword, and the earth swam with blood 575
 As if he find a flock unguarded, sheep
 Or goats, the lion rushes on his prey,
 With such unsparing force Tydides smote
 The men of Thrace, till he had slaughter'd twelve,
 And whom Tydides with his faulchion struck 580
 Laertes' son dragg'd by his feet abroad,
 Forecasting that the steeds might pass with ease,
 Nor start, as yet uncustom'd to the dead
 But when the son of Tydeus found the King,
 Him also panting forth his last, last breath, 585
 He added to the twelve, for at his head
 An evil dream that night had stood, the form
 Of Diomedes, by Pallas' art devised
 Meantime, the bold Ulysses loosed the steeds,
 Which, to each other rein'd, he drove abroad, 590
 Smiting them with his bow, (for of the scourge

He thought not in the chariot-seat secured,)
 And as he went, hiss'd, warning Diomede
 But he, projecting still some harder deed,
 Stood doubtful, whether by the pole to draw 595
 The chariot thence, laden with gorgeous arms,
 Or whether heaving it on high, to bear
 The burthen off, or whether yet to take
 More Thracian lives, when him with various thoughts
 Perplex'd, Minerva, drawing near, bespake 600
 Son of bold Tydeus ! think on thy return
 To yonder fleet, lest thou depart constrain'd
 Some other God may rouse the powers of Troy
 She ended, and he knew the voice divine
 At once he mounted With his bow the steeds 605
 Ulysses plyed, and to the ships they flew
 Nor look'd the bender of the silver bow,
 Apollo, forth in vain, but at the sight
 Of Pallas following Diomede incensed,
 Descended to the field where numerous most 610
 He saw the Trojans, and the Thracian Chief
 And counsellor, Hippocoon aroused,
 Kinsman of Rhesus, and renown'd in arms
 He, starting from his sleep, soon as he saw
 The spot deserted where so lately lay 615
 Those fiery coursers, and his warrior friends
 Gasping around him, sounding loud the name
 Of his loved Rhesus Instant, at the voice,
 Wild stir arose and clamorous uproar
 Of fast-assembling Trojans Deeds they saw— 620
 Terrible deeds, and marvellous perform'd,
 But not their authors—they had sought the ships
 Meantime arrived where they had slain the spy
 Of Hector, there Ulysses, dear to Jove,
 The coursers stay'd, and, leaping to the ground, 625
 The son of Tydeus in Ulysses' hands
 The arms of Dolon placed foul with his blood,
 Then vaulted light into his seat again
 He lash'd the steeds, they, not unwilling, flew
 To the deep-bellied barks, as to their home 630
 First Nestor heard the sound, and thus he said
 Friends ! Counsellors ! and leaders of the Greeks !
 s c —7. o

False shall I speak or true?—but speak I must.
 The echoing sound of hoofs alarms my ear
 Oh, that Ulysses, and brave Diomede 635
 This moment might arrive diawn into camp
 By Trojan steeds! But ah, the dread I feel!
 Lest some disaster have for ever quell'd
 In yon rude host those noblest of the Greeks!
 He had not ended, when themselves arrived. 640
 Both quick dismounted, joy at their return
 Fill'd every bosom, each with kind salute
 Cordial, and right-hand welcome greeted them,
 And first Gerenian Nestor thus enquired
 Oh Chief by all extoll'd, glory of Greece, 645
 Ulysses! how have ye these steeds acquired?
 In yonder host? or met ye as ye went
 Some God who gave them to you? for they show
 A lustre dazzling as the beams of day
 Old as I am, I mingle yet in fight 650
 With Ilium's sons,—luck never in the fleet—
 Yet saw I at no time, or have remark'd
 Steeds such as these, which therefore I believe
 Perforce, that ye have gained by gift divine,
 For cloud-assembler Jove, and azure-eyed 655
 Minerva, Jove's own daughter, love you both
 To whom Ulysses, thus, discreet, replied
 Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!
 A God, so willing, could have given us steeds
 Superior, for then bounty knows no bounds 660
 But, venerable Chief! these which thou seest
 Are Thracians new-arrived Their master lies
 Slain by the valiant Diomede, with twelve
 The noblest of his warriors at his side
 A thirteenth⁶ also, at small distance hence 665
 We slew, by Hector and the Chiefs of Troy
 Sent to inspect the posture of our host
 He said, then, high in exultation, drove
 The coursers o'er the trench, and with him pass'd
 The glad Achæans, at the spacious tent 670

⁶ Homer did not here forget himself, though some have altered *τρεις* to *τετρακαιδεκαρον*—Rhesus for distinction sake is not numbered with his people—See Villoisson *in loco*.

Of Diomede arrived, with even thongs
They tied them at the cribs where stood the steeds
Of Tydeus' son, with winnow'd wheat supplied
Ulysses in his bark the gory spoils
Of Dolon placed, designing them a gift 675
To Pallas Then, descending to the sea,
Neck, thighs, and legs from sweat profuse they cleansed,
And, so refresh'd and purified, their last
Ablution in bright tepid baths perform'd
Each thus completely laved, and with smooth oil 680
Anointed, at the well-spread board they sat,
And quaff'd, in honour of Minerva, wine
Delicious, from the brimming beaker drawn.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT

Agamemnon distinguishes himself He is wounded, and retires Diomede is wounded by Paris, Ulysses by Socus Ajax with Menelaus flies to the relief of Ulysses, and Eurpylus, soon after, to the relief of Ajax While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon Nestor conveys Machaon from the field Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, clothed in the armour of Achilles

AURORA from Tithonus' side arose
 With light for heaven and earth, when Jove dispatch'd
 Discord, the fiery signal in her hand
 Of battle bearing, to the Grecian fleet
 High on Ulysses' huge black ship she stood
 The centre of the fleet, whence all might hear,
 The tent of Telamon's huge son between,
 And of Achilles, for confiding they
 In their heroic fortitude, then barks
 Well-poised had station'd utmost of the line 10
 There standing, shuill she sent a cry abroad
 Among the Achaians, such as thirst infused
 Of battle ceaseless into every breast
 All deem'd, at once, wai sweeter, than to seek
 Their native country through the waves again 15
 Then with loud voice Atides bade the Greeks
 Gird on their armour, and himself his arms
 Took radiant First around his legs he clasp'd
 His shining greaves with silver studs secured,
 Then bound his corslet to his bosom, gift 20
 Of Cynyras long since, for rumour loud
 Had Cyprus reached of an Achaian host
 Assembling, destined to the shores of Troy,
 Wherefore, to gratify the king of men,

He made the splendid ornament his own. 25
 Ten rods of steel cœrulean all around
 Embraced it, twelve of gold, twenty of tin,
 Six¹ spiry serpents their uplifted heads
 Cœrulean darted at the wearer's throat,
 Splendour diffusing as the various bow 30
 Fix'd by Saturnian Jove in showery clouds,
 A sign to mortal men He slung his sword
 Athwart his shoulders, dazzling bright it shone
 With gold emboss'd, and silver was the sheath
 Suspended graceful in a belt of gold 35
 His massy shield o'ershadowing him whole,
 High-wrought and beautiful, he next assumed
 Ten circles bright of brass around its field
 Extensive, circle within circle, ran,
 The central boss was black, but hemm'd about 40
 With twice ten bosses of resplendent tin
 There, dreadful ornament! the visage dark
 Of Gorgon scowl'd, border'd by Flight and Fear.
 The loop was silver, and a serpent form
 Cœrulean over all its surface twined, 45
 Three heads erecting on one neck, the heads
 Together wreath'd into a stately crown
 His helmet quatre-crested,² and with studs
 Fast rivetted around he to his brows
 Adjusted, whence tremendous waved his crest 50
 Of mounted hair on high Two spears he seized
 Ponderous, brass-pointed, and that flash'd to Heaven
 Sounds⁴ like clear thunder, by the spouse of Jove
 And by Minerva rais'd to extol the King
 Of opulent Mycenæ, roll'd around. 55
 At once each bade his charioteer his steeds
 Hold fast beside the margin of the trench

¹ Τρεῖς ἑκατέρθ',—Three on a side This is evidently the proper punctuation, though it differs from that of all the editions that I have seen I find it nowhere but in the *Venetian Scholium*

² Quatre-crested So I have rendered τετραφαλῆρον, which literally signifies having four cones The cone was a tube into which the crest was inserted The word quatre-crested may need a precedent for its justification, and seems to have a sufficient one in the cinque-spotted cowslip of Shakspeare

³ This seems the proper import of ἐγδονησαν Jupiter is called ἐριδουπος

In orderly array , the foot all arm'd
 Rush'd forward, and the clamour of the host
 Rose infinite into the dawning skies 60
 First, at the trench, the embattled infantry'
 Stood ranged , the chariots followed close behind ,
 Dne was the tumult by Saturnian Jove
 Excited and from ether down he shed
 Blood-tinctured dew among them, for he meant 65
 That day to send full many a warrior bold
 To Pluto's dreary realm, slain premature
 Opposite, on the rising-ground, appear'd
 The Trojans , them majestic Hector led,
 Noble Polydamas, Æneas raised 70
 To Godlike honours in all Trojan hearts,
 And Polybus, with whom Antenor's sons
 Agenor, and young Acamas advanced
 Hector the splendid orb of his broad shield
 Bore in the van, and as a comet now 75
 Glares through the clouds portentous, and again,
 Obscured by gloomy vapours, disappears,
 So Hector, marshalling his host, in front
 Now shone, now vanish'd in the distant rear
 All-cased he flamed in brass, and on the sight 80
 Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove Ægis-arm'd
 As reapers, toiling opposite, lay bare
 Some rich man's furrows, while the sever'd grain,
 Barley or wheat, sinks as the sickle moves,
 So Greeks and Trojans springing into fight 85
 Slew mutual , foul retreat alike they scorn'd,
 Alike in fierce hostility their heads
 Both bore aloft, and rush'd like wolves to war
 Discord, spectatress terrible, that sight
 Beheld exulting , she, of all the Gods, 90
 Alone was present , not a Power beside
 There interfered, but each his bright abode
 Quiescent occupied wherever built
 Among the windings of the Olympian heights ,
 Yet blamed they all the storm-assembler King 95
 Saturnian, for his purposed aid to Troy

⁴ The Translator follows Clarke in this interpretation of a passage to us not very intelligible

The eternal father reck'd not, he, apart,
 Seated in solitary pomp, enjoy'd
 His glory, and from on high the towers survey'd
 Of Ilium and the fleet of Greece, the flash 100
 Of gleaming arms, the slayer and the slain
 While morning lasted, and the light of day
 Increased, so long the weapons on both sides
 Flew in thick volleys, and the people fell
 But, what time his repast the woodman spreads 105
 In some umbrageous vale, his sinewy arms
 Weaned with hewing many a lofty tree,
 And his wants satisfied, he feels at length
 The pinch of appetite to pleasant food,
 Then was it, that encouraging aloud 110
 Each other, in their native virtue strong,
 The Grecians through the phalanx burst of Troy
 Forth sprang the monarch first, he slew the Chief
 Bianor, nor himself alone, but slew
 Oileus also driver of his steeds 115
 Oileus, with a leap alighting, rush'd
 On Agamemnon, he his fierce assault
 Encountering, with a spear met full his front
 Nor could his helmet's ponderous brass sustain
 That force, but both his helmet and his scull 120
 It shatter'd, and his martial rage repress'd
 The King of men, stripping their corslets, bared
 Their shining breasts, and left them Isus, next,
 And Antiphus he flew to slay, the sons
 Of Priam both, and in one chariot borne, 125
 This spurious, genuine that The bastard drove,
 And Antiphus, a warrior high-renown'd,
 Fought from the chariot, then Achilles erst
 Feeding their flocks on Ida had surprized
 And bound with osiers, but for ransom loosed 130
 Of these, imperial Agamemnon, first
 Above the pap pierced Isus, next, he smote
 Antiphus with his sword beside the ear,
 And from his chariot cast him to the ground
 Conscious of both, their glittering arms he stupp'd, 135
 For he had seen them when from Ida's heights
 Achilles led them to the Grecian fleet.

As with resistless fangs the lion breaks
 The young in pieces of the nimble hind,
 Entering her lair, and takes ther feeble lives, 140
 She, though at hand, can yield them no defence,
 But through the thick wood, wing'd with terror, starts
 Herself away, trembling at such a foe,
 So them the Trojans had no power to save,
 Themselves all driven before the host of Greece. 145
 Next, on Pisandrus, and of dauntless heart
 Hippolochus he rush'd, they were the sons
 Of brave Antimachus, who with rich gifts
 By Paris bought, inflexible withheld
 From Menelaus still his lovely bride 150
 His sons, the monarch, in one chariot borne
 Encounter'd, they (for they had lost the reins)
 With trepidation and united force
 Essay'd to check the steeds, astonishment
 Seized both, Atrides with a lion's rage 155
 Came on, and from the chariot thus they sued.
 Oh spare us! son of Atreus, and accept
 Ransom immense. Antimachus our sire
 Is rich in various treasure, gold and brass,
 And temper'd steel, and, hearing the report 160
 That in Achaia's fleet his sons survive,
 He will requite thee with a glorious price
 So they, with tears and gentle terms the King
 Accosted, but no gentle answer heard
 Are ye indeed the offspring of the Chief 165
 Antimachus, who when my brother once
 With Godlike Laertiades your town
 Enter'd ambassador, his death advised
 In council, and to let him forth no more?
 Now rue ye both the baseness of your sire. 170
 He said, and from his chariot to the plain
 Thrust down Pisandrus, piercing with keen lance
 His bosom, and supine he smote the field
 Down leap'd Hippolochus, whom on the ground
 He slew, cut sheer his hands, and lopp'd his head, 175
 And roll'd it like a mortar through the ranks.
 He left the slain, and where he saw the field

οἰμοί

With thickest battle cover'd, thither flew
 By all the Grecians follow'd bright in arms
 The scatter'd infantry constrained to fly, 180
 Fell by the infantry, the charioteers,
 While with loud hoofs their steeds the dusty soil
 Excited, o'er the charioteers their wheels
 Drove brazen-fell'd, and the King of men
 Incessant slaughtering, called his Argives⁶ on 185
 As when fierce flames some ancient forest seize,
 From side to side in flakes the various wind
 Rolls them, and to the roots devour'd, the trunks
 Fall prostrate under fury of the fire,
 So under Agamemnon fell the heads 190
 Of flying Trojans Many a counsel proud
 The empty chariots through the paths of war
 Whirl'd rattling, of then charioteers deprived,
 They breathless press'd the plain, now fitter far
 To feed the vultures than to cheer their wives 195
 Conceal'd, meantime, by Jove, Hector escaped
 The dust, darts, deaths, and tumult of the field,
 And Agamemnon to the swift pursuit
 Call'd loud the Grecians Through the middle plain
 Beside the sepulchre of Ilus, son 200
 Of Dardanus, and where the fig-tree stood,
 The Trojans flew, panting to gain the town,
 While Agamemnon pressing close the rear,
 Shout after shout terrific sent abroad,
 And his victorious hands reek'd, red with gore 205
 But at the beech-tree and the Scæan gate
 Arrived, the Trojans halted, waiting there
 The rearmost fugitives, they o'er the field
 Came like a herd, which in the dead of night
 A lion drives, all fly, but one is doom'd 210
 To death inevitable, her with jaws
 True to their hold he seizes, and her neck
 Breaking, embowels her, and laps the blood,
 So, Atreus' royal son, the hindmost still
 Slaying, and still pursuing, urged them on 215

⁶ The Grecians at large are indiscriminately called Danaï Argives,
 and Achæans, in the original The Phthians in particular—Hellenes
 They were the troops of Achilles

Many supine, and many prone, the field
 Press'd, by the son of Atreus in then flight
 Dismounted, for no weapon rag'd as his
 But now, at last, when he should soon have reach'd
 The lofty walls of Ilium, came the Sire 220
 Of Gods and men descending from the skies,
 And on the heights of Ida fountain fed,
 Sat arm'd with thunders. Calling to his foot
 Swift Iris golden-pinion'd, thus he spake
 Iris! away Thus speak in Hector's ears. 225
 While yet he shall the son of Atreus see
 Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down
 The Trojan ranks, so long let him abstain
 From battle, leaving to his host the task
 Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks 230
 But soon as Atreus' son by spear or shaft
 Wounded shall climb his chariot, with such force
 I will endue Hector, that he shall slay
 Till he have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
 Descending, sacred darkness cover all 235
 He spake, nor rapid Iris disobey'd
 Storm-wing'd embassadress, but from the heights
 Of Ida stoop'd to Ilium There she found
 The son of royal Priam by the throng
 Of chariots and of steeds compass'd about. 240
 She, standing at his side, him thus bespake
 Oh, son of Priam! as the Gods discieet!
 I bring thee counsel from the Sire of all
 While yet thou shalt the son of Atreus see
 Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down 245
 The warrior ranks, so long he bids thee pause
 From battle, leaving to thy host the task
 Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks
 But soon as Atreus' son, by spear or shaft
 Wounded, shall climb his chariot, Jove will then 250
 Endue thee with such force, that thou shalt slay
 Till thou have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
 Descending, sacred darkness cover all
 So saying, swift-pinion'd Iris disappear'd
 Then Hector from his chariot at a leap 255
 Came down all arm'd, and, shaking his bright spears,

Ranged every quarter, animating loud
 The legions, and rekindling hoard war
 Back roll'd the Trojan ranks, and faced the Greeks,
 The Greeks then host to closer phalanx drew, 260
 The battle was restored, van fronting van
 They stood, and Agamemnon into fight
 Sprang foremost, panting for superior fame
 Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell!
 What Trojan first, or what ally of Troy 265
 Opposed the force of Agamemnon's aim?
 Iphidamas, Antenor's valiant son,
 Of loftiest stature, who in fertile Thrace
 Mother of flocks was nourish'd Cisseus him
 His grandsire, father of Theano praised 270
 For loveliest features, in his own abode
 Rear'd yet a child, and when at length he reach'd
 The measure of his glorious manhood firm
 Dismiss'd him not, but, to engage him more,
 Gave him his daughter Wedded, he his bride 275
 As soon desecit, and with galleys twelve
 Following the rumour'd voyage of the Greeks,
 The same course steer'd, but at Percope moor'd,
 And marching thence, arriv'd on foot at Troy
 He first opposed Atrides They approach'd 280
 The spear of Agamemnon wander'd wide,
 But him Iphidamas on his broad belt
 Beneath the corslet struck, and, bearing still
 On his spear-beam, enforc'd it, but ere yet
 He pierc'd the broider'd zone, his point impress'd 285
 Against the silver, turn'd, obtuse as lead
 Then royal Agamemnon in his hand
 The weapon grasping, with a lion's rage
 Home drew it to himself, and from his gripe
 Wrestling it, with his faulchion keen his neck 290
 Smote full, and stretch'd him lifeless at his foot
 So slept Iphidamas among the slain,
 Unhappy! from his virgin bride remote,
 Associate with the men of Troy in arms
 He fell, and left her beauties unenjoy'd 295
 He gave her much, gave her an hundred beeves,
 And sheep and goats a thousand from his flocks

Promised, for numberless his meadows ranged ,
 But Agamemnon, son of Atreus, him
 Slew and despoil'd, and through the Grecian host 300
 Proceeded, laden with his gorgeous arms
 Coon that sight beheld, illustrious Chief,
 Antenor's eldest born, but with dim eyes
 Through anguish for his brother's fall Unseen
 Of noble Agamemnon, at his side 305
 He cautious stood, and with a spear his arm,
 Where thickest flesh'd, below his elbow, pierced,
 Till opposite the glittering point appear'd
 A thrilling horror seized the King of men
 So wounded , yet though wounded so, from fight 310
 He ceased not, but on Coon rush'd, his spear
 Grasping, well-thriven growth⁷ of many a wind
 He by the foot drew off Iphidamas,
 His brother, son of his own sire, aloud
 Calling the Trojan leaders to his aid, 315
 When him so occupied with his keen point
 Atrides pierced his bossy shield beneath.
 Expung on Iphidamas he fell
 Prostrate, and Agamemnon lopp'd his head
 Thus, under royal Agamemnon's hand, 320
 Antenor's sons their destiny fulfill'd,
 And to the house of Ades journey'd both
 Through other ranks of warriors then he pass'd,
 Now with his spear, now with his faulchion arm'd,
 And now with missile force of massy stones, 325
 While yet his warm blood sallied from the wound
 But when the wound grew dry, and the blood ceased,
 Anguish intolerable undermined
 Then all the might of Atreus' royal son.
 As when a labouring woman's arrowy throes 330
 Seize her intense, by Juno's daughters dread
 The birth-presiding Ilithyæ deep
 Infix, dispensers of those pangs severe ,
 So, anguish insupportable subdued
 Then all the might of Atreus' royal son. 335
 Up-springing to his seat, instant he bade
 His charioteer drive to the hollow barks,

⁷ *Ἀνεμοτροφές*—literally—wind-nourished

Heart-sick himself with pain , yet, ere he went,
 With voice loud-echoing hail'd the Dana
 Friends' counsellors and leaders of the Greeks' 340
 Now dive, yourselves, the battle from your ships.
 For me the Gods permit not to employ
 In fight with Ilum's host the day entire
 He ended, and the charoteer his steeds
 Lash'd to the ships , they not unwilling flew, 345
 Bearing from battle the afflicted King
 With foaming chests and bellies grey with dust
 Soon Hector, noting his retreat, aloud
 Call'd on the Trojans and allies of Troy
 Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons 350
 Of Daidanus' oh summon all your might ,
 Now, now be men ! Their bravest is withdrawn !
 Glory and honour from Saturnian Jove
 On me attend , now full against the Greeks
 Drive all your steeds, and win a deathless name 355
 He spake—and all drew courage from his word
 As when his hounds bright-tooth'd some hunter cheers
 Against the lion or the forest-boar,
 So Priameian Hector cheer'd his host
 Magnanimous against the sons of Greece, 360
 Terrible as gore-tainted Mars Among
 The foremost warriors, with success elate
 He strode, and flung himself into the fight
 Black as a storm which sudden from on high
 Descending, furrows deep the gloomy flood 365
 Then whom slew Priameian Hector first,
 Whom last, by Jove, that day, with glory crown'd ?
 Assæus, Dolops, Oius, Agelaus,
 Autonous, Hipponous, Æsymnus,
 Opheltius and Opites first he slew, 370
 All leaders of the Greeks, and, after these,
 The people As when whirlwinds of the West
 A storm encounter from the gloomy South,
 The waves roll multitudinous, and the foam
 Upswept by wandering gusts fills all the air, 375
 So Hector swept the Grecians. Then defeat
 Past remedy and havoc had ensued,
 Then had the routed Grecians, flying, sought

Their ships again, but that Ulysses thus
 Summon'd the brave Tydides to his aid 380
 Whence comes it, Diomede, that we forget
 Our wonted courage? Hither, O my friend!
 And, fighting at my side, ward off the shame
 That must be ours, should Hector seize the fleet
 To whom the valiant Diomede replied 385
 I will be firm, trust me thou shalt not find
 Me shrinking, yet small fruit of our attempts
 Shall follow, for the Thunderer, not to us,
 But to the Trojan, gives the glorious day.
 The Hero spake, and from his chariot cast 390
 Thymbræus to the ground pierced through the pap,
 While by Ulysses' hand his charioteer
 Godlike Molon, fell. The warfare thus
 Of both for ever closed, then there they left,
 And plunging deep into the warrior-throng 395
 Troubled the multitude As when two boars
 Turn desperate on the close-pursuing hounds,
 So they, returning on the host of Troy,
 Slew on all sides, and overtoil'd with flight
 From Hector's arm, the Greeks meantime respired 400
 Two warriors, next, their chariot and themselves
 They took, plebeians brave, sons of the seer
 Percosian Merops in prophetic skill
 Surpassing all, he both his sons forbid
 The mortal field, but disobedient they 405
 Still sought it, for their destiny prevail'd
 Spear-practised Diomede of life deprived
 Both these, and stripp'd them of their glorious arms,
 While by Ulysses' hand Hippodamus
 Died and Hypenochus And now the son 410
 Of Saturn, looking down from Ida, poised
 The doubtful war, and mutual deaths they dealt
 Tydides plunged his spear into the groom
 Of the illustrious son of Pæon, bold
 Agastrophus No steeds at his command 415
 Had he, infatuate! but his charioteer
 His steeds detain'd remote, while through the van
 Himself on foot rush'd madly till he fell.
 But Hector through the ranks darting his eye

Perceived, and with ear-piercing cries advanced 120
 Against them, follow'd by the host of Troy
 The son of Tydeus, shuddering, his approach
 Discern'd, and instant to Ulysses spake

Now comes the storm ! Thus way the mischief rolls !
 Stand and repulse the Trojan. Now be firm 125

He said, and hailing his long-shadow'd beam
 Smote Hector At his helmet's crown he aim'd,
 Nor ell'd, but brass encountering brass, the point
 Glanced wide, for he had cas'd his youthful brows
 In triple brass, Apollo's glorious gift. 430

Yet with rapidity at such a shock
 Hector recoil'd into the multitude

Afar, where sinking to his knees, he lean'd
 On his broad palm, and darkness veil'd his eyes

But while Tydides follow'd through the van 435
 His stormy spear, which in the distant soil
 Implanted stood, Hector his scatter'd sense

Recovering, to his chariot sprang again,
 And, diving deep into his host, escaped

The noble son of Tydeus, spear in hand, 440
 Rush'd after him, and as he went, exclaim'd.

Dog ! thou hast now escaped, but, sure the stroke
 Approach'd thee nigh, well-aim'd Once more thy prayers

Which ever to Apollo thou prefer'st
 Entering the clash of battle, have prevail'd, 445

And he hath rescued thee But well beware
 Our next encounter, for it also me

Some God befriend, thou diest Now will I seek
 Another mark, and smite whom next I may

He spake, and of his armour stapp'd the son 450
 Spear-famed of Pæon Meantime Paris, mate
 Of beauteous Helen, drew his bow against

Tydides, by a pillar of the tomb
 Of Ilus, ancient senator revered,

Conceal'd he stood, and while the Hero loosed 455
 His corslet from the breast of Pæon's son
 Renown'd, and of his helmet and his targe

Despoil'd him, Paris, arching quick his bow,
 No devious shaft dismiss'd, but his right foot

Pierced through the sole, and fix'd it to the ground 460

Transported from his ambush forth he leap'd
 With a loud laugh, and, vaunting, thus exclaim'd
 Oh shaft well shot! it galls thee Would to heaven
 That it had pierced thy heart, and thou hadst died '
 So had the Trojans respite from then toils 465
 Enjoy'd, who, now, shudder at sight of thee
 Like she-goats when the lion is at hand
 To whom, undaunted, Diomede replied
 Archer shrew-tongued! spie-maiden! man of curls!¹⁸
 Should'st thou in arms attempt me face to face, 470
 Thy bow and arrows should avail thee nought
 Van boaster! thou hast scratch'd my foot,—no more—
 And I regard it as I might the stroke
 Of a weak woman or a simple child
 The weapons of a dastard and a slave 475
 Are ever such More terrible are mine,
 And whom they pierce, though slightly pierce, he dies
 His wife her cheeks rends inconsolable,
 His babes are fatherless, his blood the glebe
 Incarnadines, and where he bleeds and rots 480
 More birds of prey than women haunt the place
 He ended, and Ulysses, drawing nigh,
 Shelter'd Tydides, he behind the Chief
 Of Ithaca sat drawing forth the shaft,
 But pierced with agonizing pangs the while 485
 Then, climbing to his chariot-seat, he bade
 Sthenelus hasten to the hollow ships,
 Heart-sick with pain And now alone was seen
 Spear-famed Ulysses, not an Aigive more
 Remain'd, so universal was the rout, 490
 And groaning, to his own great heart he said.
 Alas! what now awaits me? if, appall'd
 By multitudes, I fly, much detriment,
 And if alone they intercept me here,
 Still more, for Jove hath scatter'd all the host 495
 Yet why these doubts? for know I not of old

¹⁸ In the original—*ἔπα αἰγλαί*—All that I pretend to know of this expression is that it is ironical, and may relate either to the head-dress of Paris, or to his archership To translate it is impossible to paraphrase it in a passage of so much emotion, would be absurd I have endeavoured to supply its place by an appellation in point of contempt equal

That only dastards fly, and that the voice
Of honour bids the famed in battle stand,
Bleed they themselves, or cause their foes to bleed ?

While busied in such thought he stood, the ranks 500
Of Trojans fronted with broad shields, enclosed
The hero with a ring, hemming around

Then own destruction - As when dogs, and swains
In pume of manhood, from all quarters rush
Around a boar, he from his thicket bolts, 505

The bright tusk whetting in his crooked jaws
They press him on all sides, and from beneath
Loud gnashings hear, yet, firm, his threats defy ,

Like them the Trojans on all sides assail'd
Ulysses dear to Jove First with his spear 510
He spiang impetuous on a valiant chief,

Whose shoulder with a downright point he pierced,
Deiopites , Thoon next he slew,
And Ennomus, and from his couisers' backs

Alighting quick, Chersidamas , beneath 515
His bossy shield the gliding weapon pass'd
Right through his navel , on the plain he fell
Expung, and with both hands clench'd the dust

Them slain he left, and Chaiops wounded next,
Brother of Socus, generous Chief, and son 520
Of Hippasus , brave Socus to the aid

Of Chaiops flew, and, godlike, thus began
Illustrious chief, Ulysses' strong to toil
And rich in artifice ! Or boast to-day

Two sons of Hippasus, brave warriors both, 525
Of armour and of life bereft by thee,
Or to my vengeful spear resign thy own !

So saying, Ulysses' oval disk he smote
Through his bright disk the stormy weapon flew,
Transpierced his twisted mail, and from his side 530

Drove all the skin, but to his nobler parts
Found entrance none, by Pallas turn'd aslant
Ulysses, conscious of his life untouch'd,

Retired a step from Socus, and replied
Ah hapless youth , thy fate is on the wing , 535
Me thou hast forced indeed to cease a while

From battle with the Trojans, but I speak
B. C — 7

Thy death at hand, for vanquish'd by my spear,
 This self-same day thou shalt to me resign
 Thy fame, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd 540
 He ceased, then Socus turn'd his back to fly,
 But, as he turn'd, his shoulder-blades between
 He pierced him, and the spear urged through his breast
 On his resounding arms he fell, and thus
 Godlike Ulysses gloried in his fall 545
 Ah, Socus, son of Hippasus, a chief
 Of fame equestrian ' swifter far than thou
 Death follow'd thee, and thou hast not escaped
 Ill-fated youth ' thy parents' hands thine eyes
 Shall never close, but birds of ravenous maw 550
 Shall tear thee, flapping thee with frequent wing,
 While me the noble Grecians shall entomb '

So saying, the valiant Socus' spear he drew
 From his own flesh, and through his bossy shield
 The weapon drawn, forth sprang the blood, and left 555
 His spirit faint Then Ilium's dauntless sons,
 Seeing Ulysses' blood, exhorted glad
 Each other, and, with force united, all
 Press'd on him He, retiring, summon'd loud
 His followers Thrice, loud as a mortal may, 560
 He call'd, and valiant Menelaus thrice
 Hearing the voice, to Ajax thus remark'd
 Illustrious son of Telamon ' The voice
 Of Laertiades comes o'er my ear
 With such a sound, as if the hardy chief, 565
 Abandon'd of his friends, were overpower'd
 By numbers intercepting his retreat
 Haste ' force we quick a passage through the ranks
 His worth demands our succour, for I fear
 Lest sole conflicting with the host of Troy, 570
 Brave as he is, he perish, to the loss
 Unspeakable and long regret of Greece

So saying, he went, and Ajax, godlike Chief,
 Follow'd him At the voice arrived, they found
 Ulysses Jove-beloved compass'd about 575
 By Trojans, as the lynxes in the hills,
 Adust for blood, compass an antler'd stag
 Pierced by an archer, while his blood is warm

And his limbs pliable, from him he 'scapes ,
 But when the feather'd barb hath quell'd his force, 560
 In some dark hollow of the mountain's side,
 The hungry troop devour him , chance, the while,
 Conducts a lion thither, before whom
 All vanish, and the lion feeds alone ,
 So swam'd the Trojan powers, numerous and bold, 585
 Around Ulysses, who with wary skill
 Heroic combated his evil day
 But Ajax came cover'd with his broad shield
 That seem'd a tower, and at Ulysses' side
 Stood fast , then fled the Trojans wide-dispersed, 590
 And Menelaus led him by the hand
 Till his own chariot to his aid approach'd
 But Ajax, springing on the Trojans, slew
 Doryclus, from the loins of Priam sprung,
 But spurious Pandocus he wounded next, 595
 Then wounded Pyrasus, and after him
 Pylartes and Lysander As a flood
 Runs headlong from the mountains to the plain
 After long showers from Jove , many a dry oak
 And many a pine the torrent sweeps along, 600
 And, turbid, shoots much soil into the sea,
 So, glorious Ajax troubled wide the field,
 Horse and man slaughtering, whereof Hector yet
 Heard not, for on the left of all the war
 He fought beside Scamander, where around 605
 Huge Nestor, and Idomeneus the brave,
 Most deaths were dealt, and loudest roar'd the fight
 There Hector toil'd, feats wonderful of spear
 And horsemanship achieving, and the lines
 Of many a phalanx desolating wide 610
 Nor even then had the bold Greeks retired,
 But that an arrow triple-barb'd, dispatch'd
 By Paris, Helen's mate, against the Chief
 Machaon warring with distinguish'd force,
 Pierced his right shoulder For his sake alarm'd, 615
 The valour-breathing Grecians fear'd, lest he
 In that disastrous field should also fall
 At once, Idomeneus of Crete approach'd
 The noble Nestor, and him thus bespake.

Arise, Neleian Nestor ! Pride of Greece ! 620
 Ascend thy chariot, and Machaon placed
 Beside thee, bear him, instant, to the fleet
 For one, so skill'd in medicine, and to free
 The inherent barb, is worth a multitude
 He said, nor the Gerenian hero old 625
 Aught hesitated, but into his seat
 Ascended, and Machaon, son renown'd
 Of Æsculapius, mounted at his side
 He lash'd the steeds, they not unwilling sought
 The hollow ships, long their familiar home 630
 Cebriones, meantime the charioteer
 Of Hector, from his seat the Trojan ranks
 Observing sore discomfited, began.
 Here are we busied, Hector ! on the skirts 635
 Of roaring battle, and meantime I see
 Our host confused, their horses and themselves
 All mingled Telamonian Ajax there
 Routs them, I know the hero by his shield
 Haste, drive we thither, for the carnage most
 Of horse and foot conflicting furious, there 640
 Rages, and infinite the shouts arise
 He said, and with shrill-sounding scourge the steeds
 Smote ample-maned, they, at the sudden stroke
 Through both hosts whirl'd the chariot, shields and men
 Trampling, with blood the axle underneath 645
 All reddened, and the chariot-rings with drops
 From the horse-hoofs, and from the felled wheels
 Full on the multitude he drove, on fire
 To burst the phalanx, and confusion sent
 Among the Greeks, for nought⁹ he shunn'd the spear 650
 All quarters else with faulchion or with lance,
 Or with huge stones he ranged, but cautious shunn'd
 The encounter of the Telamonian Chief
 But the eternal father throned on high
 With fear fill'd Ajax, panic-struck he stood, 655
 His seven-fold shield behind his shoulder cast,

⁹ This interpretation of—*μὴνυθα δὲ χαλεροῦ δειρός*—is taken from the Scholium by Villoison. It differs from those of Clarke, Eustathius, and another Scholiast quoted by Clarke, but seems to suit the context much better than either

And hemm'd by numbers, with an eye askant,
 Watchful retreated As a beast of prey
 Retiring, turns and looks, so he his face
 Turn'd oft, retuning slow, and step by step. 663
 As when the watch-dogs and assembled swans
 Have driven a tawny lion from the stalls,
 Then, interdicting him his wish'd repast,
 Watch all the night, he, famish'd, yet again
 Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof 665
 By frequent spears from daring hands, but more
 By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,
 Till, at the dawn, sullen he stalks away,
 So from before the Trojans Ajax stalk'd
 Sullen, and with reluctance slow retired, 670
 His brave heart trembling for the fleet of Greece
 As when (the boys o'erpower'd) a sluggish ass,
 On whose tough sides they have spent many a staff,
 Enters the harvest, and the spiry ears
 Crops persevering, with their rods the boys 675
 Still ply him hard, but all their puny might
 Scarcely drives him forth when he hath blowz'd his fill,
 So, there, the Trojans and their foreign aids
 With glittering lances keen huge Ajax urged,
 His broad shield's centie smiting He, by turns, 680
 With desperate force the Trojan phalanx dense
 Facing, repulsed them, and by turns he fled,
 But still forbad all inroad on the fleet
 Trojans and Greeks between, alone, he stood
 A bulwark Spears from daring hands dismiss'd 685
 Some, piercing his broad shield, there planted stood,
 While others, in the midway falling, spent
 Their disappointed rage deep in the ground
 Eurypylus, Evæmon's noble son,
 Him seeing, thus, with weapons overwhelm'd 690
 Flew to his side, his glittering lance dismiss'd,
 And Apisaon, son of Phausias, struck
 Under the midriff, through his liver pass'd
 The ruthless point, and, falling, he expired.
 Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoil, 695
 Whom soon as godlike Alexander saw
 Despoiling Apisaon of his arms,

Drawing incontinent his bow, he sent
 A shaft to his right thigh, the brittle reed
 Snapp'd, and the rankling barb stuck fast within. 700
 Terrified at the stroke, the wounded Chief
 To his own band retired, but, as he went,
 With echoing voice call'd on the Danaï—
 Friends! Counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks!
 Turn ye and stand, and from his dreadful lot 705
 Save Ajax whelm'd with weapons, 'scape, I judge,
 He cannot from the roaring fight, yet oh
 Stand fast around him, save, if save ye may,
 Your champion huge, the Telamonian Chief!
 So spake the wounded warrior They at once 710
 With sloping bucklers, and with spears erect,
 To his relief approach'd Ajax with joy
 The friendly phalanx join'd, then turn'd and stood
 Thus burn'd the embattled field as with the flames
 Of a devouring fire Meantime afar 715
 From all that tumult the Neleian mares
 Bore Nestor, foaming as they ran, with whom
 Machaon also rode, leader revered
 Achilles mark'd him passing, for he stood
 Exalted on his huge ship's lofty stern, 720
 Spectator of the toil severe, and flight
 Deplorable of the defeated Greeks
 He call'd his friend Patroclus. He below
 Within his tent the sudden summons heard
 And sprang like Mars abroad, all unaware 725
 That in that sound he heard the voice of fate
 Him first Menœteus' gallant son address'd
 What would Achilles? Wherefore hath he call'd?
 To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift
 Brave Menœtiades! my soul's delight! 730
 Soon will the Grecians now my knees surround
 Suppliant, by dread extremity constrain'd.
 But fly Patroclus, haste, oh dear to Jove!
 Enquire of Nestor, whom he hath convey'd
 From battle, wounded? Viewing him behind, 735
 I most believed him Æsculapius' son
 Machaon, but the steeds so swiftly pass'd
 My galley, that his face escaped my note.

He said, and prompt to gratify his friend,
 Forth ran Patroclus through the camp of Greece. 740
 Now when Neleian Nestor to his tent
 Had brought Machaon, they alighted both,
 And the old hero's friend Eurymedon
 Released the coursers On the beach awhile
 Their tunics sweat-imbued in the cool air 745
 They ventilated, facing full the breeze,
 Then on soft couches in the tent reposed.
 Meantime, their beverage Hecamede mix'd,
 The old King's bright-hair'd captive, whom he brought
 From Tenedos, what time Achilles sack'd 750
 The city, daughter of the noble Chief
 Aisinous, and selected from the rest
 For Nestor, as the honourable meed
 Of counsels always eminently wise.
 She, first, before them placed a table bright, 755
 With feet cœrulean, thirst-provoking sauce
 She brought them also in a brazen tray,
 Garlick and honey new, and sacred meal
 Beside them, next, she placed a noble cup
 Of labour exquisite, which from his home 760
 The ancient King had brought with golden studs
 Embellish'd, it presented to the grasp
 Four ears, two golden turtles, perch'd on each,
 Seem'd feeding, and two turtles¹⁰ form'd the base
 That cup once fill'd, all others must have toil'd 765
 To move it from the board, but it was light
 In Nestor's hand, he lifted it with ease
 The graceful virgin in that cup a draught
 Mix'd for them, Pramnian wine and savoury cheese
 Of goat's milk, grated with a brazen rasp, 770
 Then sprinkled all with meal The draught prepared,
 She gave it to their hand, they, drinking, slaked
 Their fiery thirst, and with each other sat
 Conversing friendly, when the Godlike youth
 By brave Achilles sent, stood at the door. 775

¹⁰ I have interpreted the very ambiguous words *δύο δ' ὑπο πυθμένες ἦσαν* according to Athenæus as quoted by Clarke, and his interpretation of them is confirmed by the Scholium in the Venetian edition of the *Iliad*, lately published by Villoison.

Him seeing, Nestor from his splendid couch
 Arose, and by the hand leading him in,
 Entreated him to sit, but that request
 Patroclus, on his part refusing, said,
 Oh venerable King ' no seat is here 780
 For me, nor may thy courtesy prevail
 He is irascible, and to be fear'd
 Who bade me ask what Chieftain thou hast brought
 From battle, wounded, but untold I learn,
 I see Machaon, and shall now report 785
 As I have seen, oh ancient King revered '
 Thou know'st Achilles fiery, and propense
 Blame to impute even where blame is none
 To whom the brave Gereman thus replied.
 Why feels Achilles for the wounded Greeks 790
 Such deep concern? He little knows the height
 To which our sorrows swell Our noblest lie
 By spear or arrow wounded in the fleet.
 Diomedes, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,
 Gall'd by a shaft, Ulysses, glorious Chief, 795
 And Agamemnon¹¹ suffer by the spear,
 Eurypylos is shot into the thigh,
 And here lies still another newly brought
 By me from fight, pierced also by a shaft
 What then? How strong soe'er to give them aid 800
 Achilles feels no pity of the Greeks
 Waits he till every vessel on the shore
 Fired, in despite of the whole Argive host,
 Be sunk in its own ashes, and ourselves
 All perish, heaps on heaps? For in my limbs 805
 No longer lives the agility of my youth
 Oh, for the vigour of those days again,
 When Elis, for her cattle which we took,
 Strove with us, and Itymoneus I slew,
 Brave offspring of Hypirochus, he dwelt 810
 In Elis, and while I the pledges drove,
 Stood for his herd, but fell among the first
 By a spear hurl'd from my victorious arm

¹¹ It would have suited the dignity of Agamemnon's rank to have mentioned *his* wound first, but Nestor making this recital to the *friend of Achilles* names him slightly, and without any addition.

Then fled the rustic multitude, and we
 Drove off abundant booty from the plain, 815
 Herds fifty of fat beeves, large flocks of goats
 As many, with as many sheep and swine,
 And full thrice fifty mares of brightest hue,
 All breeders, many with then foals beneath
 All these, by night returning safe, we drove 820
 Into Neleian Pylus, and the heart
 Rejoiced of Neleus, in a son so young
 A warrior, yet enrich'd with such a prize.
 At early dawn the heralds summon'd loud
 The citizens, to prove their just demands 825
 On fruitful Elis, and the assembled Chiefs
 Division made, (for numerous were the debts
 Which the Epeans, in the weak estate
 Of the unpeopled Pylus, had incurr'd ,
 For Hercules, few years before, had sack'd¹² 830
 Our city, and our mightiest slain Ourselves
 The gallant sons of Neleus, were in all
 Twelve youths, of whom myself alone survived ,
 The rest all perish'd , whence presumptuous grown,
 The brazen-mail'd Epeans wrong'd us oft). 835
 An herd of beeves my father for himself
 Selected, and a numerous flock beside,
 Three hundred sheep, with shepherds for them all
 For he a claimant was of large arrears
 From sacred Elis Four univall'd steeds 840
 With his own chariot to the games he sent,
 That should contend for the appointed prize
 A tripod , but Augeias, King of men,
 Detain'd the steeds, and sent the charioteer
 Defrauded home My father, therefore, fired 845
 At such foul outrage both of deeds and words,
 Took much, and to the Pylians gave the rest
 For satisfaction of the claims of all.
 While thus we busied were in these concerns,
 And in performance of religious rites 850
 Throughout the city, came the Epeans arm'd,

¹² It is said that the Thebans having war with the people of Orchomenos, the Pylians assisted the latter, for which cause Hercules destroyed their city—See Scholium per Villosion

Their whole vast multitude both horse and foot
 On the third day, came also clad in brass
 The two Molions, inexperienced as yet
 In feats of arms, and of a boyish age 855
 There is a city on a mountain's head,
 Fast by the banks of Alpheus, far remote,
 The utmost town which sandy Pylus owns,
 Named Thryoessa, and, with ardour fired
 To lay it waste, that city they besieged 860
 Now when their host had traversed all the plain,
 Minerva from Olympus flew by night
 And bade us arm, nor were the Pylians slow
 To assemble, but impatient for the fight
 Me, then, my father suffer'd not to arm, 865
 But hid my steeds, for he supposed me raw
 As yet, and ignorant how war is waged
 Yet, even thus, unvanquished and on foot,
 Superior honours I that day acquired
 To theirs who rode, for Pallas led me on 870
 Herself to victory There is a stream
 Which at Arena falls into the sea,
 Named Minueus, on that river's bank
 The Pylian horsemen waited day's approach,
 And thither all our foot came pouring down 875
 The flood divine of Alpheus thence we reach'd
 At noon, all arm'd complete, there, hallow'd rites
 We held to Jove omnipotent, and slew
 A bull to sacred Alpheus, with a bull
 To Neptune, and an heifer of the herd 880
 To Pallas, then, all marshall'd as they were,
 From van to rear our legions took repast,
 And at the river's side slept on their arms.
 Already the Epean host had round
 Begirt the city, bent to lay it waste, 885
 A task which cost them, first, both blood and toil.
 For when the radiant sun on the green earth
 Had risen, with prayer to Pallas and to Jove,
 We gave them battle. When the Pylian host
 And the Epeans thus were close engaged, 890
 I first a warrior slew, Molus the brave,
 And seized his coursers. He the eldest-born

Of King Augeias' daughters had espoused
 The golden Agamede, not an herb
 The spacious earth yields but she knew its powers 895
 Him, rushing on me, with my brazen lance
 I smote, and in the dust he fell, I leap'd
 Into his seat, and drove into the van
 A panic seized the Epeans when they saw
 The leader of their horse o'erthrown, a Chief 900
 Surpassing all in fight Black as a cloud
 With whirlwind fraught, I drove impetuous on,
 Took fifty chariots, and at side of each
 Lay two slain warriors, with their teeth the soul
 Grinding, all vanquish'd by my single arm 905
 I had slain also the Molons, sons
 Of Actor, but the Sovereign of the deep
 Their own authentic sire, in darkness dense
 Involving both, convey'd them safe away
 Then Jove a victory of prime renown 910
 Gave to the Pylians, for we chased and slew
 And gather'd spoil o'er all the champaign spread
 With scatter'd shields, till we our steeds had driven
 To the Buprasian fields laden with corn,
 To the Olenian rock, and to a town 915
 In fair Colona situate, and named
 Alesia There it was that Pallas turn'd
 Our people homeward, there I left the last
 Of all the slain, and he was slain by me
 Then drove the Achæans from Buprasium home 920
 Their coursers fleet, and Jove, of Gods above,
 Received most praise, Nestor of men below
 Such once was I But brave Achilles shuts
 His virtues close, an unimparted store,
 Yet even he shall weep, when all the host, 925
 His fellow-warriors once, shall be destroy'd
 But recollect, young friend! the sage advice
 Which when thou camest from Phthia to the aid
 Of Agamemnon, on that selfsame day
 Menœtius gave thee We were present there, 930
 Ulysses and myself, both in the house,
 And heard it all, for to the house we came
 Of Peleus in our journey through the land

Of fertile Greece, gathering her states to war
 We found thy noble sire Menæceus there, 935
 Thee and Achilles, ancient Peleus stood
 To Jove the Thunderer offering in his court
 Thighs of an ox, and on the blazing rites
 Libation pouring from a cup of gold
 While ye on preparation of the feast 940
 Attended both, Ulysses and myself
 Stood in the vestibule, Achilles flew
 Toward us, introduced us by the hand,
 And, seating us, such liberal portion gave
 To each, as hospitality requires 945
 Our thirst, at length, and hunger both sufficed,
 I foremost speaking, ask'd you to the wars,
 And ye were eager both, but from your sires
 Much admonition, ere ye went, received
 Old Peleus charged Achilles to aspire 950
 To highest praise, and always to excel.
 But thee, thy sire Menæceus thus advised
 "My son! Achilles boasts the noble birth,
 But thou art elder, Ilc in strength excels
 Thee far, Thou, therefore, with discretion rule 955
 His inexperience, thy advice impart
 With gentleness, instruction wise suggest
 Wisely, and thou shalt find him apt to learn."
 So thee thy father taught, but, as it seems,
 In vain Yet even now essay to move 960
 Warlike Achilles, if the Gods so please,
 Who knows but that thy reasons may prevail
 To rouse his valiant heart? men rarely scorn
 The earnest intercession of a friend.
 But if some prophecy alarm his fears, 965
 And from his Goddess mother he have aught
 Received, who may have learnt the same from Jove,
 Thee let him send at least, and order forth
 With thee the Myrmidons, a dawn of hope
 Shall thence, it may be, on our host arise 970
 And let him send thee to the battle clad
 In his own radiant armour, Troy, deceived
 By such resemblance, shall abstain perchance
 From conflict, and the weary Greeks enjoy

Short respite, it is all that war allows
 Fresh as ye are, ye, by your shouts alone,
 May easily repulse an army spent
 With labour from the camp and from the fleet

Thus Nestor, and his mind bent to his words
 Back to Æacides through all the camp

He ran, and when, still running, he arrived
 Among Ulysses' barks, where they had fix'd
 The forum, where they minister'd the laws,
 And had erected altars to the Gods,

There him Eurypylus, Evæmon's son,
 Illustrious met, deep-wounded in his thigh,

And halting back from battle. From his head
 The sweat, and from his shoulders ran profuse,

And from his perilous wound the sable blood
 Continual stream'd, yet was his mind composd

Him seeing, Menœtiades the brave
 Compassion felt, and, mournful, thus began

Ah hapless senators and Chiefs of Greece!
 Left ye your native country that the dogs
 Might fatten on your flesh at distant Troy?

But tell me, Hero! say, Eurypylus!
 Have the Achæans power still to withstand

The enormous force of Hector, or is this
 The moment when his spear must pierce us all?

To whom Eurypylus, discreet, replied
 Patroclus, dear to Jove! there is no help,

No remedy. We perish at our ships
 The warriors, once most strenuous of the Greeks,

Lie wounded in the fleet by foes whose might
 Increases ever. But thyself afford

To me some succour, lead me to my ship,
 Cut forth the arrow from my thigh, the gore

With warm ablution cleanse, and on the wound
 Smooth unguents spread, the same as by report

Achilles taught thee, taught, himself, then use
 By Chiron, Centaur, justest of his kind

For Podalirius and Machaon both
 Are occupied. Machaon, as I judge,

Lies wounded in his tent, needing like aid
 Himself, and Podalirius in the field

1015

Maintains sharp conflict with the sons of Troy

To whom Menœtius' gallant son replied.

Hero ! Eurypylus ! how shall we act

In this perplexity ? what course pursue ?

I seek the brave Achilles, to whose ear 1020

I bear a message from the ancient Chief

Geleman Nestor, guardian of the Greeks

Yet will I not, even for such a cause,

My friend ! abandon thee in thy distress

He ended, and his arms folding around 1025

The warrior bore him thence into his tent

His servant, on his entrance, spread the floor

With hides, on which Patroclus at his length

Extended him, and with his knife cut forth

The rankling point, with tepid lotion, next, 1030

He cleansed the gore, and with a bitter root

Bruised small between his palms, sprinkled the wound

At once, the anodyne his pains assuaged,

The wound was dried within, and the blood ceased

Nine days against the rampart, and Jove rain'd
 Incessant, that the Grecian wall wave-whelm'd
 Through all its length might sudden disappear
 Neptune with his trident mace, himself, 35
 Led them, and beam and buttress to the flood
 Consigning, laid by the laborious Greeks,
 Swept the foundation, and the level bank
 Of the swift-rolling Hellespont restored
 The structure thus effaced, the spacious beach
 He spread with sand as at the first, then bade 40
 Subside the streams, and in their channels wind
 With limpid course, and pleasant as before
 Apollo thus and Neptune, from the first,
 Design'd its fall, but now the battle raved
 And clamours of the warriors all around 45
 The strong-built turrets, whose assaulted planks
 Rang, while the Grecians, by the scourge of Jove
 Subdued, stood close within their fleet immured,
 At Hector's phalanx-scattering force appall'd.
 He, as before, with whirlwind fury fought 50
 As when the boar or lion fiery-eyed
 Turns short, the hunters and the hounds among,
 The close-imbattled troop him firm oppose,
 And ply him fast with spears, he no dismay
 Conceives or terror in his noble heart, 55
 But by his courage falls, frequent he turns
 Attempting bold the ranks, and where he points
 Direct his onset, there the ranks retire,
 So, through the concourse on his rolling wheels
 Boine rapid, Hector animated loud 60
 His fellow-warriors to surpass the trench
 But not his own swift-footed steeds would dare
 That hazard, standing on the dangerous brink
 They neigh'd aloud, for by its breadth the foss
 Deterr'd them, neither was the effort slight 65
 To leap that gulf, nor easy the attempt
 To pass it through, steep were the banks profound
 On both sides, and with massy piles acute
 Thick-planted, interdicting all assault
 No course to the rapid chariot braced 70
 Had enter'd there with ease, yet strong desires

Possess'd the infantry of that empire,
 And thus Polydamas the car address'd
 Of dauntless Hector, standing at his side
 Hector, and ye the leaders of our host, 75
 Both Trojans and allies! rash the attempt
 I deem, and vain, to push our hoises through,
 So dangerous is the pass, rough is the trench
 With pointed stakes, and the Achaian wall
 Meets us beyond No chariot may descend 80
 Or charioteer fight there, straight are the bounds,
 And incommodious, and his death were sure
 If Jove, high-thundering Ruler of the skies,
 Will succour Ilium, and nought less intend
 Than utter devastation of the Greeks, 85
 I am content, now perish all their host
 Inglorious, from their country far remote
 But should they turn, and should ourselves be driven
 Back from the fleet impeded and perplex'd
 In this deep foss, I judge that not a man, 90
 'Scaping the rallied Grecians, should survive,
 To bear the tidings of our fate to Troy
 Now, therefore, act we all as I advise
 Let every charioteer his counsels hold
 Fasten'd beside the foss, while we on foot, 95
 With order undisturb'd and arms in hand,
 Shall follow Hector If destruction borne
 On wings of destiny this day approach
 The Grecians, they will fly our first assault
 So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice 100
 Pleas'd Hector, from his chariot to the ground
 All aim'd he leap'd, nor would a Trojan there
 (When once they saw the Hero on his feet)
 Ride into battle, but, unanimous
 Descending with a leap, all trod the plain 105
 Each gave command that at the trench his steeds
 Should stand detain'd in orderly array,
 Then, suddenly, the parted host became
 Five bands, each following its appointed chief
 The bravest and most numerous, and whose hearts 110
 Wish'd most to burst the barrier and to wage
 The battle at the ships, with Hector march'd

And with Polydamas, whom follow'd, third,
 Cebiones, for Hector had his steeds
 Consign'd and chariot to inferior care 115
 Paris, Alcatous, and Agenor led
 The second band, and, sons of Priam both,
 Deiphobus and Helenus, the third,
 With them was seen partner of their command,
 The Hero Asius, from Arisba came 120
 Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn
 From the Selleis banks by martial steeds
 Hair'd fiery-red and of the noblest size
 The fourth, Anchuses' mighty son controul'd,
 Æneas, under him Antenor's sons, 125
 Archilochus and Acamas, advanced,
 Adept in all the practice of the field
 Last came the glorious powers in league with Troy
 Led by Sarpedon, he with Glaucus shared
 His high controul, and with the warlike Chief 130
 Asteropæus, for of all his host
 Them bravest he esteem'd, himself except
 Superior in heroic might to all
 And now, (their shields adjusted each to each)
 With dauntless courage fired, right on they mov'd 135
 Against the Grecians, nor expected less
 Than that beside their sable ships, the host
 Should self-abandon'd fall an easy prey
 The Trojans, thus, with their confederate powers,
 The counsel of the accomplish'd Prince pursued, 140
 Polydamas, one Chief alone except,
 Asius Hyrtacides He scorn'd to leave
 His charioteer and coursers at the trench,
 And drove toward the fleet Ah, madly brave!
 His evil hour was come, he was ordain'd 145
 With horse and chariot and triumphant shout
 To enter wind-swept Ilum never more
 Deucalion's offspring, first, into the shades
 Dismiss'd him, by Idomeneus he died
 Leftward he drove furious, along the road 150
 By which the steeds and chariots of the Greeks
 Return'd from battle, in that track he flew,
 Nor found the portals by the massy bar

Secured, but open for reception safe
 Of fugitives, and to a guard consign'd 155
 Thither he drove direct, and in his rear
 His band shrill-shouting follow'd, for they judg'd
 The Greeks no longer able to withstand
 Their foes, but sure to perish in the camp
 Van hope ! for in the gate two Chiefs they found 160
 Lapithæ-boin, courageous offspring each
 Of dauntless father, Polypoetes, this,
 Sprung from Pirithous; that, the warrior bold
 Leonteus, terrible as gore-tainted Mars
 These two, defenders of the lofty gates, 165
 Stood firm before them As when two tall oaks
 On the high mountains day by day endure
 Rough wind and rain, by deep-descending roots
 Of hugest growth fast-founded in the soil,
 So they, sustain'd by conscious valour, saw, 170
 Unmoved, high towering Asius on his way,
 Nor fear'd him aught, nor shrank from his approach
 Right on toward the banner, lifting high
 Their season'd bucklers and with clamour loud
 The band advanced, King Asius at their head, 175
 With whom Iamenus, expert in arms,
 Orestes, Thoon, Acamas the son
 Of Asius, and Oenamaus, led them on
 Till now, the warlike pair, exhorting loud
 The Grecians to defend the fleet, had stood 180
 Within the gates, but soon as they perceived
 The Trojans swift advancing to the wall,
 And heard a cry from all the flying Greeks,
 Both sallying, before the gates they fought
 Like forest-boars, which hearing in the hills 185
 The crash of hounds and huntsmen nigh at hand,
 With start oblique lay many a saplin flat
 Short-broken by the root, nor cease to grind
 Their sounding tusks, till by the spear they die,
 So sounded on the breasts of those brave Two 190
 The smitten brass, for resolute they fought,
 Embolden'd by their might who kept the wall,
 And trusting in their own, they, in defence
 Of camp and fleet and life, thick battery hurl'd

Of stones precipitated from the towers , 195
 Frequent as snows they fell, which stormy winds,
 Driving the gloomy clouds, shake to the ground,
 Till all the fertile earth lies cover'd deep
 Such volley pour'd the Greeks, and such return'd
 The Trojans, casques of hide, and and tough, 200
 And bossy shields rattled, by such a storm
 Assail'd of millstone masses from above
 Then Asius, son of Hytacas, a groan
 Indignant uttered, on both thighs he smote
 With disappointment furious, and exclaim'd, 205
 Jupiter¹ even thou art false become,
 And altogether such Full sure I deem'd
 That not a Grecian Hero should abide
 One moment force invincible as ours,
 And lo! as wasps unmg-staked¹, or bees that build 210
 Their dwellings in the highway's craggy side
 Leave not their hollow home, but fearless wait
 The hunter's coming, in their brood's defence,
 So these, although two only, from the gates
 Move not, or will, till either seized or slain 215
 So Asius spake, but speaking so, changed not
 The mind of Jove on Hector's glory bent
 Others, as obstinate, at other gates
 Such deeds performed, that to enumerate all
 Were difficult, unless to power divine 220
 For fierce the hail of stones from end to end
 Smote on the barrier, anguish fill'd the Greeks,
 Yet, by necessity constrain'd, their ships
 They guarded still, nor less the Gods themselves,
 Patrons of Greece, all sorrow'd at the sight 225
 At once the valiant Lapithæ began
 Terrible conflict, and Pirithous' son
 Brave Polypætes through his helmet pierced
 Damasus, his resplendent point the brass
 Sufficed not to withstand, entering, it crush'd 230
 The bone within, and mingling all his brain
 With his own blood, his onset fierce repress'd.
 Pylon and Ormenus he next subdued

¹ The word is of scripture use see Gen ch xxi where it describes the cattle of Jacob,

Meantime Leonteus, blanch of Mars, his spear
 Hurl'd at Hippomachus, whom through his belt 235
 He pierced, then drawing forth his faulchion keen,
 Through all the multitude he flew to smite
 Antiphates, and with a downright stroke
 Fell'd him Iamenus and Menon next
 He slew, with brave Orestes, whom he heap'd, 240
 All three together, on the fertile glebe

While them the Lapithæ of then bright arms
 Despoil'd, Polydamas and Hector stood
 (With all the bravest youths and most resolved
 To burst the barrier and to fire the fleet) 245
 Beside the foss, pondering the event
 For, while they press'd to pass, they spied a bird
 Sublime in air, an eagle Right between
 Both hosts he soar'd (the Trojan on his left)
 A serpent bearing in his pounces clutch'd 250
 Enormous, dipping blood, but lively still
 And mindful of revenge, for from beneath
 The eagle's breast, upstarting fierce his head
 Fast by the throat he struck him, anguish-sick
 The eagle cast him down into the space 255
 Between the hosts, and, clanging loud his plumes,
 As the wind bore him, floated far away
 Shudder'd the Trojans viewing at their feet
 The spotted serpent ominous, and thus
 Polydamas to dauntless Hector spake 260

Ofttimes in council, Hector, thou art wont
 To censure me, although advising well,
 Nor ought the private citizen, I confess,
 Either in council or in war to indulge
 Loquacity, but ever to employ 265
 All his exertions in support of thine
 Yet hear my best opinion once again
 Proceed we not in our attempt against
 The Grecian fleet For if in truth the sign
 Respect the host of Troy ardent to pass, 270
 Then, as the eagle soar'd both hosts between,
 With Ilium's on his left, and clutch'd a snake
 Enormous, dipping blood, but still alive,
 Which yet he dropp'd suddenly, ere he reach'd

His eery, or could give it to his young, 275
 So we, although with mighty force we burst
 Both gates and barrier, and although the Greeks
 Should all retire, shall never yet the way
 Tread honourably back by which we came
 No Many a Trojan shall we leave behind 280
 Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence
 An augur skill'd in omens would expound
 This omen thus, and faith would win from all
 To whom, dark-louing, Hector thus replied
 Polydamas ! I like not thy advice, 285
 Thou couldst have framed far better, but if this
 Be thy deliberate judgement, then the Gods
 Make thy deliberate judgement nothing worth,
 Who bidd'st me disregard the Thunderer's firm
 Assurance to myself announced², and make 290
 The wild inhabitants of air my guides,
 Which I alike despise, speed they their course
 With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East,
 Or leftward down into the shades of eve
 Consider *we* the will of Jove alone, 295
 Sovereign of heaven and earth Omens abound,
 But the best omen is our country's cause
 Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm ?
 For were we slaughter'd, one and all, around
 The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die, 300
 Whose courage never will thy flight retard
 But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech
 Seduce one other from a soldier's part,
 Pierced by this spear incontinent thou diest
 So saying he led them, who with deafening roar 305
 Follow'd him Then, from the Idaeian hills
 Jove hurl'd a storm which wafted right the dust
 Into the fleet, the spirits too he quell'd
 Of the Achaeans, and the glory gave
 To Hector and his host, they, trusting firm 310
 In signs from Jove, and in their proper force,
 Assay'd the barrier, from the towers they tore
 The galleries, cast the battlements to ground,
 And the projecting buttresses adjoin'd

² Alluding to the message delivered to him from Jupiter by Iliis

To strengthen the vast work, with bars upheaved 315
 All these, with expectation fierce to break
 The rampart, down they drew, nor yet the Greeks
 Gave back, but, fencing close with shields the wall,
 Smote from behind them many a foe beneath
 Meantime from tower to tower the Ajaces moved 320
 Exhorting all, with mildness some, and some
 With harsh rebuke, whom they observed through fear
 Declining base the labours of the fight

Friends! Aigives! warriors of whatever rank!
 Ye who excel, and ye of humbler note! 325
 And ye the last and least! (for such there are,
 All have not magnanimity alike,)
 Now have we work for all, as all perceive
 Turn not, retreat not to your ships, appall'd
 By sounding menaces, but press the foe, 330
 Exhort each other, and e'en now perchance
 Olympian Jove, by whom the lightnings burn,
 Shall grant us to repulse them, and to chase
 The routed Trojans to their gates again

So they vociferating to the Greeks, 335
 Sturr'd them to battle As the feathery snows
 Fall frequent, on some wintry day, when Jove
 Hath risen to shed them on the race of man,
 And show his arrowy stores, he lulls the winds,
 Then shakes them down continual, covering thick 340
 Mountain tops, promontories, flowery meads,
 And cultured valleys rich, the ports and shores
 Receive it also of the hoary Deep,
 But there the waves bound it, while all beside
 Lies whelm'd beneath Jove's fast-descending shower, 345
 So thick, from side to side, by Trojans hurl'd
 Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks return'd
 The stony volleys flew, resounding loud
 Through all its length the battered rampart roar'd
 Nor yet had Hector and his host prevail'd 350
 To burst the gates, and break the massy bar
 Had not all-seeing Jove Sarpedon moved
 His son, against the Greeks, furious as falls
 The lion on some horned herd of beeves
 At once his polish'd buckler he advanced 355
 With leafy brass o'erlaid, for with smooth brass

The forger of that shield its oval disk
 Had plated, and with thickest hides throughout
 Had lined it, stutch'd with circling wres of gold
 That shield he bore before him, firmly grasp'd. 260
 He shook two spears, and with determined strides
 March'd forward As the lion mountain-bred,
 After long fast, by impulse of his heat
 Undaunted urged, seeks resolute the flock
 Even in the shelter of their guarded home, 265
 He finds, perchance, the shepherds arm'd with spears,
 And all their dogs awake, yet cannot leave
 Untried the fence, but either leaps it light,
 And entering tears the prey, or in the attempt
 Pierced by some dexterous peasant, bleeds himself, 370
 So high his courage to the assault impell'd
 Godlike Sarpedon, and him fired with hope
 To break the barrier, when to Glaucus thus,
 Son of Hippolochus his speech he turn'd.
 Why, Glaucus, is the seat of honour ours, 375
 Why drink we brimming cups, and feast in state?
 Why gaze they all on us as we were Gods
 In Lycia, and why share we pleasant fields
 And spacious vineyards, where the Xanthus winds?
 Distinguish'd thus in Lycia, we are call'd 380
 To firmness here, and to encounter bold
 The burning battle, that our fair report
 Among the Lycians may be blazon'd thus—
 No dastards are the potentates who rule
 The bright-arm'd Lycians, on the fatted flock. 385
 They banquet, and they drink the richest wines,
 But they are also valiant, and the fight
 Wage dauntless in the vaward of us all.
 Oh Glaucus, if escaping safe the death
 That threatens us here, we also could escape 390
 Old age, and to ourselves secure a life
 Immortal, I would neither in the van
 Myself expose, nor would encourage thee
 To tempt the perils of the glorious field
 But since a thousand messengers of fate 395
 Pursue us close, and man is born to die—
 E'en let us on, the prize of glory yield,
 If yield we must, or wrest it from the foe.

He said, nor cold refusal in return
 Received from Glaucus, but toward the wall 100
 Then numerous Lycian host both led direct
 Menestheus, son of Peteos, saw appall'd
 Then dead approach, for to his tower they beat
 Then threatening march An eager look he cast
 On the embodied Greeks, seeking some Chief 105
 Whose aid might turn the battle from his van
 He saw, where never sated with exploits
 Of war, each Ajax fought, near whom his eye
 Kenn'd Teucer also, newly from his tent,
 But vain his efforts were with loudest call 110
 To reach their ears, such was the deafening din
 Upsent to Heaven, of shields and crested helms,
 And of the batter'd gates, for at each gate
 They thundering stood, and urged alike at each
 Their fierce attempt by force to burst the bars 115
 To Ajax therefore he at once dispatch'd
 An herald, and Thootes thus enjoin'd

My noble friend, Thootes ! with all speed
 Call either Ajax, bid them hither both,
 Far better so, for havoc is at hand 120
 The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
 Tempestuous, bend their force against this tower
 My station But if also there they find
 Laborious conflict pressing them severe,
 At least let Telamonian Ajax come, 125
 And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow

He spake, nor was Thootes slow to hear,
 Beside the rampart of the mail-clad Greeks
 Rapid he flew, and, at their side arrived,
 To either Ajax, eager, thus began 130

Ye leaders of the well-appointed Greeks,
 The son of noble Peteos calls, he begs
 With instant suit, that ye would share his toils,
 However short your stay, the aid of both
 Will serve him best, for havoc threatens there 135
 The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
 Tempestuous, bend their force toward the tower
 His station But if also here ye find
 Laborious conflict pressing you severe,

At least let Telamonian Ajax come, 440
 And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow
 He spake, nor his request the towering son
 Of Telamon denied, but quick his speech
 To Ajax Oihades address'd
 Ajax¹ abiding here, exhort ye both 445
 (Heroic Lycomedes and thyself)
 The Greeks to battle Thither I depart
 To aid our friends, which service once perform'd
 Duly, I will incontinent return
 So saying, the Telamonian Chief withdrew, 450
 With whom went Teucer, son of the same sire,
 Pandion also, bearing Teucer's bow
 Arriving at the turret given in charge
 To the bold Chief Menestheus, and the wall
 Entering, they found their friends all sharply tried 455
 Black as a storm the senators renown'd
 And leaders of the Lycian host assail'd
 Buttress and tower, while opposite the Greeks
 Withstood them, and the battle-shout began
 First, Ajax, son of Telamon, a friend 460
 And fellow-warrior of Sarpedon slew,
 Epicles With a marble fragment huge
 That crown'd the battlement's interior side,
 He smote him No man of our puny race,
 Although in prime of youth, had with both hands 465
 That weight sustain'd, but he the cumbersome mass
 Uplifted high, and hurl'd it on his head
 It burst his helmet, and his batter'd skull
 Dash'd from all form He from the lofty tower
 Dropp'd downright, with a diver's plunge, and died 470
 But Teucer wounded Glaucus with a shaft,
 Son of Hippolochus, he, climbing, bared
 His arm, which Teucer, marking, from the wall
 Transfix'd it, and his onset fierce repress'd,
 For with a backward leap Glaucus withdrew 475
 Sudden and silent, cautious lest the Greeks
 Seeing him wounded should insult his pain.
 Grief seized, at sight of his retiring friend,
 Sarpedon, who forgot not yet the fight,
 But piercing with his lance Alcmaon, son 480

Of Thestor, suddenly revulsed the beam,
 Which following, Alcmaon to the earth
 Fell prone, with clangor of his brazen arms
 Sarpedon, then, strenuous with both hands
 Tugg'd, and down fell the battlement entire, 485
 The wall, dismantled at the summit, stood
 A ruin, and wide chasm was open'd through
 Then Ajax him and Teucei at one time
 Struck both, an arrow struck from Teucer's bow
 The belt that cross'd his bosom, by which hung 490
 His ample shield, yet lest his son should fall
 Among the ships, Jove turn'd the death aside
 But Ajax, springing to his thrust, a spear
 Drove through his shield Sarpedon at the shock
 With backward step short interval recoil'd, 495
 But not retired, for in his bosom lived
 The hope of glory still, and looking back
 On all his Godlike Lycians, he exclaim'd,
 Oh Lycians! where is your heroic might?
 Brave as I boast myself, I feel the task 500
 Arduous, through the breach made by myself
 To win a passage to the ships, alone
 Follow me all—Most labourers, most dispatch³
 So he, at whose sharp reprimand abash'd
 The embattled host to closer conflict moved, 505
 Obedient to their counsellor and King.
 On the other side the Greeks within the wall
 Made firm the phalanx, seeing urgent need,
 Nor could the valiant Lycians through the breach
 Admittance to the Grecian fleet obtain, 510
 Nor, since they first approach'd it, had the Greeks
 With all their efforts, thrust the Lycians back
 But as two claimants of one common field,
 Each with his rod of measurement in hand,
 Dispute the boundaries, litigating warm 515
 Their right in some small portion of the soil,
 So they, divided by the barrier, struck
 With hostile rage the bull-hide bucklers round,
 And the light targets on each other's breast

³ πλεόνων δέ τοι ἔργον ἀμείνον — This is evidently proverbial, for which reason I have given it that air in the translation

Then many a wound the ruthless weapons made 520
 Pierced through the unarm'd back, if any turn'd,
 He died, and numerous even through the shield
 The battlements from end to end with blood
 Of Grecians and of Trojans on both sides
 Were sprinkled, yet no violence could move 525
 The stubborn Greeks, or turn their powers to flight
 So hung the war in balance, as the scales
 Held by some woman scrupulously just,
 A spinner, wool and weight she poises nice,
 Hard-earning slender pittance for her babes, 530
 Such was the poise in which the battle hung,
 Till Jove himself superior fame, at length,
 To Prameian Hector gave, who sprang
 Fust through the wall In lofty sounds that reach'd
 Their utmost ranks, he call'd on all his host, 535
 Now press them, now ye Trojans steed-renown'd
 Rush on! break through the Grecian rampart, hurl
 At once devouring flames into the fleet
 Such was his exhortation, they his voice
 All hearing, with close-order'd ranks direct 540
 Bore on the barrier, and upswarming show'd
 On the high battlement their glittering spears
 But Hector seized a stone, of ample base
 But tapering to a point, before the gate
 It stood No two men, mightiest of a land 545
 (Such men as now are mighty) could with ease
 Have heaved it from the earth up to a wain,
 He swung it easily alone, so light
 The son of Saturn made it in his hand
 As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears 550
 A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight.
 So Hector, right toward the planks of those
 Majestic folding-gates, close-jointed, firm
 And solid, bore the stone Two bars within
 Their corresponding force combined transverse 555
 To guard them, and one bolt secured the bars
 He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet
 For 'vantage sake, and smote them in the midst.
 He burst both hinges, inward fell the rock
 Ponderous, and the portals roar'd, the bars 560

Endued not, and the planks, iven by the force
Of that huge mass, flew scatter'd on all sides
In leap'd the godlike Hero at the breach,
Gloomy as night in aspect, but in aims
All-dazzling, and he grasp'd two quivering spears 565
Him entering with a leap the gates, no force
Whate'er of opposition had repress'd,
Save of the Gods alone Fire fill'd his eyes,
Turning, he bade the multitude without
Ascend the rampart, they his voice obey'd, 570
Part climb'd the wall, part pour'd into the gate,
The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew
Scatter'd, and tumult infinite arose

BOOK XIII

A R G U M E N T

Neptune engages on the part of the Grecians The battle proceeds
 Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Meriones, who losing
 his spear, repairs to his tent for another Teucer slays Imbrus, and
 Hector Amphimachus Neptune, under the similitude of Thoa, exhorts
 Idomeneus Idomeneus having aimed himself in his tent, and going
 forth to battle, meets Meriones After discourse held with each other,
 Idomeneus accommodates Meriones with a spear, and they proceed to
 battle Idomeneus slays Othryoneus, and Asius Deiphobus assails
 Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsenor Idome-
 neus slays Alcathous, son-in-law of Anchises Deiphobus and Idome-
 neus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest
 ensues for the body of Alcathous

WHEN Jove to Hector and his host had given
 Such entrance to the fleet, to all the woes
 And toils of unemitting battle there
 He them abandon'd, and his glorious eyes
 Averting, on the land look'd down remote 5
 Of the horse-breeding Thracians, of the bold
 Close-fighting Mysian race, and where abide
 On milk sustain'd, and blest with length of days,
 The Hippemolgi, justest of mankind
 No longer now on Troy his eyes he turn'd, 10
 For expectation none within his breast
 Survived, that God or Goddess would the Greeks
 Approach with succour, or the Trojans more
 Nor Neptune, sovereign of the boundless Deep,
 Look'd forth in vain, he on the summit sat 15
 Of Samothracia forest-crown'd, the stu-
 Admiring thence and tempest of the field,
 For thence appear'd all Ida, thence the towers
 Of lofty Ilum, and the fleet of Greece
 There sitting from the deeps uprisen, he mourn'd 20
 The vanquish'd Grecians, and resentment fierce
 Conceived and wrath against all-ruling Jove

Arising sudden, down the rugged steep
 With rapid strides he came, the mountains huge
 And forests under the immortal feet 25
 Trembled of Ocean's Sovereign as he strode
 Three strides he made, the fourth convey'd him home
 To Ægæ At the bottom of the abyss,
 There stands magnificent his golden fane,
 A dazzling incorruptible abode 30
 Arrived, he to his chariot join'd his steeds
 Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold,
 Himself attiring next in gold, he seized
 His golden scourge, and to his seat sublime
 Ascending, o'er the billows drove, the whales 35
 Leaving their caveins, gambol'd on all sides
 Around him, not unconscious of their King,
 He swept the surge that tinged not as he pass'd
 His axle, and the sea parted for joy
 His bounding counsels to the Grecian fleet 40
 Convey'd him swift There is a spacious cave
 Deep in the bottom of the flood, the rocks
 Of Imbrus rude and Tenedos between,
 There Neptune, shaker of the shores, his steeds
 Station'd secure, he loosed them from the yoke, 45
 Gave them ambrosial food, and bound their feet
 With golden tethers not to be untied
 Or broken, that unwandering they might wait
 Their Lord's return, then sought the Grecian host
 The Trojans tempest-like or like a flame, 50
 Now, following Priameian Hector, all
 Came furious on and shouting to the skies
 Their hope was to possess the fleet, and leave
 Not an Achaean of the host unslain
 But earth-encircle Neptune from the gulf 55
 Emerging, in the form and with the voice
 Loud-toned of Calchas, roused the Argive ranks
 To battle—and his exhortation first
 To either Ajax turn'd, themselves prepared
 Ye heroes Ajax! your accustomed force 60
 Exert, oh! think not of disastrous flight,
 And ye shall save the people Nought I fear
 Fatal elsewhere, although Troy's haughty sons

Have pass'd the banner with so fierce a throng
 Tumultuous, for the Grecians brazen-gieaved 65
 Will check them there. Here only I expect
 And with much dread some due event forebode,
 Where Hector, terrible as fire, and loud
 Vaunting his glorious origin from Jove,
 Leads on the Trojans Oh that from on high 70
 Some God would form the purpose in your hearts
 To stand yourselves firmly, and to exhort
 The rest to stand ! so should ye chase him hence
 All aident as he is, and even although
 Olympian Jove himself his rage inspire 75
 So Neptune spake, compasser of the earth,
 And, with his sceptre smiling both, then hearts
 Fill'd with fresh fortitude, then limbs the touch
 Made agile, wing'd then feet and nerved then arms
 Then, swift as stoops a falcon from the point 80
 Of some rude rock sublime, when he would chase
 A fowl of other wing along the meads,
 So started Neptune thence, and disappear'd
 Him, as he went, swift Oihades
 First recognized, and, instant, thus his speech 85
 To Ajax, son of Telamon, address'd
 Since, Ajax, some inhabitant of heaven
 Exhorts us, in the prophet's form to fight,
 (For prophet none or augur we have seen,
 This was not Calchas, as he went I mark'd 90
 His steps and knew him, Gods are known with ease)
 I feel my spirit in my bosom fired
 Afresh for battle, lightness in my limbs,
 In hands and feet a glow unfelt before
 To whom the son of Telamon replied 95
 I also with invigorated hands
 More firmly grasp my spear, my courage mounts,
 A buoyant animation in my feet
 Bears me along, and I am all on fire
 To cope with Priam's furious son, alone. 100
 Thus they, with martial transport to their souls
 Imparted by the God, conferr'd elate
 Meantime the King of Ocean roused the Greeks,
 Who in the rear, beside their gallant barks

Some respite sought They, spent with arduous toil, 105
 Felt not alone their weary limbs unapt
 To battle, but their hearts with grief oppress'd,
 Seeing the numerous multitude of Troy
 Within the mighty banner, sad they view'd
 That sight, and bathed their cheeks with many a tear, 110
 Despairing of escape But Ocean's Lord
 Entering among them, soon the spirit stunn'd
 Of every valiant phalanx to the fight
 Teucer and Leitus, and famed in arms
 Peneus, Thoas and Deipyrus, 115
 Meriones, and his compeer renown'd,
 Antilochus, all these in accents wing'd
 With fierce alacrity the God address'd
 Oh shame, ye Grecians! vigorous as ye are
 And in life's prime, to your exertions most 120
 I trusted for the safety of our ships
 If ye renounce the labours of the field,
 Then hath the day arisen of our defeat
 And final ruin by the powers of Troy
 Oh! I behold a prodigy, a sight 125
 Tremendous, deem'd impossible by me,
 The Trojans at our ships! the dastard race
 Fled once like fleetest hinds the destined prey
 Of lynxes, leopards, wolves, feeble and slight
 And of a nature indisposed to war 130
 They rove uncertain, so the Trojans erst
 Stood not, nor to Achaian prowess dared
 The hindrance of a moment's strife oppose
 But now, Troy left afar, even at our ships
 They give us battle, through our leader's fault 135
 And through the people's negligence, who fill'd
 With fierce displeasure against *him*, prefer
 Death at their ships, to war in their defence.
 But if the son of Atreus, our supreme,
 If Agamemnon, have indeed transgress'd 140
 Past all excuse, dishonouring the swift
 Achilles, ye at least the fight decline
 Blame-worthy, and with no sufficient plea
 But heal we speedily the breach, brave minds
 Easily coalesce It is not well 145

That thus your fury slumbers, for the host
 Hath none illustrious as yourselves in arms
 I can excuse the timid if he shrink,
 But am incensed at *you* My friends beware!
 Your tardness will prove ere long the cause 150
 Of some worse evil Let the dread of shame
 Affect your hearts, oh tremble at the thought
 Of infamy! Fierce conflict hath arisen,
 Loud shouting Hector combats at the ships
 Nobly, hath forced the gates and burst the bar 155
 With such encouragement those Grecian chiefs
 The King of Ocean roused Then, circled soon
 By many a phalanx either Ajax stood,
 Whose order Mars himself arriving there
 Had praised, or Pallas, patroness of arms 160
 For there the flower of all expected firm
 Bold Hector and his host, spear crowded spear,
 Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man and shield¹,
 The hairy crests of their resplendent casques
 Kiss'd close at every nod, so wedged they stood. 165
 No spear was seen but in the manly grasp
 It quiver'd, and their every wish was war
 The powers of Ilum gave the first assault
 Embattled close, then Hector led himself
 Right on, impetuous as a rolling rock 170
 Destructive, torn by torrent waters off
 From its old lodgement on the mountain's brow,
 It bounds, it shoots away, the crashing wood
 Falls under it, impediment or check
 None stays its fury, till the level found, 175
 There, settling by degrees, it rolls no more,
 So after many a threat that he would pass
 Easily through the Grecian camp and fleet
 And slay to the sea-brink, when Hector once
 Had fallen on those firm ranks, standing, he bore 180
 Vehement on them, but by many a spear
 Urged and bright faulchion, soon, reeling, retired,
 And call'd vociferous on the host of Troy
 Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
 Of Dardanus, oh stand! not long the Greeks 185

¹ For this admirable line the Translator is indebted to Mr Fuseli

Will me confront, although embodied close
 In solid phalanx, doubt it not, my spear
 Shall chase and scatter them, if Jove, in truth,
 High-thundering mate of Juno, bid me on
 So saying he roused the courage of them all, 190
 Foremost of whom advanced, of Priam's race
 Deiphobus, ambitious of renown
 Tipping he came with shorten'd steps², his feet
 Sheltering behind his buckler, but at him
 Aiming, Meriones his splendid lance 195
 Dismiss'd, nor err'd, his bull-hide targe he struck
 But ineffectual, where the hollow wood
 Receives the inserted brass, the quivering beam
 Snapp'd, then, Deiphobus his shield afar
 Advanced before him, trembling at a spear 200
 Hurl'd by Meriones He, moved alike
 With indignation for the victory lost
 And for his broken spear, into his band
 At first retired, but soon set forth again
 In progress through the Achaian camp, to fetch 205
 Its fellow-spear within his tent reserved
 The rest all fought, and dread the shouts arose
 On all sides Telamonian Teucer, first,
 Slew valiant Imbrus, son of Mentor, rich
 In herds of sprightly steeds He ere the Greeks 210
 Arrived at Ilum, in Pedæus dwelt,
 And Priam's spurious daughter had espoused
 Medesicasta But the barks well-oar'd
 Of Greece arriving, he return'd to Troy,
 Where he excell'd the noblest, and abode 215
 With Priam, loved and honour'd as his own
 Him Teucer pierced beneath his ear, and pluck'd
 His weapon home, he fell as falls an ash
 Which on some mountain visible afar,
 Hewn from its bottom by the woodman's axe, 220
 With all its tender foliage meets the ground
 So Imbrus fell, loud rang his armour bright
 With ornamental brass, and Teucer flew
 To seize his arms, whom hasting to the spoil

² A fitter occasion to remark on this singular mode of approach in battle, will present itself hereafter.

Hector with his resplendent spear assail'd , 225
 He, making opposite its rapid flight,
 Declined it narrowly and it pierced the breast,
 As he advanced to battle, of the son
 Of Cteatus of the Actorian race,
 Amphimachus , he, sounding, smote the plain, 230
 And all his batter'd armour rang aloud
 Then Hector swift approaching, would have torn
 The well-forged helmet from the brows away
 Of brave Amphimachus , but Ajax hurl'd
 Right forth at Hector hasting to the spoil 235
 His radiant spear , no wound the spear impress'd,
 For he was arm'd complete in burnish'd brass
 Terific , but the solid boss it pierced
 Of Hector's shield, and with enormous force
 So shock'd him, that retiring he resign'd 240
 Both bodies³, which the Grecians dragg'd away
 Stachius and Menestheus, leaders both
 Of the Athenians, to the host of Greece
 Bore off Amphimachus, and, fierce in arms
 The Ajaces, Imbrius As two lions bear 245
 Through thick entanglement of boughs and brakes
 A goat snatch'd newly from the peasants' dogs,
 Upholding high their prey above the ground,
 So either Ajax terrible in fight,
 Upholding Imbrius high, his brazen arms 250
 Tore off, and Oiliades his head
 From his smooth neck dis severing in revenge
 For slam Amphimachus, through all the host
 Sent it with swift rotation like a globe,
 Till in the dust at Hector's feet it fell 255
 Then anger fill'd the heart of Ocean's King,
 His grandson⁴ slain in battle , forth he pass'd
 Through the Achaian camp and fleet, the Greeks
 Rousing, and meditating woe to Troy
 It chanced that brave Idomeneus return'd 260
 That moment from a Cretan at the knee
 Wounded, and newly borne into his tent ,
 His friends had borne him off, and when the Chief
 Had given him into skilful hands, he sought

³ The bodies of Imbrius and Amphimachus

⁴ Amphimachus

The field again, still coveting renown	265
Him therefore, meeting him on his return,	
Neptune bespake, but with the borrow'd voice	
Of Thoas, offspring of Andræmon, King	
In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,	
And honour'd by the Ætobans as a God	270
Oh counsellor of Ciete ! our threats denounced	
Against the towers of Troy, where are they now ?	
To whom the leader of the Cretans, thus,	
Idomeneus For aught that I perceive	
Thoas ! no Grecian is this day in fault !	275
For we are all intelligent in arms,	
None yields by fear oppress'd, none lull'd by sloth	
From battle shrinks, but such the pleasure seems	
Of Jove himself, that we should perish here	
Inglorious, from our country far remote	280
But, Thoas ! (for thine heart was ever firm	
In battle, and thyself art wont to rouse	
Whom thou observ'st remiss) now also fight	
As erst, and urge each leader of the host	
Him answered, then, the Sovereign of the Deep	285
Return that Grecian never from the shores	
Of Troy, Idomeneus ! but may the dogs	
Feast on him, who shall this day intermit	
Through wilful negligence his force in fight !	
But haste, take arms and come, we must exert	290
All diligence, that, being only two,	
We yet may yield some service Union much	
Emboldens even the weakest, and our might	
Hath oft been proved on warriors of renown	
So Neptune spake, and, turning, sought again	295
The toilsome field. Ere long, Idomeneus	
Arriving in his spacious tent, put on	
His radiant armour, and, two spears in hand,	
Set forth like lightning which Saturnian Jove	
From bright Olympus shakes into the air,	300
A sign to mortal men, dazzling all eyes,	
So beam'd the Hero's armour as he ran	
But him not yet far distant from his tent	
Meriones, his fellow-warrior met,	
For he had left the fight, seeking a spear,	305

When thus the brave Idomeneus began
 Swift son of Molus ! chosen companion dear !
 Wherefore, Meriones, hast thou the field
 Abandon'd ? Art thou wounded ? Bring'st thou home
 Some pointed mischief in thy flesh infixt ? 310
 Or comest thou sent to me, who of myself
 The still tent covet not, but feats of arms ?
 To whom Meriones discreet replied
 Chief leader of the Cretans, brazen-mail'd
 Idomeneus ! if yet there be a spear 315
 Left in thy tent, I seek one, for I broke
 The spear, even now, with which erewhile I fought,
 Smiting the shield of fierce Deiphobus
 Then answer thus the Cretan Chief return'd,
 Valiant Idomeneus If spears thou need, 320
 Within my tent, leaning against the wall,
 Stand twenty spears and one, forged all in Troy,
 Which from the slain I took, for distant fight
 Me suits not, therefore in my tent have I
 Both spears and bossy shields, with brazen casques 325
 And corslets bright that smile against the sun
 Him answer'd, then, Meriones discreet
 I also, at my tent, and in my ship
 Have many Trojan spoils, but they are hence
 Far distant I not less myself than thou 330
 Am ever mindful of a warrior's part,
 And when the din of glorious arms is heard,
 Fight in the van If other Greeks my deeds
 Know not, at least I judge them known to thee
 To whom the leader of the host of Crete 335
 Idomeneus I know thy valour well,
 Why speakest thus to me ? Chose we this day
 An ambush forth of all the bravest Greeks,
 (For in the ambush is distinguish'd best
 The courage, there the timorous and the bold 340
 Plainly appear, the dastard changes hue
 And shifts from place to place, nor can he calm
 The fears that shake his trembling limbs, but sits
 Low-crouching on his hams, while in his breast
 Quick palpitates his death-foreboding heart, 345
 And his teeth chatter, but the valiant man

His posture shifts not , no excessive fears
 Feels he, but seated once in ambush, deems
 Time tedious till the bloody fight begin ,)
 Even there, thy courage should no blame incur 350
 For should'st thou, toiling in the fight, by spear
 Or faulchion bleed, not on thy neck behind
 Would fall the weapon, or thy back annoy,
 But it would meet thy bowels or thy chest
 While thou didst rush into the clamorous van. 355
 But haste—we may not longer loiter here
 As children prating, lest some sharp rebuke
 Reward us Enter quick, and from within
 My tent provide thee with a nobler spear
 Then, swift as Mars, Meriones produced 360
 A brazen spear of those within the tent
 Reserved, and kindling with heroic fire
 Follow'd Idomeneus As gory Mars
 By Terror follow'd, his own dauntless son
 Who quells the boldest heart, to battle moves , 365
 From Thrace against the Ephyræi they arm,
 Or hardy Phlegyans, and by both invoked,
 Hear and grant victory to which they please ,
 Such, bright in arms Meriones, and such
 Idomeneus advanced, when foremost thus 370
 Meriones his fellow-chief bespake.
 Son of Deucalion ! where inclinest thou most
 To enter into battle ? On the right
 Of all the host ? or through the central ranks ?
 Or on the left ? for nowhere I account 375
 The Greeks so destitute of force as there.
 Then answer thus Idomeneus return'd
 Chief of the Cretans. Others stand to guard
 The middle fleet , there either Ajax wars,
 And Teucer, noblest archer of the Greeks, 380
 Nor less in stationary fight approved.
 Bent as he is on battle, they will task
 And urge to proof sufficiently the force
 Of Priameian Hector , burn his rage
 How fierce soever, he shall find it hard, 385
 With all his thirst of victory, to quell
 Their firm resistance, and to fire the fleet,

Let not Saturnian Jove cast down from heaven
 Himself a flaming brand into the ships
 High towering Telamonian Ajax yields 390
 To no mere mortal by the common gift
 Sustain'd of Ceres, and whose flesh the spear
 Can penetrate, or rocky fragment bruise,
 In standing fight Ajax would not refuse
 Even before that breaker of the ranks 395
 Achilles, although far less swift than He
 But turn we to the left, that we may learn
 At once, if glorious death, or life be ours
 Then, rapid as the God of war, his course
 Meriones toward the left began, 400
 As he enjoy'd Soon as the Trojans saw
 Idomeneus advancing like a flame,
 And his compeer Meriones in arms
 All-radiant clad, encouraging aloud
 From rank to rank each other, on they came 405
 To the assault combined Then soon arose
 Sharp contest on the left of all the fleet
 As when shrill winds blow vehement, what time
 Dust deepest spreads the ways, by warring blasts
 Upborne a sable cloud stands in the air, 410
 Such was the sudden conflict, equal rage
 To stain with gore the lance ruled every breast
 Horrent with quivering spears the fatal field
 Frown'd on all sides, the brazen flashes dread
 Of numerous helmets, corslets furbish'd bright, 415
 And shields refulgent meeting, dull'd the eye,
 And turn'd it dark away Stranger indeed
 Were he to fear, who could that strife have view'd
 With heart elate, or spirit unperturb'd
 Two mighty sons of Saturn adverse parts 420
 Took in that contest, purposing alike
 To many a valiant Chief sorrow and pain
 Jove, for the honour of Achilles, gave
 Success to Hector and the host of Troy,
 Not for complete destruction of the Greeks 425
 At Ilum, but that glory might redound
 To Thetis thence, and to her dauntless son
 On the other side, the King of Ocean risen

Secretly from the hoary Deep, the host
 Of Greece encouraged, whom he grieved to see 430
 Vanquish'd by Trojans, and with anger fierce
 Against the Thunderer burn'd on their behalf
 Alike from one great origin divine
 Sprang they, but Jove was elder, and surpass'd
 In various knowledge, therefore when he roused 435
 Their courage, Neptune traversed still the ranks
 Clandestine, and in human form disguised
 Thus, these Immortal Two, straining the cold
 Indissoluble of all-wasting wai,
 Alternate measured with it either host, 440
 And loosed the joints of many a warrior bold
 Then, loud exhorting (though himself with age
 Half grey,) the Achæans, into battle sprang
 Idomeneus, and scatter'd, first, the foe,
 Slaying Othryoneus, who, by the lure 445
 Of martial glory drawn, had left of late
 Cablesus He Priam's fair daughter woo'd
 Cassandra, but no nuptial gift vouchsafed
 To offer, save a sounding promise proud
 To chase, himself, however resolute 450
 The Grecian host, and to deliver Troy
 To him assenting, Priam, ancient King,
 Assured to him his wish, and in the faith
 Of that assurance confident, he fought
 But brave Idomeneus his splendid lance 455
 Well-aim'd dismissing, struck the haughty Chief,
 Pacing elate the field, his brazen mail
 Endued not, through his bowels pierced, with clang
 Of all his arms he fell, and thus with joy
 Immense exulting, spake Idomeneus 460

I give thee praise, Othryoneus! beyond
 All mortal men, if truly thou perform
 Thy whole big promise to the Dardan king,
 Who promised thee his daughter Now, behold,
 We also promise doubt not the effect 465
 We give into thy arms the most admired
 Of Agamemnon's daughters, whom ourselves
 Will hither bring from Argos, if thy force

⁵ It was customary for the suitor to pay the dowry

With ours uniting, thou wilt rase the walls
 Of populous Troy Come—follow me, that here 470
 Among the ships we may adjust the terms
 Of marriage, for we take not scanty dower
 So saying, the Hero dragg'd him by his heel
 Through all the furious fight His death to avenge
 Asius on foot before his steeds advanced, 475
 For them, where'er he moved, his charioteer
 Kept breathing ever on his neck behind
 With fierce desire the heart of Asius burn'd
 To smite Idomeneus, who with his lance
 Him reaching first, pierced him beneath the chin 480
 Into his throat, and urged the weapon through.
 He fell, as some green poplar falls, or oak,
 Or lofty pine, by naval artists hewn
 With new-edged axes on the mountain's side.
 So, his teeth grinding, and the bloody dust 485
 Clenching, before his chariot and his steeds
 Extended, Asius lay. His charioteer
 (All recollection lost) sat panic-stunn'd,
 Nor dared for safety turn his steeds to flight.
 Him bold Antilochus right through the waist 490
 Transpierced, his mail sufficed not, but the spear
 Implanted in his midmost bowels stood.
 Down from his seat magnificent he fell
 Panting, and young Antilochus the steeds
 Drove captive thence into the host of Greece. 495
 Then came Deiphobus by sorrow urged
 For Asius, and, small interval between,
 Hurl'd at Idomeneus his glittering lance,
 But he, foreseeing its approach, the point
 Eluded, cover'd whole by his round shield 500
 Of hides and brass by double belt sustain'd,
 And it flew over him, but on his targe
 Glancing, elicited a tinkling sound
 Yet left it not in vain his vigorous grasp,
 But pierced the liver of Hypsenor, son 505
 Of Hippasus, he fell incontinent,
 And measureless exulting in his fall
 Deiphobus with mighty voice exclaim'd.
 Not unavenged lies Asius, though he seek

Hell's iron portals, yet shall he rejoice, 510
 For I have given him a conductor home
 So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard,
 But of them all to anger most he roused
 Antilochus, who yet his breathless friend⁶
 Left not, but, hasting, fenced him with his shield, 515
 And brave Alastor with Mecisteus son
 Of Echius, bore him to the hollow ships
 Deep-groaning both, for of their band was he
 Nor yet Idomeneus his warlike rage
 Remitted aught, but persevering strove 520
 Either to plunge some Trojan in the shades,
 Or fall himself, guarding the fleet of Greece
 Then slew he brave Alcathous the son
 Of Æsyeta, and the son-in-law
 Of old Anchises, who to him had given 525
 The eldest-born of all his daughters fair,
 Hippodamia, dearly loved was she
 By both her parents in her virgin state⁷,
 For that in beauty she surpass'd, in works
 Ingenious, and in faculties of mind 530
 All her coevals, wherefore she was deem'd
 Well worthy of the noblest prince of Troy
 Him in that moment, Neptune by the arm
 Quell'd of Idomeneus, his radiant eyes
 Dimming, and fettering his proportioned limbs 535
 All power of flight or to elude the stroke
 Forsook him, and while motionless he stood
 As stands a pillar tall or towering oak,
 The hero of the Cretans with a spear
 Transfix'd his middle chest He split the mail 540
 Erewhile his bosom's faithful guard, shrill rang
 The shiver'd brass, sounding he fell, the beam
 Implanted in his palpitating heart
 Shook to its topmost point, but, its force spent,
 At last, quiescent, stood Then loud exclaim'd 545
 Idomeneus, exulting in his fall.

What thinks Deiphobus? seems it to thee,

⁶ Hypsenor

⁷ This seems to be the meaning of *ἐν μυχῷ τοῦ*
 an expression similar to that of Demosthenes in a parallel case—*ἐν*
ἐνδον οὖσαν—See Schaefelbergerus

Vain boaster, that, three warriors slain for one,
 We yield thee just amends? else, stand thyself
 Against me, learn the valour of a Chief 550
 The progeny of Jove, Jove first begat
 Crete's guardian, Minos, from which Minos sprang
 Deucalion, and from famed Deucalion, I,
 I, sovereign of the numerous race of Crete's
 Extensive isle, and whom my galleys brought 555
 To these your shores at last, that I might prove
 Thy curse, thy father's, and a curse to Troy
 He spake, Deiphobus uncertain stood
 Whether, retreating, to engage the help
 Of some heroic Trojan, or himself 560
 To make the dead experiment alone
 At length, as his discreeter course, he chose
 To seek Æneas, him he found afar
 Station'd, remotest of the host of Troy,
 For he resented evermore his worth 565
 By Priam's recompensed with cold neglect
 Approaching him, in accents wing'd he said
 Æneas! Trojan Chief! If e'er thou lov'dst
 Thy sister's husband, duty calls thee now
 To prove it Haste—defend with me the dead 570
 Alcathous, guardian of thy tender years,
 Slain by Idomeneus the spear-renown'd
 So saying, he roused his spirit, and on fire
 To combat with the Cretan, forth he sprang
 But fear seized not Idomeneus as fear 575
 May seize a nursing boy, resolved he stood
 As in the mountains, conscious of his force,
 The wild boar waits a coming multitude
 Of boisterous hunters to his lone retreat,
 Arching his bristly spine he stands, his eyes 580
 Beam fire, and whetting his bright tusks, he burns
 To drive, not dogs alone, but men to flight,
 So stood the royal Cretan, and fled not,
 Expecting brave Æneas, yet his friends
 He summon'd, on Ascalaphus his eyes 585

* He is said to have been jealous of him on account of his great popularity, and to have discountenanced him, fearing a conspiracy in his favour to the prejudice of his own family —See Villoisson

Fastening, on Aphaïeus, Deipyrius,
Meriones, and Antilochus, all bold
In battle, and in accents wing'd exclaim'd.

Haste ye, my friends ! to aid me, for I stand
Alone, nor undismay'd the coming wait 590
Of swift Æneas, nor less brave than swift,
And who possesses fresh his flower of youth,
Maa's prime advantage , were we match'd in years
As in our spirits, either he should earn
At once the meed of deathless fame, or I 595

He said , they all unanimous approach'd,
Sloping their shields, and stood On the other side
His aids Æneas call'd, with eyes toward
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor, turn'd,
His fellow-warriors bold , them follow'd all 600
Their people as the pastured flock the ram
To water, by the shepherd seen with joy ,
Such joy Æneas felt, seeing, so soon,
That numerous host attendant at his call
Then, for Alcatous, into contest close 605
Arm'd with long spears they rush'd , on every breast
Dread rang the brazen corslet, each his foe
Assailing opposite , but two, the rest
Surpassing far, terrible both as Mars,
Æneas and Idomeneus, alike 610

Panted to pierce each other with the spear
Æneas, first, cast at Idomeneus,
But, wain'd, he shunn'd the weapon, and it pass'd
Quivering in the soil Æneas' lance
Stood, hurl'd in vain, though by a forceful arm. 615
Not so the Cietan , at his waist he pierced
Oenomaus, his hollow corslet clave,
And in his midmost bowels drench'd the spear ,
Down fell the Chief, and dying, clench'd the dust
Instant, his massy spear the King of Crete 620
Pluck'd from the dead, but of his radiant arms
Despoil'd him not, by numerous weapons urged ,
For now, time-worn, he could no longer make
Brisk sally, spring to follow his own spear,
Or shun another, or by swift retreat 625
Vanish from battle, but the evil day

Warded in stationary fight alone
 At him retiring, therefore, step by step
 Deiphobus, who had with bitterest hate
 Long time pursued him, hurl'd his splendid lance, 630
 But yet again erroneous, for he pierced
 Ascalaphus instead, offspring of Mars,
 Right through his shoulder flew the spear, he fell
 Incontinent, and dying, clench'd the dust
 But tidings none the brazen-throated Mars 635
 Tempestuous yet received, that his own son
 In bloody fight had fallen, for on the heights
 Olympian over-arch'd with clouds of gold
 He sat, where sat the other Powers divine,
 Prisoners together of the will of Jove 640
 Meantime, for slain Ascalaphus arose
 Conflict severe, Deiphobus his casque
 Resplendent seized, but swift as fiery Mars
 Assailing him, Meriones his arm
 Pierced with a spear, and from his idle hand 645
 Fallen, the casque sonorous struck the ground.
 Again, as darts the vulture on his prey,
 Meriones assailing him, the lance
 Pluck'd from his arm, and to his band retired
 Then, casting his fraternal arms around 650
 Deiphobus, him young Polites led
 From the hoarse battle to his rapid steeds
 And his bright chariot in the distant rear,
 Which bore him back to Troy, languid and loud-
 Groaning, and bleeding from his recent wound 655
 Still raged the war, and infinite arose
 The clamour Aphareus, Caletor's son,
 Turning to face Æneas, in his throat
 Instant the Hero's pointed lance received
 With head reclined, and bearing to the ground 660
 Buckler and helmet with him, in dark shades
 Of soul-divorcing death involved, he fell
 Antiochus, observing Thoon turn'd
 To flight, that moment pierced him, from his back
 He ripp'd the vein which through the trunk its course 665
 Winds upward to the neck, that vein he ripp'd
 All forth, supine he fell, and with both hands

Extended to his fellow-warriors, died
 Forth sprang Antilochus to stimp his arms,
 But watch'd, meantime, the Trojans, who in crowds 670
 Encircling him, his splendid buckler broad
 Smote oft, but none with ruthless point prevail'd
 Even to inscribe the skin of Nestor's son,
 Whom Neptune, shaker of the shores, amid
 Innumerable darts kept still secure 675
 Yet never from his foes he shrank, but faced
 From side to side, nor idle slept his spear,
 But with rotation ceaseless turn'd and turn'd
 To every part, now levell'd at a foe
 Far-distant, at a foe, now, near at hand 680
 Nor he, thus occupied, unseen escaped
 By Asius' offspring Adamas, who close
 Advancing, struck the centie of his shield.
 But Neptune azure-hair'd so dear a life
 Denied to Adamas, and render'd vain 685
 The weapon, part within his disk remain'd
 Like a secur'd stake and part fell at his feet
 Then Adamas, for his own life alarm'd,
 Retired, but as he went, Menones
 Him reaching with his lance, the shame between 690
 And navel pierced him, where the stroke of Mars
 Proves painful most to miserable man
 There enter'd deep the weapon, down he fell,
 And in the dust lay panting as an ox
 Among the mountains pants by peasants held 695
 In twisted bands, and dragg'd perforce along,
 So panted dying Adamas, but soon
 Ceased, for Menones, approaching, pluck'd
 The weapon forth, and darkness veil'd his eyes
 Helenus, with his heavy Thracian blade 700
 Smiting the temples of Deipyrus,
 Dash'd off his helmet, from his brows remote
 It fell, and wandering roll'd, till at his feet
 Some warrior found it, and secured, meantime
 The sightless shades of death him wrapp'd around 705
 Grief at that spectacle the bosom fill'd
 Of valiant Menelaus, high he shook
 His radiant spear, and threatening him, advanced

On royal Helenus, who ready stood
 With his bow bent They met, impatient, one, 710
 To give his pointed lance its rapid course,
 And one, to start his arrow from the nerve
 The arrow of the son of Priam struck
 Atrides' hollow corslet, but the reed
 Glanced wide As vetches or as swarthy beans 715
 Leap from the van and fly athwart the floor,
 By sharp winds driven, and by the winnower's force,
 So from the corslet of the glorious Greek
 Wide-wandering flew the bitter shaft away
 But Menelaus the left-hand transpierced 720
 Of Helenus, and with the lance's point
 Fasten'd it to his bow, shunning a stroke
 More fatal, Helenus into his band
 Retired, his arm dependent at his side,
 And trailing, as he went, the ashen beam, 725
 There, bold Agenor from his hand the lance
 Drew forth, then folded it with softest wool
 Around, sling-wool, and borrow'd from the sling
 Which his attendant into battle bore.
 Then sprang Pisander on the glorious Chief 730
 The son of Atreus, but his evil fate
 Beckon'd him to his death in conflict fierce,
 Oh Menelaus, mighty Chief! with thee
 And now they met, small interval between
 Atrides hurl'd his weapon, and it err'd 735
 Pisander with his spear struck full the shield
 Of glorious Menelaus, but his force
 Resisted by the stubborn buckler broad
 Fail'd to transpierce it, and the weapon fell
 Snapp'd at the neck Yet, when he struck, the heart 740
 Rebounded of Pisander, full of hope
 But Menelaus, drawing his bright blade,
 Sprang on him, while Pisander from behind
 His buckler drew a brazen battle-axe
 By its long haft of polish'd olive-wood, 745
 And both Chiefs stuck together He the crest
 That crown'd the shaggy casque of Atreus' son
 Hew'd from its base, but Menelaus him
 In his swift onset smote full on the front

Above his nose , sounded the shatter'd bone, 750
 And his eyes both fell bloody at his feet
 Convolved with pain he lay , then, on his breast
 Atides setting fast his heel, tore off
 His armour, and exulting thus began.

So shall ye leave at length the Grecian fleet, 755
 Traitors, and never satisfied with war !

Not want ye other guilt, dogs and profane !
 But me have injured also, and defied
 The hot displeasure of high-thundering Jove
 The Hospitable, who shall waste in time, 760

And level with the dust your lofty Troy
 I wrong'd not you, yet bore ye far away
 My youthful bride who welcomed you, and stole
 My treasures also, and ye now are bent
 To burn Achæa's gallant fleet with fire 765

And slay her Heroes , but your furious thirst
 Of battle shall hereafter meet a check

Oh, Father Jove ! Thee wisest we account
 In heaven or earth, yet from thyself proceed
 All these calamities, who favour show'st 770

To this flagitious race the Trojans, strong
 In wickedness alone, and whose delight
 In war and bloodshed never can be cloy'd.

All pleasures breed satiety, sweet sleep,
 Soft dalliance, music, and the graceful dance, 775
 Though sought with keener appetite by most
 Than bloody war , but Troy still covets blood.

So spake the royal Chief, and to his friends
 Pisander's gory spoils consigning, flew
 To mingle in the foremost fight again 780

Him, next, Harpalion, offspring of the King
 Pylæmenes assailed , to Troy he came
 Following his sire, but never thence return'd
 He, from small distance, smote the central boss
 Of Menelaus' buckler with his lance, 785

But wanting power to pierce it, with an eye
 Of cautious circumspection, lest perchance
 Some spear should reach him, to his band retired
 But him retiring with a brazen shaft
 Meriones pursued , swift flew the dart 790

To his right buttock, shipp'd beneath the bone,
 His bladder grazed, and started through before
 There ended his retreat, sudden he sank
 And like a worm lay on the ground, his life
 Exhaling in his fellow-warrior's arms, 795
 And with his sable blood soaking the plain
 Around him flock'd his Paphlagonians bold,
 And in his chariot placed drove him to Troy,
 With whom his father went, mourning with tears
 A son, whose death he never saw avenged 800
 Him slain with indignation Paris view'd,
 For he, with numerous Paphlagonians more,
 His guest had been, he, therefore, in the thirst
 Of vengeance, sent a brazen arrow forth
 There was a certain Greek, Euchenor, son 805
 Of Polyides the soothsayer, rich
 And brave in fight, and who in Corinth dwelt
 He, knowing well his fate, yet sail'd to Troy
 For Polyides oft, his reverend sire,
 Had prophesied that he should either die 810
 By some dire malady at home, or, slain
 By Trojan hands, amid the fleet of Greece
 He, therefore, shunning the reproach alike
 Of the Achæans, and that dire disease,
 Had joined the Grecian host, him Paris pierced 815
 The ear and jaw beneath, life at the stroke
 Left him, and darkness overspread his eyes
 So raged the battle like devouring fire
 But Hector dear to Jove not yet had learn'd,
 Nor aught surmised the havoc of his host 820
 Made on the left, where victory crown'd well-nigh
 The Grecians animated to the fight
 By Neptune seconding himself their arms
 He, where he first had started through the gate
 After dispersion of the shielded Greeks 825
 Compact, still persevered The galleys there
 Of Ajax and Protesilaus stood
 Updrawn above the hoary Deep, the wall
 Was there of humblest structure, and the steeds
 And warriors there conflicted furious most. 830

The Epeans there and Iæonians⁹ robed-
 Prolix, the Phthians¹⁰, Locrians, and the bold
 Bœotians check'd the terrible assault
 Of Hector, noble Chief, ardent as flame,
 Yet not repulsed him Chosen Athenians form'd 835
 The van, by Peteos' son, Menestheus, led,
 Whose high command undaunted Bias shared,
 Phidas, and Stichius The Epean host
 Under Amphion, Dracius, Meges, fought
 Podarces brave in arms the Phthians ruled, 840
 And Medon (Medon was by spurious birth
 Brother of Ajax Oilades,
 And for his uncle's death, whom he had slain,
 The brother of Oileus' wife abode
 In Phylace, but from Iphiclus sprang 845
 Podarces,) these all station'd in the front
 Of Phthias' hardy sons, together stiove
 With the Bœotians for the fleet's defence
 Ajax the swift swerved never from the side
 Of Ajax son of Telamon a step, 850
 But as in some deep fallow two black steers
 Labour combined, dragging the ponderous plough,
 The briny sweat around their rooted horns
 Oozes profuse, they, parted as they toil
 Along the furrow, by the yoke alone, 855
 Cleave to its bottom sheer the stubborn glebe,
 So, side by side, they persevering fought
 The son of Telamon a people led
 Numerous and bold, who, when his bulky limbs
 Fail'd overlabour'd, eased him of his shield 860
 Not so attended by his Locrians fought
 Oileus' valiant son, pitch'd battle them
 Suited not, unprovided with bright casques
 Of hairy crest, with ashen spears, and shields
 Of ample orb, for, trusting in the bow 865

⁹ The Iæonians were a distinct people from the Ionians, and according to the Scholium, separated from them by a pillar bearing on opposite sides the name of each—See Barnes See also Villosion

¹⁰ The people of Achilles were properly called the Phthiotæ, whereas the Phthians belonged to Protesilaus and Philoctetes—See Eustathius, as quoted by Clarke

And twisted sling alone, they came to Tioy,
 And broke with shafts and volley'd stones the ranks
 Thus occupying, clad in burnish'd arms,
 The van, these Two with Hector and his host
 Conflicted, while the Locrians from behind 870
 Vex'd them with shafts, secure, nor could the men
 Of Ilium stand, by such a shower confused
 Then, driven with dreadful havoc thence, the foe
 To wind-swept Ilium had again retired,
 Had not Polydamas, at Hector's side 875
 Standing, the dauntless Hero thus address'd
 Hector! Thou ne'er canst listen to advice,
 But think'st thou, that if heaven in feats of arms
 Give thee pre-eminence, thou must excel
 Therefore in council also all mankind? 880
 No All-sufficiency is not for thee
 To one, superior force in arms is given,
 Skill, to another, in the graceful dance,
 Sweet song and powers of music to a third,
 And to a fourth loud-thundering Jove imparts 885
 Wisdom, which profits many, and which saves
 Whole cities oft, though revered but by few.
 Yet hear, I speak as wisest seems to me
 War, like a fiery circle, all around
 Environs thee, the Trojans, since they pass d 890
 The bulwark, either hold themselves aloof,
 Or, wide dispersed among the galleys, cope
 With numbers far superior to their own
 Returning, therefore, summon all our Chiefs
 To consultation on the sum of all, 895
 Whether (should heaven so prosper us) to rush
 Impetuous on the gallant barks of Greece,
 Or to retreat secure, for much I dread
 Lest the Achaeans punctually refund
 All yesterday's arrear, since yonder Chief¹¹ 900
 Insatiable with battle still abides
 Within the fleet, nor longer, as I judge,
 Will rest a mere spectator of the field
 So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice
 Pleas'd Hector, from his chariot down he leap'd 905

¹¹ Achilles.

All arm'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Polydamas ' here gather all the Chiefs,
I haste into the fight, and my commands
Once issued there, incontinent return

He ended, and conspicuous as the height 910
Of some snow-crested mountain, shouting ranged
The Trojans and confederates of Troy

They swift around Polydamas, brave son
Of Panthus, at the voice of Hector, ran
Himself with hasty strides the front, meantime, 915

Of battle roam'd, seeking from rank to rank
Asius Hyrtacides, with Asius' son
Adamas, and Deiphobus, and the might

Of Helenus, his royal brother bold
Them neither altogether free from hurt 920
He found, nor living all Beneath the steins

Of the Achaian ships some slaughter'd lay
By Grecian hands, some stricken by the spear
Within the rampart sat, some by the sword

But leftward of the woeful field he found, 925
Ere long, bright Helen's paramour his band
Exhorting to the fight Hector approach'd,

And him, in fierce displeasure, thus bespake
Curst Paris, specious, fraudulent and lewd ' 930
Where is Deiphobus, and where the might

Of royal Helenus ? Where Adamas
Offspring of Asius, and where Asius, son
Of Hyrtacus, and where Othryoneus ?

Now lofty Ilium from her topmost height
Falls headlong, now is thy own ruin sure 935

To whom the Godlike Paris thus replied.
Since Hector ' thou art pleased with no just cause
To censure me, I may decline, perchance,

Much more the battle on some future day,
For I profess some courage, even I. 940
Witness our constant conflict with the Greeks

Here, on this spot, since first led on by thee
The host of Troy waged battle at the ships
But those our friends of whom thou hast enquired

Are slain, Deiphobus alone except 945
And royal Helenus, who in the hand

Bear each a wound inflicted by the spear,
 And have retired, but Jove then life preserved
 Come now—conduct us whither most thine heart
 Prompts thee, and thou shalt find us aident all 950
 To face like danger, what we can, we will,
 The best and most determined can no more
 So saying, the Hero sooth'd his brother's mind
 Then moved they both toward the hottest war
 Together, where Polydamas the brave, 955
 Phalces, Cebriones, Oithæus fought,
 Palmys and Polyphœtes, godlike Chief,
 And Morys and Ascanius, gallant sons
 Both of Hippotion They at Troy arrived
 From fair Ascania the preceding morn, 960
 In recompense for aid¹² by Priam lent
 Erewhile to Phrygia, and, by Jove impell'd,
 Now waged the furious battle side by side
 The march of these at once, was as the sound
 Of mighty winds from deep-hung thunder-clouds 965
 Descending, clamorous the blast and wild
 With Ocean mingles! many a billow, then,
 Upridged rides turbulent the sounding flood,
 Foam-crested, billow after billow driven,
 So moved the host of Troy, rank after rank 970
 Behind their Chiefs, all dazzling bright in arms
 Before them Priameian Hector strode
 Fierce as gore-tainted Mars, and his broad shield
 Advancing came, heavy with hides, and thick-
 Plated with brass, his helmet on his brows 975
 Refulgent shook, and in its turn he tried
 The force of every phalanx, if perchance
 Behind his broad shield pacing he might shake
 Their steadfast order, but he bore not down
 The spirit of the firm Achaian host. 980
 Then Ajax striding forth, him, first, defied
 Approach Why temptest thou the Greeks to fear?
 No babes are we in aught that appertains
 To arms, though humbled by the scourge of Jove
 Thou cherishest the foolish hope to burn 985

¹² This according to Eustathius, is the import of ἀμοιβοί —See Iliad III —in which Priam relates an expedition of his into that country

Our fleet with fire , but even we have hearts
Prepared to guard it, and your populous Troy,
By us dismantled and to pillage given,
Shall perish sooner far Know thus thyself
Also , the hour is nigh when thou shalt ask
In prayer to Jove and all the Gods of heaven,
That speed more rapid than the falcon's flight
May wing thy coursers, while, exciting dense
The dusty plain, they whirl thee back to Troy

While thus he spake, sublime on the right-hand
An eagle soar'd, confident in the sign
The whole Achaian host with loud acclaim
Hail'd it. Then glorious Hector thus rephd.

Brainless and big, what means this boast of thine,
Earth-cumberer Ajax ? Would I were the son 1000
As suie, for ever, of almighty Jove
And Juno, and such honour might receive
Henceforth as Pallas and Apollo shaie,
As comes this day with universal woe
Fraught for the Grecians, among whom thyself 1005
Shalt also perish if thou daie abide
My massy spear, which shall thy pamper'd flesh
Disfigure, and amid the barks of Greece
Falling, thou shalt the vultures with thy bulk
Enormous satiate, and the dogs of Troy 1010

He spake, and led his host, with clamour loud
They follow'd him, and all the distant rear
Came shouting on. On the other side the Greeks
Re-echoed shout for shout, all undismay'd,
And waiting firm the bravest of their foes.
Upwent the double roar into the heights
Ethereal, and among the beams of Jove

BOOK XIV

A R G U M E N T.

Agamemnon and the other wounded Chiefs taking Nestor with them, visit the battle Juno having borrowed the Cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of Sleep, then hastes to Ida to inveigle Jove She prevails Jove sleeps, and Neptune takes that opportunity to succour the Grecians

NOR was that cry by Nestor unperceived
Though dinking, who in words wing'd with surprise
The son of Æsculapius thus address'd

Divine Machaon¹ think what this may bode
The cry of our young warriors at the ships 5
Grows louder, sitting here, the sable wine
Quaff thou, while bright-hair'd Hecamede warms
A bath, to cleanse thy crimson stains away
I from yon eminence will learn the cause

So saying, he took a shield radiant with brass 10
There lying in the tent, the shield well-forged
Of valiant Thiasymedes, his own son,
(For he had borne to fight his father's shield)
And arming next his hand with a keen lance
Stood forth before the tent Thence soon he saw 15
Foul deeds and strange, the Grecian host confused,
Their broken ranks flying before the host
Of Ilum, and the rampart overthrown.

As when the wide sea, darken'd over all
Its silent flood, forebodes shrill winds to blow, 20
The doubtful waves roll yet to neither side,
Till swept at length by a decisive gale,
So stood the senior, with distressful doubts
Conflicting anxious, whether first to seek
The Grecian host, or Agamemnon's self 25
The sovereign, and at length that course preferr'd
Meantime with mutual carnage they the field

Spread far and wide, and by spears double-edged
Smitten, and by the sword then coislets rang

The loyal Chiefs ascending from the fleet, 30

Ulysses, Diomede, and Atreus' son

Imperial Agamemnon, who had each

Bled in the battle, met him on his way

For from the war remote they had updrawn

Their galleys on the shore of the gray Deep, 35

The foremost to the plain, and at the steins

Of that exterior line had built the wall

For, spacious though it were, the shore alone

That fleet sufficed not, incommoding much

The people, wherefore they had ranged the ships 40

Line above line gradual, and the bay

Between both promontories, all was fill'd

They, therefore, curious to survey the fight,

Came forth together, leaning on the spear,

When Nestor met them, heavy were their hearts, 45

And at the sight of him still more alarm'd,

Whom royal Agamemnon thus bespake

Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!

What moved thee to forsake yon bloody field,

And urged thee hither? Cause I see of fear, 50

Lest furious Hector even now his threat

Among the Trojans publish'd, verify,

That he would never enter Ilium more

Till he had burn'd our fleet, and slain ourselves

So threaten'd Hector and shall now perform 55

Alas! alas! the Achaeans brazen-greaved

All, like Achilles, have deserted me

Resentful, and decline their fleet's defence,

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied

Those threats are verified, nor Jove himself

The Thunderer can disappoint them now, 60

For our chief strength in which we trusted most

That it should guard impregnable secure

Our navy and ourselves, the wall hath fallen

Hence all this conflict by our host sustain'd 65

Among the ships, nor could thy keenest sight

Inform thee where in the Achaean camp

Confusion most prevails, such deaths are dealt

Promiscuous, and the city ascends to heaven
 But come—consult we on the sum of all, 70
 If counsel yet may profit As for you,
 Ye shall have exhortation none from me
 To seek the fight, the wounded have excuse
 Whom Agamemnon answer'd, King of men.
 Ah Nestor ! if beneath our very steins 75
 The battle rage, if neither trench nor wall
 Constructed with such labour, and supposed
 Of strength to guard impreguably secure
 Our navy and ourselves, avail us aught,
 It is because almighty Jove hath will'd 80
 That the Achaian host should perish here
 Inglorious, from their country far remote.
 When he vouchsafed assistance to the Greeks,
 I knew it well, and now, not less I know
 That high as the immortal Gods he lifts 85
 Our foes to glory, and depresses us
 Haste therefore all, and act as I advise
 Our ships—all those that nearest skirt the Deep,
 Launch we into the sacred flood, and moor
 With anchors safely, till o'ershadowing night 90
 (If night itself may save us) shall arrive
 Then may we launch the rest, for I no shame
 Account it, even by 'vantage of the night
 To fly destruction Wiser him I deem
 Who 'scapes his foe, than whom his foe enthalls 95
 But him Ulysses, frowning stern, reproved
 What word, Atrides, now hath pass'd thy lips ?
 Counsellor of despan ! thou should'st command
 (And would to heaven thou didst) a different host,
 Some dastard race, not ous, whom Jove ordains 100
 From youth to hoary age to weave the web
 Of toilsome warfare, till we perish all
 Wilt thou the spacious city thus renounce
 For which such numerous woes we have endured ?
 Hush ! lest some other hear, it is a woid 105
 Which no man qualified by years mature
 To speak discreetly, no man bearing rule
 O'er such a people as confess thy sway,
 Should suffer to contaminate his lips.

I from my soul condemn thee, and condemn 110
 Thy counsel, who persuad'st us in the heat
 Of battle terrible as this, to launch
 Our fleet into the waves, that we may give
 Our too successful foes their full desire,
 And that our own prepondering scale 115
 May plunge us past all hope, for while they draw
 Their galleys down, the Grecians shall but ill
 Sustain the fight, seaward will cast their eyes
 And shun the battle, bent on flight alone
 Then shall they rue thy counsel, King of men ' 120
 To whom the imperial leader of the Greeks,
 Thy sharp reproof, Ulysses, hath my soul
 Pierced deeply Yet I gave no such command
 That the Achaians should their galleys launch,
 Would they, or would they not No I desire 125
 That, young or old, some other may advice
 More prudent give, and he shall please me well
 Then thus the gallant Diomedes replied
 That man is near, and may ye but be found
 Tractable, our enquiry shall be short 130
 Be patient each, nor chide me on reproach
 Because I am of greener years than ye,
 For I am sprung from an illustrious Sire,
 From Tydeus, who beneath his hill of earth
 Lies now entomb'd at Thebes Three noble sons 135
 Were born to Porthæus, who in Pleuro dwelt,
 And on the heights of Calydon, the first
 Agræus, the second Melas, and the third
 Brave Oeneus, father of my father, famed
 For virtuous qualities above the rest 140
 Oeneus still dwelt at home, but wandering thence,
 My father dwelt in Argos, so the will
 Of Jove appointed, and of all the Gods
 There he espoused the daughter of the King
 Adrastus, occupied a mansion rich 145
 In all abundance, many a field possess'd
 Of wheat, well-planted gardens, numerous flocks,
 And was expert in spearmanship esteem'd
 Past all the Grecians I esteem'd it right
 That ye should hear these things, for they are true. 150

Ye will not, therefore, as I were obscure
 And of ignoble origin, reject
 What I shall well advise Expedience bids
 That, wounded as we are, we join the host
 We will preserve due distance from the range 155
 Of spears and arrows, lest already gall'd,
 We suffer worse, but we will others urge
 To combat, who have stood too long aloof,
 Attentive only to their own repose
 He spake, whom all approved, and forth they went, 160
 Imperial Agamemnon at their head
 Nor watch'd the glorious Shaker of the shores
 In vain, but like a man time-worn approach'd,
 And, seizing Agamemnon's better hand,
 In accents wing'd the monarch thus address'd 165
 Atreides! now exults the vengeful heart
 Of fierce Achilles, viewing at his ease
 The flight and slaughter of Achaia's host,
 For he is mad, and let him perish such,
 And may his portion from the Gods be shame! 170
 But as for thee, not yet the powers of heaven
 Thee hate implacable, the Chiefs of Troy
 Shall cover yet with cloudy dust the breadth
 Of all the plain, and backward from the camp
 To Ilium's gates thyself shalt see them driven 175
 He ceased, and shouting traversed swift the field
 Loud as nine thousand or ten thousand shout
 In furious battle mingled, Neptune sent
 His voice abroad, force irresistible
 Infusing into every Grecian heart, 180
 And thirst of battle not to be assuaged
 But Juno of the golden throne stood forth
 On the Olympian summit, viewing thence
 The field, where clear distinguishing the God
 Of ocean, her own brother sole engaged 185
 Amid the glorious battle, glad was she
 Seeing Jove also on the topmost point
 Of spring-fed Ida seated, she conceived
 Hatred against him, and thenceforth began
 Deliberate how best she might deceive 190
 The Thunderer, and thus at last resolved,

Attired with skill celestial to descend
 On Ida, with a hope to allure him first
 Won by her beauty to a fond embrace,
 Then closing fast in balmy sleep profound 195
 His eyes, to elude his vigilance, secure
 She sought her chamber, Vulcan her own son
 That chamber built He framed the solid doors,
 And to the posts fast closed them with a key
 Mysterious, which, herself except, in heaven 200
 None understood Entering she secured
 The splendid portal First, she laved all o'er
 Her beauteous body with ambrosial lymph,
 Then polish'd it with richest oil divine
 Of boundless fragrance, oil that in the courts 205
 Eternal only shaken, through the skies
 Breathed odours, and through all the distant earth
 Her whole fair body with those sweets bedew'd,
 She pass'd the comb through her ambrosial hair,
 And braided her bright locks streaming profuse 210
 From her immortal brows, with golden studs
 She made her gorgeous mantle fast before,
 Ethereal texture, labour of the hands
 Of Pallas beautified with various art,
 And biaced it with a zone fringed all around 215
 An hundred fold, her pendants triple-gemm'd
 Luminous, graceful, in her ears she hung,
 And covering all her glories with a veil
 Sun-bright, new-woven, bound to her fair feet
 Her sandals elegant Thus full attired, 220
 In all her ornaments, she issued forth,
 And beckoning Venus from the other powers
 Of heaven apart, the Goddess thus bespake
 Daughter beloved! shall I obtain my suit,
 Or wilt thou thwart me, angry that I aid 225
 The Grecians, while thine aid is given to Troy?
 To whom Jove's daughter Venus thus replied.
 What would majestic Juno, daughter dread
 Of Saturn, sire of Jove? I feel a mind
 Disposed to gratify thee, if thou ask 230
 Things possible, and possible to me
 Then thus with wiles veiling her deep design

Imperial Juno Give me those desires,
 That love-enkindling power by which thou sway'st
 Immortal hearts and mortal, all alike, 235
 For to the green earth's utmost bounds I go,
 To visit there the parent of the Gods,
 Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,
 Mother of all They kindly from the hands
 Of Rhea took, and with parental care 240
 Sustain'd and cherish'd me, what time from heaven
 The Thunderer hurl'd down Saturn, and beneath
 The earth fast bound him and the barren Deep
 Them go I now to visit, and then feuds
 Innumerable to compose, for long 245
 They have from conjugal embrace abstain'd
 Through mutual wrath, whom by persuasive speech
 Might I restore into each other's arms,
 They would for ever love me and revere
 Her, foam-born Venus then, Goddess of smiles, 250
 Thus answer'd Thy request, who in the arms
 Of Jove reposest the omnipotent,
 Nor just it were nor seemly to refuse
 So saying, the cincture from her breast she loosed
 Embroider'd, various, her all-charming zone 255
 It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
 With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
 And music of resistless whisper'd sounds
 That from the wisest steal their best resolves,
 She placed it in her hands and thus she said. 260
 Take this,—this girdle fraught with every charm
 Hide this within thy bosom, and return,
 Whate'er thy purpose, mistress of it all.
 She spake, imperial Juno smiled, and still
 Smiling complacent, bosom'd safe the zone 265
 Then Venus to her father's court return'd,
 And Juno, starting from the Olympian height,
 O'erflew Pieria and the lovely plains
 Of broad Emathia, soaring thence she swept
 The snow-clad summits of the Thracian hills 270
 Steed-famed, nor print'd, as she pass'd, the soil
 From Athos o'er the foaming billows borne
 She came to Lemnos, city and abode

Of noble Thoas, and there meeting Sleep,
 Brother of Death, she press'd his hand, and said, 275
 Sleep, over all, both Gods and men, supreme !

If ever thou hast heard, hear also now
 My suit, I will be grateful evermore
 Seal for me fast the radiant eyes of Jove
 In the instant of his gratified desire 280

Thy recompence shall be a throne of gold,
 Bright, incorruptible, my limping son,
 Vulcan, shall fashion it himself with art
 Laborious, and, beneath, shall place a stool
 For thy fair feet, at the convivial board. 285

Then answer thus the tranquil Sleep return'd
 Great Saturn's daughter, awe-inspiring Queen !
 All other of the everlasting Gods

I could with ease make slumber, even the streams
 Of Ocean, Sire of all Not so the King 290

The son of Saturn, him, unless himself
 Give me command, I dare not lull to rest,

Or even approach him, taught as I have been
 Already in the schools of thy commands

That wisdom I forget not yet the day
 When, Troy laid waste, that valiant son¹ of his 295
 Sail'd homeward then my influence I diffused

Soft o'er the sovereign intellect of Jove,
 While thou, against the Hero plotting harm,

Didst rouse the billows with tempestuous blasts, 300
 And separating him from all his friends,

Brought'st him to populous Cos Then Jove awoke,
 And, hurling in his wrath the Gods about,

Sought chiefly me, whom far below all ken
 He had from heaven cast down into the Deep, 305

But Night resistless vanquisher of all,
 Both Gods and men, preserved me, for to her

I fled for refuge So the Thunderer cool'd
 Though sore displeased, and spared me through a fear

To violate the peaceful sway of Night 310
 And thou wouldst now embroil me yet again !

To whom majestic Juno thus replied
 Ah, wherefore, Sleep ! should'st thou indulge a fear

¹ Hercules

So groundless ? Chase it from thy mind afar
 Think'st thou the Thunderer as intent to seize 315
 The Trojans, and as jealous in their cause
 As erst for Hercules, his genuine son ?
 Come then, and I will bless thee with a bride ,
 One of the younger graces shall be thine,
 Pasithea, day by day still thy desire 320
 She spake , Sleep heard delighted, and replied
 By the inviolable Stygian flood
 Swear to me , lay thy right hand on the glebe
 All-teeming, lay thy other on the face
 Of the flat sea, that all the Immortal Powers 325
 Who compass Saturn in the nether realms
 May witness, that thou givest me for a bride
 The younger Grace whom thou hast named, divine
 Pasithea, day by day still my desire
 He said, nor beauteous Juno not complied, 330
 But sware, by name invoking all the powers
 Titanian call'd who in the lowest gulf
 Dwell under Tartarus, omitting none
 Her oath with solemn ceremonial sworn,
 Together forth they went , Lemnos they left 335
 And Imbrus, city of Thrace, and in dark clouds
 Mantled, with gliding ease swam through the air
 To Ida's mount with rilling waters vein'd,
 Parent of savage beasts , at Lectos² first
 They quitted Ocean, overpassing high 340
 The dry land, while beneath their feet the woods
 Their spiry summits waved There, unperceived
 By Jove, Sleep mounted Ida's loftiest pine
 Of growth that pierced the sky, and hidden sat
 Secure by its expanded boughs, the bird 345
 Shrill-voiced resembling in the mountains seen,
 Chalcis in heaven, on earth Cymindis named
 But Juno swift to Gaigarus the top
 Of Ida, soar'd, and there Jove saw his spouse
 —Saw her—and in his breast the same love felt 350
 Rekindled vehemence, which had of old
 Join'd them, when, by their parents unperceived,
 They stole aside, and snatch'd their first embrace
2 One of the heads of Ida.

Soon he accosted her, and thus enquired

Juno ! what region seeking hast thou left
The Olympian summit, and hast here arrived
With neither steed nor chariot in thy train ?

To whom majestic Juno thus replied
Dissembling To the green earth's end I go,
To visit there the parent of the Gods

Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,

Mother of all They kindly from the hands
Of Rhea took, and with parental care
Sustain'd and cherish'd me, to them I haste
Their feuds innumerable to compose,
Who disunited by intestine strife

Long time, from conjugal embrace abstain

My steeds, that lightly over dank and dry

Shall bear me, at the rooted base I left

Of Ida river-vein'd But for thy sake

From the Olympian summit I arrive,

Lest journeying remote to the abode

Of Ocean, and with no consent of thine

Entreated fist, I should, perchance, offend

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.

Juno ! thy journey thither may be made

Hereafter Let us turn to dalliance now

For never Goddess pour'd, nor woman yet

So full a tide of love into my breast,

I never loved Ixion's consort thus

Who bore Phœbus, wise as we in heaven,

Nor sweet Acrisian Danaë, from whom

Sprang Perseus, noblest of the race of man,

Nor Phoenix' daughter fair^d, of whom were born

Minos unmatch'd but by the powers above,

And Rhadamanthus, nor yet Semele,

Nor yet Alcmena, who in Thebes produced

The valiant Hercules, and though my son

By Semele were Bacchus, joy of man

Nor Ceres golden-hair'd, nor high-enthroned

Latona in the skies, no—not thyself

As now I love thee, and my soul perceive

O'erwhelm'd with sweetness of intense desire

³ Europa

Then thus majestic Juno her reply
 Framed artful Oh unreasonable haste ! 395
 What speaks the Thunderer ? If on Ida's heights
 Where all is open and to view exposed
 Thou wilt that we embrace, what must betide,
 Should any of the everlasting Gods
 Observe us, and declare it to the rest ? 400
 Never could I, arising, seek again
 Thy mansion, so unseemly were the deed
 But if thy inclinations that way tend,
 Thou hast a chamber , it is Vulcan's work,
 Our son's , he framed and fitted to its posts 405
 The solid portal , thither let us hie,
 And there repose, since such thy pleasure seems
 To whom the cloud-assembler Deity
 Fear thou not, Juno, lest the eye of Man
 Or of a God distern us , at my word 410
 A golden cloud shall fold us so around,
 That not the Sun himself shall through that veil
 Discover aught, though keenest-eyed of all
 So spake the son of Saturn, and his spouse
 Fast lock'd within his arms Beneath them earth 415
 With sudden herbage teem'd , at once upspring
 The crocus soft, the lotus bathed in dew,
 And the crisp hyacinth with clustering bells ,
 Thick was their growth, and high above the ground
 Upbore them On that flowery couch they lay, 420
 Invested with a golden cloud that shed
 Bright dew-drops all around His heart at ease,
 There lay the Sire of all, by sleep and love
 Vanquish'd on lofty Gargarus, his spouse
 Constraining still with amorous embrace 425
 Then, gentle Sleep to the Achaian camp
 Sped swift away, with tidings for the ear
 Of earth-encircler Neptune chaiged , him soon
 He found, and in wing'd accents thus began
 Now Neptune, yield the Greeks effectual aid, 430
 And, while the moment lasts of Jove's repose,
 Make victory theirs , for him in slumbers soft
 I have involved, while Juno by deceit
 Prevailing, lured him with the bait of love.

He said, and swift departed to his task 435
 Among the nations, but his tidings urged
 Neptune with still more aidour to assist
 The Danaï, he leap'd into the van
 Afar, and thus exhorted them aloud
 Oh Argives! yield we yet again the day 440
 To Priameian Hector? Shall he seize
 Our ships and make the glory all his own?
 Such is his expectation, so he vaunts,
 For that Achilles leaves not yet his camp,
 Resentful, but of him small need, I judge, 445
 Should here be felt, could once the rest be roused
 To mutual aid Act, then, as I advise
 The best and broadest bucklers of the host,
 And brightest helmets put we on, and arm'd
 With longest spears, advance, myself will lead, 450
 And trust me, furious though he be, the son
 Of Priam flies Ye then who feel your hearts
 Undaunted, but are arm'd with smaller shields,
 Them give to those who fear, and in exchange
 Their stronger shields and broader take yourselves 455
 So he, whom, reluctant, all obey'd
 Then, wounded as they were, themselves the Kings,
 Tydides, Agamemnon and Ulysses
 Marshall'd the warriors, and from rank to rank
 Made just exchange of arms, giving the best 460
 To the best warriors, to the worse, the worst
 And now in brazen armour all array'd
 Refulgent, on they moved, by Neptune led
 With firm hand grasping his long-bladed sword
 Keen as Jove's bolt, with Him may none contend 465
 In dreadful fight, but fear chains every arm
 Opposite, Priameian Hector ranged
 His Trojans, then they stretch'd the bloody cord
 Of conflict tight, Neptune cœrulean-hair'd,
 And Hector, pride of Ilium, one, the Greeks 470
 Supporting firm, and one, the powers of Troy,
 A sea-flood dash'd the galleys, and the hosts
 Join'd clamorous Not so the billows roar
 The shores among, when Boreas' roughest blast
 Sweeps landward from the main the towering surge, 475

Not so, devouring fire among the trees
 That clothe the mountain, when the sheeted flames
 Ascending wrap the forest in a blaze,
 Nor howl the winds through leafy boughs of oaks
 Upgrown aloft, (though loudest there they rave,) 480
 With sounds so awful as were heard of Greeks
 And Trojans shouting when the clash began
 At Ajax, first, (for face to face they stood,)
 Illustrious Hector threw a spear well-aim'd,
 But smote him where the belts that bore his shield 485
 And faulchion cross'd each other on his breast
 The double guard preserved him unannoy'd
 Indignant that his spear had bootless flown,
 Yet fearing death at hand, the Trojan Chief
 Toward the phalanx of his friends retired 490
 But, as he went, huge Ajax with a stone
 Of those which propp'd the ships, (for numerous such
 Lay rolling at the feet of those who fought,)
 Assail'd him Twirling like a top it pass'd
 The shield of Hector, near the neck his breast 495
 Struck full, then plough'd circuitous the dust
 As when Jove's arm omnipotent an oak
 Prostrates uprooted on the plain, a fume
 Rises sulphureous from the riven trunk,
 And if, perchance, some traveller nigh at hand 500
 See it, he trembles at the bolt of Jove,
 So fell the might of Hector, to the earth
 Smitten at once Down dropp'd his idle spear,
 And with his helmet and his shield himself
 Also, loud thunder'd all his gorgeous arms 505
 Swift flew the Grecians shouting to the skies,
 And showering darts, to drag his body thence,
 But neither spear of theirs nor shaft could harm
 The fallen leader, with such instant aid
 His princely friends encircled him around, 510
 Sarpedon, Lycian Chief, Glaucus the brave,
 Polydamas, Æneas, and renown'd
 Agenor, neither tardy were the rest,
 But with round shields all shelter'd Hector fallen
 Him soon uplifted from the plain his friends 515
 Bore thence, till where his fiery coursers stood,

And splendid chariot in the rear, they came,
 Then Troy-ward drove him groaning as he went
 Ere long arriving at the pleasant stream
 Of eddied Xanthus, progeny of Jove, 520
 They lay'd him on the bank, and on his face
 Pour'd water ! he, reviving, upward gazed,
 And seated on his hams black blood disgorged
 Coagulate, but soon relapsing, fell
 Supine, his eyes with pitchy darkness veil'd, 525
 And all his powers still torpid by the blow

Then, seeing Hector borne away, the Greeks
 Rush'd fiercer on, all mindful of the fight,
 And far before the rest, Ajax the swift,
 The Oilean Chief, with pointed spear 530
 On Satnius springing, pierced him Him a nymph,
 A Naiad, bore to Enops, while his herd
 Feeding, on Satnio's grassy verge he stray'd
 But Oihades the spear-renown'd
 Approaching, pierced his flank, supine he fell, 535
 And fiery contest for the dead arose
 In vengeance of his fall, spear-shaking Chief
 The son of Panthus into fight advanced
 Polydamas, who Prothoenor pierced
 Offspring of Aielocus, and urged 540
 Through his right shoulder sheer the stormy lance
 He prostrate, clench'd the dust, and with loud voice
 Polydamas exulted at his fall

Yon spear, methinks, hail'd from the warlike hand
 Of Panthus' noble son, flew not in vain, 545
 But some Greek hath it, purposing, I judge,
 To lean on it in his descent to hell

So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard,
 But most indignant, Ajax offspring bold
 Of Telemon, to whom he nearest fell 550
 He, quick, at the retiring conqueror cast
 His radiant spear, Polydamas the stroke
 Shunn'd, starting sideward, but Antenor's son
 Archilochus the mortal dint received,
 Death-destined by the Gods, where neck and spine 555
 Unite, both tendons he dissever'd wide,
 And, ere his knees, his nostrils met the ground

Then Ajax in his turn vaunting aloud
 Against renown'd Polydamas, exclaim'd
 Speak now the truth, Polydamas, and weigh 360
 My question well His life whom I have slain
 Makes it not compensation for the loss
 Of Prothoenor's life? To me he seems
 Nor base himself, nor yet of base descent,
 But brother of Antenor steed-renown'd, 365
 Or else perchance his son, for in my eyes
 Antenor's lineage he resembles most
 So he, well knowing him, and sorrow seized
 Each Trojan heart Then Acamas around
 His brother stalking, wounded with his spear 370
 Boeotian Promachus, who by the feet
 Diagg'd off the slain Acamas in his fall
 Aloud exulted with a boundless joy
 Van-glorious Argives, archers inexpert!
 War's toil and trouble are not ours alone, 375
 But ye shall perish also, mark the man,—
 How sound he sleeps tamed by my conquering arm,
 Your fellow-warrior Promachus! the debt
 Of vengeance on my brother's dear behalf
 Demanded quick discharge, well may the wish 380
 Of every dying warrior be to leave
 A brother living to avenge his fall
 He ended, whom the Greeks indignant heard,
 But chiefly brave Peneleus, swift he rush'd
 On Acamas, but from before the force 385
 Of King Peneleus Acamas retired,
 And, in his stead, Ilioneus he pierced,
 Offspring of Phorbas, rich in flocks, and blest
 By Mercury with such abundant wealth
 As other Trojan none, nor child to him 390
 His spouse had borne, Ilioneus except.
 Him close beneath the brow to his eye-roots
 Piercing, he push'd the pupil from its seat,
 And through his eye and through his poll the spear
 Urged furious He down-sitting on the earth 395
 Both hands extended, but his glittering blade
 Forth-drawn, Peneleus through his middle neck
 Enforced it, head and helmet to the ground

He lopp'd together, with the lance infixt
Still in his eye , then like a poppy's head 600
The crimson trophy lifting, in the ears
He vaunted loud of Ilum's host, and cried

Go, Trojans ! be my messengers ! Inform
The parents of Ilioneus the brave
That they may mourn their son through all their house, 605
For so the wife of Alegenor's son
Bœotian Promachus must him bewail,

Nor shall she welcome his return with smiles
Of joy affectionate, when from the shores
Ot Troy the fleet shall bear us Grecians home 610

He said , fear whiten'd every Trojan cheek,
And every Trojan eye with earnest look
Enquired a refuge from impending fate

Say now, ye Muses, blest inhabitants
Of the Olympian realms ! what Grecian first 615
Fill'd his victorious hand with armour stript
From slaughter'd Trojans, after Ocean's God
Had, interposing, changed the battle's course ?

First, Telamonian Ajax Hyrtius slew,
Undaunted leader of the Mysian band 620
Phalces and Mermerus their arms resign'd
To young Antilochus , Hyppotion fell

And Morys by Meriones , the shafts
Right-am'd of Teucer to the shades dismiss'd
Prothous and Periphetes, and the prince 625
Of Sparta, Menelaus, in his flank

Pierced Hyperenor , on his entrails prey'd
The hungry steel, and, through the gaping wound
Expell'd, his spirit flew , night veil'd his eyes
But Ajax Oiliades the swift 630

Slew most , him none could equal in pursuit
Of tremblers scatter'd by the frown of Jove.

BOOK XV

ARGUMENT

Jove, awaking and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector Apollo armed with the Ægis, puts to flight the Grecians, they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing fire to burn it

BUT when the flying Trojans had o'erpass'd
 Both stakes and trench, and numerous slaughter'd lay
 By Grecian hands, the remnant halted all
 Beside their chariots, pale, discomfited
 Then was it that on Ida's summit Jove 5
 At Juno's side awoke, starting, he stood
 At once erect, Trojans and Greeks he saw,
 These broken, those pursuing and led on
 By Neptune, he beheld also remote
 Encircled by his friends, and on the plain 10
 Extended, Hector, there he panting lay,
 Senseless, ejecting blood, bruised by a blow
 From not the feeblest of the sons of Greece
 Touch'd with compassion at that sight, the Sire
 Of Gods and men, frowning terrific, fix'd 15
 His eyes on Juno, and her thus bespake
 No place for doubt remains Oh, versed in wiles,
 Juno! thy mischief-teeming mind perverse
 Hath plotted this, thou hast contrived the hunt
 Of Hector, and hast driven his host to flight 20
 I know not but thyself may'st chance to reap
 The first-fruits of thy cunning, scourged¹ by me

¹ The Translator seizes the opportunity afforded to him by this remarkable passage to assure his readers, who are not readers of the original, that the discipline which Juno is here said to have suffered from the hands of Jove, is not of his own invention He found it in the

Hast thou forgotten how I once aloft
 Suspended thee, with anvils at thy feet,
 And both thy wrists bound with a golden cord 25
 Indissoluble? In the clouds of heaven
 I hung thee, while from the Olympian heights
 The Gods look'd mournful on, but of them all
 None could deliver thee, for whom I seized,
 Hurl'd through the gates of heaven on earth he fell, 30
 Half-breathless Neither so did I resign
 My hot resentment of the Hero's wrongs
 Immortal Hercules, whom thou by storms
 Call'd from the North, with mischievous intent
 Hadst driven far distant o'er the barren Deep 35
 To populous Cos Thence I deliver'd him,
 And after numerous woes severe, he reach'd
 The shores of fruitful Argos, saved by me
 I thus remind thee now, that thou may'st cease
 Henceforth from artifice, and may'st be taught 40
 How little all the dalliance and the love
 Which, stealing down from heaven, thou hast by fraud
 Obtain'd from me, shall profit thee at last
 He ended, whom imperial Juno heard
 Shuddering, and in wing'd accents thus replied 45
 Be witness Earth, the boundless Heaven above,
 And Styx beneath, whose stream the blessed Gods
 Even tremble to adjure, be witness too
 Thy sacred life, and our connubial bed,
 Which by a false oath I will never wrong, 50
 That by no art induced or plot of mine
 Neptune, the shaker of the shores, inflicts
 These harms on Hector and the Trojan host
 Aiding the Grecians, but impell'd alone
 By his own heart with pity moved at sight 55
 Of the Achaians at the ships subdued

original, and considering fidelity as his indispensable duty, has not attempted to soften or to refine away the matter He begs that this observation may be adverted to as often as any passage shall occur, in which ancient practices or customs, not consonant to our own either in point of delicacy or humanity, may be either expressed or alluded to

He makes this request the rather, because on these occasions Mr Pope has observed a different conduct, suppressing all such images as he had reason to suppose might be offensive.

But even Him, oh sovereign of the stoims '
 I am prepared to admonish that he quit
 'The battle, and retire where thou command'st
 So she, then smiled the Sire of Gods and men, 60
 And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd
 Juno! wouldst thou on thy celestial throne
 Assist my counsels, howsoe'er in heart
 He differ now, Neptune should soon his will
 Submissive bend to thy desires and mine 65
 But if sincerity be in thy words
 And truth, repairing to the blest abodes
 Send Iris hither, with the archer God
 Apollo, that she, visiting the host
 Of Greece, may bid the Sovereign of the Deep 70
 Renounce the fight, and seek his proper home
 Apollo's part shall be to rouse again
 Hector to battle, to inspire his soul
 Afresh with courage, and all memory thence
 To banish of the pangs which now he feels 75
 Apollo also shall again repulse
 Achaia's host, which with base panic fill'd,
 Shall even to Achilles' ships be driven
 Achilles shall his valiant friend exhort
 Patroclus forth, him under Ilium's walls 80
 Shall glorious Hector slay, but many a youth
 Shall perish by Patroclus first, with whom,
 My noble son Sarpedon Peleus' son,
 Resentful of Patroclus' death, shall slay
 Hector, and I will urge ceaseless myself, 85
 Thenceforth the routed Trojans back again,
 Till by Minerva's aid the Greeks shall take
 Ilium's proud city, till that day arrive
 My wrath shall burn, nor will I one permit
 Of all the Immortals to assist the Greeks, 90
 But will perform Achilles' whole desire
 Such was my promise to him at the first,
 Ratified by a nod that self-same day
 When Thetis clasp'd my knees, begging revenge
 And glory for her city-spoiler son 95
 He ended, nor his spouse white-arm'd refused
 Obedience, but from the Idæan heights

Departing, to the Olympian summit soar'd
 Swift as the traveller's thought, who, many a land
 Traversed, deliberates on his future course 100
 Uncertain, and his mind sends every way,
 So swift upstart Juno to the skies
 Arrived on the Olympian heights, she found
 The Gods assembled, they, at once, their seats
 At her approach forsaking, with full cups 105
 Her coming hail'd, heedless of all beside,
 She took the cup from blooming Themis' hand,
 For she first flew to welcome her, and thus
 In accents wing'd of her return enquired
 Say, Juno, why this sudden re-ascent? 110
 Thou seem'st dismay'd, hath Saturn's son, thy spouse,
 Driven thee affrighted to the skies again?
 To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replied
 Themis divine, ask not Full well thou know'st
 How harshly temper'd is the mind of Jove, 115
 And how untractable Resume thy seat,
 The banquet calls thee, at our board preside
 Thou shalt be told, and all in heaven shall hear
 What ills he threatens, such as shall not leave
 All minds at ease, I judge, here or on earth, 120
 However tranquil some and joyous now.
 So spake the awful spouse of Jove, and sat.
 Then, all alike, the Gods displeasure felt
 Throughout the courts of Jove, but she, her lips
 Gracing with smiles from which her sable brows 125
 Dissented, thus, indignant them address'd
 Alas! how vain against the Thunderer's will
 Our anger, and the hope to supersede
 His purpose, by persuasion or by force!
 He solitary sits, all unconcern'd 130
 At our resentment, and himself proclaims
 Mightiest and most to be revered in heaven.
 Be patient, therefore, and let each endure
 Such ills as Jove may send him Mars, I ween,
 Already hath his share, the warrior God 135
 Hath lost Ascalaphus, of all mankind
 His most beloved, and whom he calls his own
 She spake, and with expanded palms his thighs

Smiting, thus, sorrowful, the God exclaim'd
 Inhabitants of the Olympian heights ' 140
 Oh bear with me, if to avenge my son
 I seek Achaia's fleet, although my doom
 Be thunder-bolts from Jove, and with the dead
 Outstretch'd to lie in carnage and in dust
 He spake, and bidding Horior and Dismay 145
 Lead to the yoke his rapid steeds, put on
 His all-refulgent armour Then had wrath
 More dreadful, some strange vengeance on the Gods
 From Jove befallen, had not Minerva, touch'd
 With timely fears for all, upstarting sprung 150
 From where she sat, right through the vestibule
 She snatch'd the helmet from his brows, the shield
 From his broad shoulder, and the brazen spear
 Forced from his grasp into its place restored
 Then reprimanding Mars, she thus began 155
 Fiantic, delirious! thou art lost for ever!
 Is it in vain that thou hast ears to hear,
 And hast thou neither shame nor reason left?
 How? hear'st thou not the Goddess? the report
 Of white-arm'd Juno from Olympian Jove 160
 Return'd this moment? or prefer'st thou rather,
 Plagued with a thousand woes, and under force
 Of sad necessity to seek again
 Olympus, and at thy return to prove
 Author of countless miseries to us all? 165
 For He at once Grecians and Trojans both
 Abandoning, will hither haste prepared
 To tempest² us in heaven, whom he will seize,
 The guilty and the guiltless, all alike.
 I bid thee, therefore, patient bear the death 170
 Of thy Ascalaphus, braver than he
 And abler have, ere now, in battle fallen,
 And shall hereafter, arduous were the task
 To rescue from the stroke of fate, the race

² To tempest—*κυδοιμήσω*—Milton uses *tempest* as a verb Speaking of the fishes, he says

part, huge of bulk
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean.

Of mortal men, with all their progeny	175
So saying, Minerva on his throne replaced	
The fiery Mars Then, summoning abroad	
Apollo from within the hall of Jove,	
With Iris, swift embassadress of heaven,	
Them in wing'd accents Juno thus bespake	180
Jove bids you hence with undelaying speed	
To Ida, in his presence once arrived,	
See that ye execute his whole command	
So saying, the awful Goddess to her throne	
Return'd and sat They, cleaving swift the air,	185
Alighted soon on Ida fountain-fed,	
Paient of savage kinds High on the point	
Seated of Gargæus, and wrapt around	
With fragrant clouds, they found Saturnian Jove	
The Thunderer, and in his presence stood	190
He, nought displeased that they his high command	
Had with such readiness obey'd, his speech	
To Iris, first, in accents wing'd address'd	
Swift Iris, haste—to royal Neptune bear	
My charge entire, falsify not the word	195
Bid him, relinquishing the fight, withdraw	
Either to heaven, or to the boundless Deep	
But should he disobedient prove, and scorn	
My message, let him, next, consider well	
How he will bear, powerful as he is,	200
My coming Me I boast superior far	
In force, and elder-born, yet deems he slight	
The danger of comparison with me,	
Who am the terror of all heaven beside	
He spake, nor storm-wing'd Iris disobey'd,	205
But down from the Idæan summit stoop'd	
To sacred Ilium As when snow or hail	
Flies drifted by the cloud-dispelling North,	
So swiftly, wing'd with readiness of will,	
She shot the gulf between, and standing soon	210
At glorious Neptune's side, him thus address'd	
To thee, O Neptune azure-hair'd I come	
With tidings charged from Ægis-bearing Jove	
He bids thee cease from battle, and retire	
Either to heaven, or to the boundless Deep	215

But shouldst thou, disobedient, set at nought
 His words, he threatens that himself will ha te
 To fight against thee , but he bids thee shun
 That strife with one superior far to thee,
 And elder-born , yet deem'st thou slight, he saith, 220
 The danger of comparison with Him,
 Although the terror of all heaven beside

Her then the mighty shaker of the shores
 Answer'd indignant Great as is his power,
 Yet he hath spoken proudly, threatening me 225
 With force, high-born and glorious as himself
 We are three brothers , Saturn is our sire,
 And Rhea brought us forth , first, Jove she bore ,
 Me next , then, Pluto, sovereign of the shades
 By distribution tripart we received 230

Each his peculiar honours , me the lots
 Made Ruler of the hoary floods, and there
 I dwell for ever. Pluto, for his part,

The regions took of darkness , and the heavens,
 The clouds, and boundless æther, fell to Jove 235

The Earth and the Olympian heights alike
 Are common to the three My life and being
 I hold not, therefore, at his will, whose best
 And safest course, with all his boasted power,
 Were to possess in peace his proper Third 240

Let him not seek to terrify with force
 Me like a dastard , let him rather chide
 His own-begotten , with big-sounding words
 His sons and daughters govern, who perforce
 Obey his voice, and shrink at his commands 245

To whom thus Iris tempest-wing'd replied
 Cœrulean-tress'd Sovereign of the Deep¹
 Shall I report to Jove, harsh as it is,
 Thy speech, or wilt thou soften it ? The wise
 Are flexible, and on the Elder-born 250
 Erynnis, with her vengeful sisters, waits

Her answer'd then the Shaker of the shores.
 Prudent is thy advice, Iris divine !
 Discretion in a messenger is good
 At all times But the cause that fires me thus, 255
 And with resentment my whole heart and mind

Possesses, is the license that he claims
 To vex with provocation rude of speech
 Me his compeer, and by decree of Fate
 Illustrious as himself, yet, though incensed, 260
 And with just cause, I will not now persist
 But hear—for it is treasured in my heart
 The threat that my lips utter If he still
 Resolve to spare proud Ilium in despite
 Of me, of Pallas, Goddess of the spoils, 265
 Of Juno, Mercury, and the King of fire,
 And will not overturn her lofty towers,
 Nor grant immortal glory to the Greeks,
 Then tell him thus—Hostility shall burn,
 And wrath between us never to be quenched 270

So saying, the Shaker of the shores forsook
 The Grecian host, and plunged into the Deep,
 Miss'd by Achaia's heroes Then, the cloud-
 Assembler God thus to Apollo spake

Hence, my Apollo! to the Trojan Chief 275
 Hector, for earth-encircler Neptune, awed
 By fear of my displeasure imminent,
 Hath sought the sacred Deep Else, all the Gods
 Who compass Saturn in the nether realms,
 Had even there our contest heard, I ween, 280
 And heard it loudly But that he retreats
 Although at first incensed, shunning my wrath,
 Is salutary both for him and me,

Whose difference else had not been heal'd with ease
 Take thou my shaggy Ægis, and with force 285
 Smiting it, terrify the Chiefs of Greece
 As for illustrious Hector, him I give
 To thy peculiar care, fail not to rouse
 His fiercest courage, till he push the Greeks
 To Hellespont, and to their ships again, 290
 Thenceforth to yield to their afflicted host
 Some pause from toil, shall be my own concern

He ended, nor Apollo disobey'd
 His father's voice, from the Idaean heights, 295
 Swift as the swiftest of the fowls of air,
 The dove-destroyer falcon, down he flew
 The noble Hector, valiant Priam's son

He found, not now extended on the plain,
 But seated, newly, as from death, awaked,
 And conscious of his friends, freely he breathed 300
 Nor sweated more, by Jove himself revived
 Apollo stood beside him, and began

Say, Hector, Priam's son! why sittest here
 Feeble and spiritless, and from thy host
 Apart? what new disaster hath befall'n? 310

To whom with difficulty thus replied
 The warlike Chief — But tell me who art Thou,
 Divine enquirer! best of powers above!
 Know'st not that dauntless Ajax me his friends
 Slaughtering at yonder ships, hath with a stone 310
 Surceased from fight, smiting me on the breast?
 I thought to have beheld, this day, the dead
 In Ades, every breath so seem'd my last

Then answer thus the Aichei God return'd
 Courage this moment! such an helper Jove 315
 From Ida sends thee at thy side to war
 Continual, Phœbus of the golden sword,
 Whose guardian aid both thee and lofty Troy
 Hath succour'd many a time Therefore arise!
 Instant bid drive thy numerous charioteers 320
 Their rapid steeds full on the Grecian fleet,
 I, marching at their head, will smooth, myself,
 The way before them, and will turn again
 To flight the Heroes of the host of Greece

He said, and with new strength the Chief inspired
 As some stall'd horse high-pamper'd, snapping short
 His cord, beats under foot the sounding soil,
 Accustom'd in smooth-sliding streams to lave
 Exulting, high he bears his head, his mane
 Wantons around his shoulders, pleased, he eyes 325
 His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees
 Soon finds the haunts where all his fellows graze,
 So bounded Hector, and his agile joints
 Pled lightly, quicken'd by the voice divine,
 And gather'd fast his charioteers to battle. 330
 But as when hounds and hunters through the woods
 Rush in pursuit of stag or of wild goat,
 He, in some cave with tangled boughs o'erhung

Lies safe conceal'd, no destined prey of theirs,
 Till by their clamours roused, a lion grim 340
 Starts forth to meet them, then, the boldest fly,
 Such hot pursuit the Danaï, with swords
 And spears of double edge long time maintain'd,
 But seeing Hector in his ranks again
 Occupied, felt at once their courage fall'n 345

Then, Thoas then, Andromon's son, address'd,
 Foremost of the Ætolians, at the spear
 Skilful, in stationary combat bold,
 And when the sons of Greece held in dispute
 The prize of eloquence, excelled by few 350
 Prudent advising them, he thus began

Ye Gods! what prodigy do I behold?
 Hath Hector, 'scaping death, risen again?
 For him, with confident persuasion all
 Believed by Telamonian Ajax slain 355
 But some Divinity hath interposed
 To rescue and save Hector, who the joints
 Hath stiffen'd of full many a valiant Greek,
 As surely now he shall, for not without
 The Thunderer's aid, he flames in front again 360
 But take ye all my counsel Send we back
 The multitude into the fleet, and first
 Let us, who boast ourselves bravest in fight,
 Stand, that encountering him with lifted spears,
 We may attempt to give his rage a check 365
 To thrust himself into a band like ours
 Will, doubtless, even in Hector move a fear

He ceased, with whose advice all, glad, complied
 Then Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete
 Teucer, Meriones, and Meges fierce 370
 As Mars in battle, summoning aloud
 The noblest Greeks, in opposition firm
 To Hector and his host then bands prepared,
 While others all into the fleet retired
 Troy's crowded host³ struck first With awful strides 375
 Came Hector foremost, him Apollo led,

³ Τρῶες δὲ πρῶτον ἄνδρες The translation is literal, and affords one of many instances in which the Greek and English idiom correspond exactly

His shoulders wrapt in clouds, and, on his arm,
 The Ægis shagg'd terrific all around,
 Tempestuous, dazzling-bright, it was a gift
 To Jove from Vulcan, and design'd to appal, 380
 And drive to flight the armies of the earth
 Arm'd with that shield Apollo led them on
 Firm stood the embodied Greeks, from either host
 Shull cries arose, the arrows from the nerve
 Leap'd, and, by vigorous arms dismiss'd, the spears 385
 Flew frequent, in the flesh some stood infixt
 Of warlike youths, but many, ere they reach'd
 The mark they coveted, unsated fell
 Between the hosts, and rested in the soul.
 Long as the God unagitated held 390
 The dreadful disk, so long the vollied darts
 Made mutual slaughter, and the people fell,
 But when he look'd the Grecian charioteers
 Full in the face and shook it, raising high
 Himself the shout of battle, then he quell'd 395
 Their spirits, then he struck from every mind
 At once all memory of their might in arms.
 As when two lions in the still dark night
 An herd of beeves scatter or numerous flock
 Suddenly, in the absence of the guard, 400
 So fled the heartless Greeks, for Phœbus sent
 Terrors among them, but renown conferr'd
 And triumph proud on Hector and his host
 Then, in that foul disorder of the field,
 Man singled man Aïcesilaus died 405
 By Hector's arm, and Stichus, one, a Chief⁴
 Of the Boeotians brazen-mail'd, and one,
 Menestheus' faithful follower to the fight.
 Æneas Medon and Iasus slew
 Medon was spurious offspring of divine 410
 Oileus Ajax' father, and abode
 In Phylace, for he had slain a Chief
 Brother of Eriopis the espoused
 Of brave Oileus, but Iasus led
 A phalanx of Athenians, and the son 415
 Of Sphehus, son of Bucolus was deem'd.

⁴ Arcesilaus

Pierced by Polydamas Mecisteus fell
 Polites, in the van of battle, slew
 Echion, and Agenor Clonius ,
 But Paris, while Deiochus to flight 420
 Turn'd with the routed van, pierced him beneath
 His shoulder-blade, and urged the weapon through

While them the Trojans spoil'd, meantime the Greeks,
 Entangled in the piles of the deep foss,
 Fled every way, and through necessity 425
 Repass'd the wall Then Hector with a voice
 Of loud command bade every Trojan cease
 From spoil, and rush impetuous on the fleet
⁵And whom I find far lingering from the ships
 Wherever, there he dies , no funeral fires 430
 Brother on him, or sister, shall bestow,
 But dogs shall rend him in the sight of Troy

So saying, he lash'd the shoulders of his steeds,
 And through the ranks vociferating, call'd
 His Trojans on , they, clamorous as he, 435
 All lash'd their steeds, and menacing, advanced
 Before them with his feet Apollo push'd
 The banks into the foss, bridging the gulf
 With pass commodious, both in length and breadth
 A lance's flight, for proof of vigour hurl'd 440
 There, phalanx after phalanx, they their host
 Pour'd dense along, while Phœbus in the van
 Display'd the awful ægis, and the wall
 Levell'd with ease divine As, on the shore
 Some wanton boy with sand builds plaything walls, 445
 Then, sportive, spreads them with his feet abroad,
 So thou, shaft-arm'd Apollo ! that huge work
 Labourous of the Greeks didst turn with ease
 To ruin, and themselves dirovest all to flight
 They, thus enforced into the fleet, again 450
 Stood fast, with mutual exhortation each
 His friend encouraging, and all the Gods
 With lifted hands soliciting aloud
 But, more than all, Gerenian Nestor pray'd
 Fervent, Achaia's guardian, and with arms 455

⁵ This abruptness of transition from the third person to the first, follows the original

Outstretch'd toward the starr'y skies, exclaim'd
 Jove, Father ! it in corn-clad Argos, ont,
 One Greek hath ever, burning at thy shine
 Fat thighs of sheep or oxen, ask'd from thee
 A safe return, whom thou hast gracious heard, 160
 Olympian King ! and promised what he sought,
 Now, in remembrance of it, give us help
 In this disastrous day, nor thus permit
 Then Trojan foes to tread the Grecians down !
 So Nestor pray'd, and Jove thunder'd aloud 165
 Responsive to the old Neleian's prayer
 But when that voice of ægis-bearing Jove
 The Trojans heard, more furious on the Greeks
 They sprang, all mindful of the fight As when
 A turgid billow of some spacious sea, 170
 While the wind blows that heaves its highest, borne
 Sheer o'er the vessel's side, rolls into her,
 With such loud roar the Trojans pass'd the wall
 In rush'd the steeds, and at the ships they waged
 Fierce battle hand to hand, from chariots, these, 175
 With spears of double edge, those, from the docks
 Of many a sable bark, with naval poles
 Long, ponderous, shod with steel, for every ship
 Had such, for conflict maritime prepared
 While yet the battle raged only without 180
 The wall, and from the ships apart, so long
 Patroclus quiet in the tent and calm
 Sat of Eui'pylus, his generous friend
 Consoling with sweet converse, and his wound
 Sprinkling with drugs assuasive of his pains 185
 But soon as through the broken rampart borne
 He saw the Trojans, and the clamour heard
 And tumult of the flying Greeks, a voice
 Of loud lament uttering, with open palms
 His thighs he smote, and, sorrowful, exclaim'd 190
 Eui'pylus ! although thy need be great,
 No longer may I now sit at thy side,
 Such contest hath arisen, thy servant's voice
 Must soothe thee now, for I will to the tent
 Haste of Achilles, and exhort him forth, 195
 Who knows ? if such the pleasure of the Gods,

I may prevail , friends rarely plead in vain
 So saying, he went Meantime the Greeks endured
 The Trojan onset, firm, yet from the ships
 Repulsed them not, though fewer than themselves, 69
 Nor could the host of Troy, breaking the ranks
 Of Greece, mix either with the camp or fleet,
 But as the line divides the plank afloat,
 Stretch'd by some naval architect, whose hand
 Minerva hath accomplish'd in his art, 705
 So stretched on them the cord of battle lay
 Others at other ships the conflict waged,
 But Hector to the ship advanced direct
 Of glorious Ajax , for one ship they strove,
 Nor Hector, him dislodging thence, could fire 710
 The fleet, nor Ajax from the fleet repulse
 Hector, conducted thither by the Gods
 Then, noble Ajax with a spear the breast
 Pierced of Caletor, son of Clytius, aim'd
 With fire to burn his bark , sounding he fell, 715
 And from his loosened grasp down dropp'd the brand
 But Hector seeing his own kinsman fallen
 Beneath the sable bark, with mighty voice
 Call'd on the hosts of Lycia and of Troy
 Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons 720
 Of Dardanus, within this narrow pass
 Stand firm, retreat not, but redeem the son
 Of Clytius, lest the Grecians of his arms
 Despoil him slain in battle at the ships
 So saying, at Ajax his bright spear he cast 725
 Him pierced he not, but Lycophron the son
 Of Mastor, a Cytherean, who had left
 Cytheræ, fugitive for blood, and dwelt
 With Ajax Him standing at Ajax' side,
 He pierced above his ear, down from the stern 730
 Supine he fell, and in the dust expired
 Then, shuddering, Ajax to his brother spake
 Alas, my Teucer ! we have lost our friend ,
 Mastorides is slain, whom we received
 An inmate from Cytheræ, and with love 735
 And reverence even filial, entertain'd ,
 By Hector pierced, he dies. Where are thy shafts

Death-wing'd, and bow, by gift from Phœbus thine ?

He said, whom Teucer hearing, instant ran
With bow and well-stored quiver to his side, 540
Whence soon his arrows sought the Trojan host.

He struck Pisenor's son Clytus, the friend
And charioteer of brave Polydamas,
Offspring of Panthus, toiling with both hands
To rule his fiery steeds, for more to please 545

The Trojans and their Chief, where stormy most
He saw the battle, thither he had driven
But sudden mischief, valiant as he was,
Found him, and such as none could waft aside,
For right into his neck the arrow plunged, 550

And down he fell, his startled coursers shook
Their trappings, and the empty chariot rang
That sound alarm'd Polydamas, he turn'd,
And flying to their heads, consign'd them o'er
To Protiaon's son, Astynous, 555

Whom he enjoin'd to keep them in his view,
Then, turning, mingled with the van again
But Teucer still another shaft produced
Design'd for valiant Hector, whose exploits
(Had that shaft reach'd him) at the ships of Greece 560

Had ceased for ever But the eye of Jove,
Guardian of Hector's life, slept not, he took
From Telamonian Teucer that renown,
And while he stood straining the twisted nerve
Against the Trojan, snapp'd it Devious flew 565
The steel-charg'd⁶ arrow, and he dropp'd his bow
Then, shuddering, to his brother thus he spake.

Ah ! it is evident Some Power divine
Makes fruitless all our efforts, who hath struck
My bow out of my hand, and snapt the cord 570
With which I strung it new at dawn of day,
That it might bear the bound of many a shaft

To whom the towering son of Telamon
Leave then thy bow, and let thine arrows rest,
Which envious of the Greeks, some God confounds 575

⁶ The Translator hopes that his learned readers will pardon him, if sometimes, to avoid an irksome cacophony, he turns brass into steel
In fact, the arrow had not a point of steel, but a brazen one.

That thou may'st fight with spear and buckler arm'd,
And animate the rest Such be our deeds
That, should they conquer us, our foes may find
Our ships, at least a prize not lightly won

So Ajax spake, then Teucer, in his tent 580
The bow replacing, slung his fourfold shield,
Settled on his illustrious brows his casque
With hair high-crested, waving, as he moved,
Terrible from above, took forth a spear
Tough-grain'd, acuminated shap'd with brass, 585
And stood incontinent, at Ajax' side

Hector perceived the change, and of the cause
Conscious, with echoing voice call'd to his host

Trojans and Lycians and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, oh now, my friends, be men, 590
Now, wheresoever through the fleet dispaisd,
Call into mind the fury of your might !

For I have seen, myself, Jove rendering vain
The arrows of their mightiest Man may know
With ease the hand of interposing Jove,

Both whom to glory he ordains, and whom
He weakens and aids not, so now he leaves
The Grecians, but propitious smiles on us
Therefore stand fast, and whosoever gall'd
By arrow or by spear, dies—Let him die,
It shall not shame him that he died to serve
His country, but his children, wife and home,
With all his heritage, shall be secure,
Drive but the Grecians from the shores of Troy

So saying, he animated each Meantime, 605
Ajax his fellow-warriors thus address'd

Shame on you all! Now, Grecians, either die,
Or save at once your galley and yourselves
Hope ye, that should your ships become the prize
Of warlike Hector, ye shall yet return

On foot? Or hear ye not the Chief aloud
Summoning all his host, and publishing
His own heart's wish to burn your fleet with fire?
Not to a dance, believe me, but to fight
He calls them, therefore wiser course for us
Is none, than that we mingle hands with hands

In contest obstinate, and force with force
 Better at once to perish, or at once
 To rescue life, than to consume the time
 Hour after hour in lugeing conflict vain 620
 Here at the ships, with an inferior foe
 He said, and by his words into all hearts
 Fresh confidence infused Then Hector smote
 Schedrus, a Chief of the Phocensian powers
 And son of Perimedes, Ajax slew, 625
 Meantime, a Chief of Trojan infantry,
 Laodamas, Antenor's noble son,
 While by Polydamas, a leader bold
 Of the Epeans, and Phylides⁷ friend,
 Cyllenian Otus died Meges that sight 630
 Viewing indignant on the conqueror spring,
 But, starting wide, Polydamas escaped,
 Saved by Apollo, and his spear transpierced
 The breast of Cræsmus, on his sounding shield
 Prostrate he fell, and Meges stupp'd his aims. 635
 Him so employ'd Dolops assal'd, brave son
 Of Lampus, best of men and bold in fight,
 Offspring of King Laomedon, he stood
 Full near, and through his middle buckler struck
 The son of Phyleus, but his corslet thick 640
 With plates of scaly brass his life secured
 That corslet Phyleus on a time brought home
 From Ephyre, where the Selleis winds,
 And it was given him for his life's defence
 In furious battle by the King of men, 645
 Euphetes Many a time had it preserved
 Unharm'd the sire, and now it saved the son
 Then Meges, rising with his pointed lance
 The bushy crest of Dolops' helmet drove
 Sheer from its base, new tinged with purple bight 650
 Entire it fell and mingled with the dust
 While thus they strove, each hoping victory,
 Came martial Menelaus to the aid
 Of Meges, spear in hand apart he stood
 By Dolops unperceived, through his back drove 655
 And through his breast the spear, and far beyond,

⁷ Meges.

And down fell Dolops, forehead to the ground
 At once both flew to stave his radiant arms
 Then, Hector summoning his kindred, call'd
 Each to his aid, and Melanippus first, 660
 Illustrious Hicetaon's son, reproved
 Ere yet the enemies of Troy arriv'd
 He in Peicote fed his wandering beeves,
 But when the Danaï with all their fleet
 Came thither, then returning, he outshone 665
 The noblest Trojans, and at Priam's side
 Dwelling, was honour'd by him as a son
 Him Hector reprimanding, stern began
 Are we thus slack? Can Melanippus view
 Unmoved a kinsman slain? Seest not the Greeks 670
 How busy there with Dolops and his arms?
 Come on! It is no time for distant war,
 But either our Achaian foes must bleed,
 Or Ilium taken, from her topmost height
 Must stoop, and all her citizens be slain 675
 So saying he went, whose steps the godlike Chief
 Attended, and the Telamonian, next,
 Hugs Ajax, animated thus the Greeks.
 Oh friends, be men! Deep treasure in your hearts
 An honest shame, and, fighting bravely, fear 680
 Each to incur the censure of the rest
 Of men so minded more survive than die,
 While dastards forfeit life and glory both
 So moved he them, themselves already bent
 To chase the Trojans, yet his word they bore 685
 Faithful in mind, and with a wall of brass
 Fenced firm the fleet, while Jove impell'd the foe
 Then Menelaus, brave in fight, approach'd
 Antilochus, and thus his courage roused
 Antilochus! in all the host is none 690
 Younger, or swifter, or of stronger limb
 Than thou! Make trial, therefore, of thy might,
 Spring forth and prove it on some Chief of Troy
 He ended and retired, but him his praise
 Effectual animated, from the van 695
 Starting, he cast a wistful eye around
 And hurl'd his glittering spear, back fell the ranks

Of Troy appall'd, nor vain his weapon flew,
 But Melanippus pierced heroic son
 Of Hicetaon, coming forth to fight, 760
 Full in the bosom, and with dreadful sound
 Of all his batter'd armour down he fell
 Swift flew Antilochus as flies the hound
 Some fawn to seize, which issuing from her lair
 The hunter with his lance hath stricken dead, 765
 So thee, O Melanippus! to despoil
 Of thy bright arms valiant Antilochus
 Spang forth, but not unnoticed by the eye
 Of noble Hector, who through all the war
 Ran to encounter him, his dread approach 770
 Antilochus, although expert in arms,
 Stood not, but as some prowler of the wilds,
 Conscious of injury that he hath done,
 Slaying the watchful herdsman or his dog,
 Escapes, ere yet the peasantry arise, 775
 So fled the son of Nestor, after whom
 The Trojans clamouring and Hector pour'd
 Darts numberless, but at the front arrived
 Of his own phalanx, there he turn'd and stood
 Then, eager as voracious lions, rush'd 780
 The Trojans on the fleet of Greece, the mind
 Of Jove accomplishing who them impell'd
 Continual, calling all their courage forth,
 While, every Grecian heart he tamed, and took
 Their glory from them, strengthening Ilium's host 785
 For Jove's unalter'd purpose was to give
 Success to Priameian Hector's arms,
 That he might cast into the fleet of Greece
 Devouring flames, and that no part might fail
 Of Thetis' ruthless prayer, that sight alone 790
 He watch'd to see, one galley in a blaze,
 Ordaining foul repulse, thenceforth, and flight
 To Ilium's host, but glory to the Greeks
 Such was the cause for which, at first, he moved
 To that assault Hector, himself prepared 795
 And ardent for the task, nor less he raged
 Than Mars while fighting, or than flames that seize
 Some forest on the mountain-tops, the foam

Hung at his lips, beneath his awful front
 His keen eyes glisten'd, and his helmet mark'd 740
 The agitation wild with which he fought
 For Jove omnipotent, himself, from heaven
 Assisted Hector, and, although alone
 With multitudes he strove, gave him to reach
 The heights of glory, for that now his life 745
 Waned fast, and, urged by Pallas on, his hour
 To die by Peleus' mighty son approach'd
 He then, wherever richest arms he saw
 And thickest throng, the warrior-ranks essay'd
 To break, but broke them not, though fierce resolved, 750
 In even square compact so firm they stood
 As some vast rock beside the hoary Deep
 The stress endures of many a hollow wind,
 And the huge billows tumbling at his base,
 So stood the Danaï, nor fled nor fear'd 755
 But He, all-fiery bright in arms, the host
 Assail'd on every side, and on the van
 Fell, as a wave by wintry blasts upheaved
 Falls ponderous on the ship, white clings the foam
 Around her, in her sail shuall howls the storm, 760
 And every seaman trembles at the view
 Of thousand deaths from which he scarce escapes,
 Such anguish rent the bosom of the Greeks
 'But He, as leaps a famish'd lion fell
 On beeves that graze some marshy meadow's breadth 765
 A countless herd, tended by one unskill'd
 To cope with savage beasts in their defence,
 Beside the foremost kine or with the last
 He paces heedless, but the lion, borne
 Impetuous on the midmost, one devout 770
 And scatters all the rest, 'so fled the Greeks,
 Terrified from above, before the arm
 Of Hector, and before the frown of Jove.
 All fled, but of them all alone he slew
 The Mycænæan Periphètes, son 775
 Of Copreus custom'd messenger of King

* This termination of the period, so little consonant to the beginning
 of it, follows the original, where it is esteemed by commentators a great
 beauty

Eurystheus to the might of Hercules
 From such a sire inglorious had arisen
 A son far worthier, with all virtue graced,
 Swift-footed, valiant, and by none excell'd 780
 In wisdom of the Mæcenæan name,
 Yet all but served to ennoble Hector more
 For Periphetes, with a backward step
 Retiring, on his buckler's border tied,
 Which swept his heels, so check'd, he fell supreme, 785
 And dreadful rang the helmet on his brows
 Him Hector quick noticing, to his side
 Hasted, and, planting in his breast a spear,
 Slew him before the phalanx of his friends
 But they, although then fellow-warrior's fate 790
 They mourn'd, no succour interposed, or could,
 Themselves by noble Hector sore appall'd
 And now behind the ships (all that updrawn
 Above the shore, stood foremost of the fleet)
 The Greeks retired, in rush'd a flood of foes 795
 Then, through necessity, the ships in front
 Abandoning, amid the tents they stood
 Compact, not disarray'd, for shame and fear
 Fast held them, and vociferating each
 Aloud, call'd ceaseless on the rest to stand 800
 But earnest more than all, guardian of all,
 Gerenian Nestor in their parents' name
 Implored them, falling at the knees of each
 Oh friends! be men Now dearly prize your place
 Each in the estimation of the rest 805
 Now call to memory your children, wives,
 Possessions, parents, ye whose parents live,
 And ye whose parents are not, all alike!
 By them as if here present, I entreat
 That ye stand fast,—Oh be not turn'd to flight! 810
 So saying he roused the courage of the Greeks,
 Then, Pallas chased the cloud fall'n from above
 On every eye, great light the plain illumed
 On all sides, both toward the fleet, and where
 The indiscriminating battle raged 815
 Then might be seen Hector and Hector's host
 Distinct, as well the rearmost who the fight

Shared not, as those who waged it at the ships
 To stand aloof where other Grecians stood
 No longer now would satisfy the mind 820
 Of Ajax, but from deck to deck with strides
 Enormous marching, to and fro he swung
 With iron studs emboss'd a battle-pole
 Unwieldy, twenty and two cubits long
 As one, expert to spring from horse to horse, 825
 From many steeds selecting four, toward
 Some noble city drives them from the plain
 Along the populous road, him many a youth
 And many a maiden eyes, while still secure
 From steed to steed he vaults, they rapid fly, 830
 So Ajax o'er the decks of numerous ships
 Stalk'd striding large, and sent his voice to heaven
 Thus, ever clamouring, he bade the Greeks
 Stand both for camp and fleet Nor could himself
 Hector, contented, now, the battle wage 835
 Lost in the multitude of Trojans more,
 But as the tawny eagle on full wing
 Assails the feather'd nations, geese or cranes
 Or swans lithe-neck'd grazing the river's verge,
 So Hector at a galley sable-prow'd 840
 Darted, for, from behind, Jove urged him on
 With mighty hand, and his host after him
 And now again the battle at the ships
 Grew furious, thou hadst deem'd them of a kind
 By toil untameable, so fierce they strove, 845
 And, striving, thus they thought The Grecians judg'd
 Hope vain, and the whole host's destruction sure,
 But nought expected every Trojan less
 Than to consume the fleet with fire, and leave
 Achaia's heroes lifeless on the field 850
 With such persuasion occupied, they fought
 Then Hector seized the stern of a brave bark
 Well-built, sharp-keel'd, and of the swiftest sail,
 Which had to Troy Proteusilaus brought,
 But bore him never thence For that same ship 855
 Contending, Greeks and Trojans hand to hand
 Dealt slaughter mutual Javelins now no more

Might serve them, on the arrow-starting bow,
 But close conflicting and of one mind all
 With bill and battle-axe, with ponderous swords 860
 And with long lances double-edged they fought
 Many a black-hilted faulchion huge of haft
 Fell to the ground, some from the grasp, and some
 From shoulders of embattled warriors hewn,
 And pools of blood soak'd all the sable glebe 865
 Hector that ship once grappled by the stern
 Left not, but gripping fast her upper edge
 With both hands, to his Trojans call'd aloud
 Fire! Bring me fire! Stand fast and shout to heaven!
 Jove gives us now a day worth all the past, 870
 The ships are ours which, in the Gods' despite
 Steer'd hither, such calamities to us
 Have caused for which our Seniors most I blame
 Who me withheld from battle at the fleet
 And check'd the people, but if then the hand 875
 Of Thunderer Jove our better judgment marr'd,
 Himself now urges and commands us—On
 He ceased, they still more violent assaul'd
 The Grecians Even Ajax could endure,
 Whelm'd under weapons numberless, that storm 880
 No longer, but expecting death retired
 Down from the decks to an inferior stand,
 Where still he watch'd, and if a Trojan bore
 Fire thither, he repulsed him with his spear,
 Roaring continual to the host of Greece 885
 Friends! Grecian heroes! ministers of Mars!
 Be men, my friends! now summon all your might!
 Think we that we have thousands at our backs
 To succour us, or yet some stronger wall
 To guard our warriors from the battle's force? 890
 Not so No tower'd city is at hand,
 None that presents us with a safe retreat
 While others occupy our station here,
 But from the shores of Argos far remote
 Our camp is, where the Trojans arm'd complete 895
 Swarm on the plain, and Ocean shuts us in
 Our hands must therefore save us, not our heels.

He said, and furious with his spear again
Press'd them, and whatsoever Trojan came,
Obsequious to the will of Hector, aim'd
With fire to burn the fleet, on his spear's point
Ajax receiving pierced him, till at length
Twelve in close fight fell by his single arm

960

BOOK XVI

A R G U M E N T

Achilles at the suit of Patroclus, grants him his own armour, and permission to lead the Myrmidons to battle. They, salving repulse the Trojans. Patroclus slays Sarpedon and Hector, when Apollo had first stripped off his armour and Euphorbus wounded him, slays Patroclus.

SUCH contest for that gallant bark they waged
 Meantime Patroclus, standing at the side
 Of the illustrious Chief Achilles, wept
 Fast as a crystal fountain from the height
 Of some rude rock pours down its rapid¹ stream 5
 Divine Achilles with compassion moved
 Mark'd him, and in wing'd accents thus began
 Why weeps Patroclus like an infant gull
 Who, running at her mother's side, entreats
 To be uplifted in her arms? She grasps 10
 Her mantle, checks her haste, and looking up
 With tearful eyes, pleads earnest to be borne,
 So fall, Patroclus! thy unceasing tears
 Bring'st thou to me or to my people aught
 Afflictive? Hast thou mournful tidings learn'd 15
 From Phthia, trusted to thine ear alone?
 Menætiüs, son of Actor, as they say,
 Still lives, still lives his Myrmidons among
 Peleus Æacides, whom, were they dead,
 With cause sufficient we should both deplore 20
 Or weep'st thou the Achæans at the ships
 Perishing, for then outrage done to me?
 Speak Name thy trouble I would learn the cause
 To whom, deep-sorrowing, thou didst reply,

¹ This translation of *δυσφερων* is warranted by the Scholiast, who paraphrases it thus —

μετα δυνησεως φερομενον *Iliad per Vill*

Patroclus ! Oh Achilles, Peleus' son ! 25
 Noblest of all our host ! bear with my grief,
 Since such distress hath on the Grecians fallen.
 The bravest of their ships disabled lie,
 Some wounded from afar, some hand to hand
 Diomede, wailike son of Tydeus, bleeds, 30
 Gall'd by a shaft, Ulysses, glorious Chief,
 And Agamemnon suffer by the spear,
 And brave Eurypylus an arrow-point
 Bears in his thigh These all, are now the care
 Of healing hands Oh thou art pity-proof, 35
 Achilles ! be my bosom ever fiee
 From anger such as harbour finds in thine,
 Scorning all limits ! whom, of men unborn,
 Hereafter wilt thou save, from whom avert
 Disgrace, if not from the Achaians now ? 40
 Ah ruthless ! neither Peleus thee begat,
 Nor Thetis bore, but rugged rocks sublime,
 And roaring billows blue gave birth to thee,
 Who bear'st a mind that knows not to relent
 But, if some prophecy alarm thy fears, 45
 If from thy Goddess-mother thou have aught
 Received, and with authority of Jove,
 Me send at least, me quickly, and with me
 The Myrmidons A dawn of cheerful hope
 Shall thence, it may be, on the Greeks arise 50
 Grant me thine armour also, that the foe
 Thyself supposing present, may abstain
 From battle, and the weary Greeks enjoy
 Short respite, it is all that war allows
 We, fresh and vigorous, by our shouts alone 55
 May easily repulse an army spent
 With labour from the camp, and from the fleet
 Such suit he made, alas ! all unforesaid
 That his own death should be the bitter fruit,
 And thus Achilles, sorrowful, replied 60
 Patroclus, noble friend ! what hast thou spoken ?
 Me neither prophecy that I have heard
 Holds in suspense, nor aught that I have learn'd
 From Thetis with authority of Jove !
 Hence springs, and hence alone, my grief of heart, 65

If one, in nought superior to myself
 Save in his office only, should by force
 Ameice me of my well-earn'd recompense—
 How then ? There lies the grief that stings my soul.
 The virgin chosen for me by the sons 70
 Of Greece, my just reward, by my own spear
 Obtain'd when I Eetion's city took,
 Her, Agamemnon, leader of the host
 From my possession wrung, as I had been
 Some alien wretch, unhonour'd and unknown 75
 But let it pass, anger is not a flame
 To feed for ever, I affirm'd, indeed,
 Mine inextinguishable till the shout
 Of battle should invade my proper barks,
 But thou put on my glorious arms, lead forth 80
 My valiant Myrmidons, since such a cloud,
 So dark, of dire hostility surrounds
 The fleet, and the Achæans, by the waves
 Hemm'd in, are prison'd now in narrow space.
 Because the Trojans meet not in the field 85
 My dazzling helmet, therefore bolder grown
 All Ithum comes abroad, but had I found
 Kindness at royal Agamemnon's hands,
 Soon had they fled, and with their bodies chok'd
 The streams, from whom ourselves now suffer siege 90
 For in the hands of Diomedes his spear
 No longer lingers rescuing from death
 The afflicted Danaï, nor hear I more
 The voice of Agamemnon issuing harsh
 From his detested throat, but all around 95
 The burst² of homicidal Hector's cries,
 Calling his Trojans on, they loud insult
 The vanquish'd Greeks, and claim the field their own
 Go therefore, my Patroclus, furious fall
 On these assailants, even now preserve 100
 From fire the only hope of our return
 But hear the sum of all, mark well my word,
 So shalt thou glorify me in the eyes
 Of all the Danaï, and they shall yield
 Briseis mine, with many a gift beside 105

² *περιάγνυται* A word of incomparable force, and that defies translation

The Trojans from the fleet expell'd, return
 Should Juno's awful spouse give thee to win
 Victory, be content, seek not to press
 The Trojans without me, for thou shalt add
 Still more to the disgrace already mine 110
 Much less, by martial ardour urged, conduct
 Thy slaughtering legions to the walls of Troy,
 Lest some immortal power on her behalf
 Descend, for much the Archer of the skies
 Loves Ithum No—the fleet once saved, lead back 115
 Thy band, and leave the battle to themselves
 For oh, by all the powers of heaven I would
 That not one Trojan might escape of all,
 Nor yet a Grecian, but that we, from death
 Ourselves escaping, might survive to spread 120
 Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground alone
 Thus they conferr'd But Ajax overwhelm'd
 Meantime with darts no longer could endure,
 Quell'd both by Jupiter and by the spears
 Of many a noble Trojan, hideous tang 125
 His batter'd helmet bight, stroke after stroke
 Sustaining on all sides, and his left arm
 That had so long shifted from side to side
 His restless shield, now fail'd, yet could not all
 Displace him with united force, or move 130
 Quick pantings heaved his chest, copious the sweat
 Trickled from all his limbs, nor found he time,
 However short, to breathe again, so close
 Evil on evil heap'd hemm'd him around
 Olympian Muses! now declare, how first 135
 The fire was kindled in Achaia's fleet?
 Hector the ashen lance of Ajax smote
 With his broad faulchion, at the nether end,
 And lopp'd it sheer The Telamonian Chief
 His mutilated beam brandish'd in vain, 140
 And the bright point shrill-sounding fell remote
 Then Ajax in his noble mind perceived,
 Shuddering with awe, the interposing power
 Of heaven, and that, propitious to the arms
 Of Troy, the Thunderer had ordain'd to mar 145
 And frustrate all the counsels of the Greeks

He left his stand, they fired the gallant bark,
 Through all her length the conflagration ran
 Incontinent, and wrapp'd her stern in flames
 Achilles saw them, smote his thighs, and said, 150
 Patroclus, noble charioteer, arise!
 I see the rapid run of hostile fires
 Aheady in the fleet—lest all be lost,
 And our return impossible, arm, arm
 'This moment, I will call, myself, the band 155
 Then put Patroclus on his radiant arms
 Around his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd,
 With argent studs secured, the hauberk rich
 Star-spangled to his breast he bound of swift
 Æacides he slung his brazen sword 160
 With silver bright emboss'd, and his broad shield
 Pondrous, on his noble head his casque
 He settled elegant, whose lofty crest
 Waved dreadful o'er his brows, and last he seized
 Well fitted to his gape two sturdy spears 165
 Of all Achilles' arms his spear alone
 He took not, that huge beam, of bulk and length
 Enormous, none, Æacides except,
 In all Achaia's host had power to wield
 It was that Pelian ash which from the top 170
 Of Pelion hewn that it might prove the death
 Of heroes, Chiron had to Peleus given
 He bade Automedon his coursers bind
 Speedily to the yoke, for him he loved
 Next to Achilles most, as worthiest found 175
 Of trust, what time the battle loudest roar'd
 Then led Automedon the fiery steeds
 Swift as wing'd tempests to the chariot-yoke,
 Xanthus and Balus Then the harpy bore
 Podarge, while in meadows green she fed 180
 On Ocean's side, to Zephyrus the wind
 To these he added, at their side, a third
 The noble Pedasus, him Peleus' son,
 Eetion's city taken, thence had brought,
 Though mortal, yet a match for steeds divine 185
 Meantime from every tent Achilles call'd
 And arm'd his Myrmidons As wolves that gorge

The prey yet panting, terrible in force,
 When on the mountains wild they have devour'd
 An antler'd stag new-slain, with bloody jaws 190
 Troop all at once to some clear fountain, there
 To lap with slender tongues the bhumming wave,
 No fears have they, but at their ease eject
 From full maws flatulent the clotted gore,
 Such seem'd the Myrmidon heroic Chiefs, 195
 Assembling fast around the valiant friend
 Of swift Æacides Amid them stood
 Warlike Achilles, the well-shielded ranks
 Exhorting, and the steeds, to glorious war
 The galleys by Achilles dear to Jove 200
 Commanded, when to Ilium's coast he steer'd,
 Were fifty, fifty rowers sat in each,
 And five, in whom he trusted, o'er the rest
 He captains named, but ruled, himself, supreme
 One band Menestheus swift in battle led, 205
 Offspring of Sperchius heaven-descended stream
 Him Polydoia, Peleus' daughter, bore
 To ever-flowing Speichius, compass'd,
 Although a mortal woman, by a God
 But his reputed father was the son 210
 Of Perieres, Boius, who with dower
 Enrich'd, and made her openly his bride
 Warlike Eudorus led the second band
 Him Polymela, graceful in the dance,
 And daughter beautiful of Phylas, bore, 215
 A mother unsuspected of a child
 Her worshipping the golden-shafted Queen
 Diana, in full choir, with song and dance,
 The valiant Argicide beheld and loved
 Ascending with her to an upper room, 220
 All-bounteous Mercury clandestine there
 Embraced her, who a noble son produced
 Eudorus, swift to run, and bold in fight
 No sooner Ilthya, arbitress
 Of pangs puerperal, had given him birth, 225
 And he beheld the beaming sun, than her
 Echechleus, Actor's mighty son, enrich'd
 With countless dower, and led her to his home,

While ancient Phylas, cherishing her boy
 With fond affection, reared him as his own 230
 The third brave troop warlike Pisander led,
 Offspring of Maimalus, he far excell'd
 In spear-fight every Myrmidon, the friend
 Of Peleus' dauntless son alone except
 The hoary Phoenix of equestrian fame 235
 The fourth band led to battle, and the fifth
 Laerceus' offspring, bold Alcimedon
 Thus, all his bands beneath their proper Chiefs
 Marshall'd, Achilles gave them strict command—
 Myrmidons ! all that vengeance now inflict, 240
 Which in this fleet ye ceased not to denounce
 Against the Trojans while my wrath endured
 Me censuring, ye have proclaim'd me oft
 Obdurate Oh Achilles ! ye have said,
 Thee not with milk thy mother but with bile 245
 Suckled, who hold'st thy people here in camp
 Thus long imprison'd Unrelenting Chief !
 Even let us hence in our sea-skimming barks
 To Phthia, since thou can'st not be appeased—
 Thus in full council have ye spoken oft 250
 Now, therefore, since a day of glorious toil
 At last appears, such as ye have desired,
 There lies the field—go—give your courage proof
 So them he roused, and they, their leader's voice
 Hearing elate, to closest order drew 255
 As when an architect some palace wall
 With shapely stones upbuilds, cementing close
 A barrier against all the winds of heaven,
 So wedged, the helmets and boss'd bucklers stood,
 Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man, and shield, 260
 And every bright-arm'd warrior's bushy crest
 Its fellow swept, so dense was their array
 In front of all, two Chiefs their station took,
 Patroclus and Automedon, one mind
 In both prevail'd, to combat in the van 265
 Of all the Myrmidons Achilles, then,
 Returning to his tent, displaced the lid
 Of a capacious chest magnificent
 By silver-footed Thetis stow'd on board

His bark, and fill'd with tunics, mantles warm,
 And gorgeous arras, there he also kept
 Secure a goblet exquisitely wrought,
 Which never lip touch'd save his own, and whence
 He offer'd only to the Sire of all
 That cup producing from the chest, he first
 With sulphur fumed it, then with water rinsed
 Pellucid of the running stream, and last
 (His hands clean laved) he charged it high with wine
 And now, advancing to his middle court,
 He pour'd libation, and with eyes to heaven
 Uplifted pray'd, of Jove not unobserved
 Pelagian, Dodonæan Jove supreme,
 Dwelling remote, who on Dodona's heights
 Snow-clad reign'st Sovereign, by thy seers around
 Compass'd the Sell, prophets vow-constram'd
 To unwash'd feet and slumbers on the ground !
 Plain I behold my former prayer perform'd,
 Myself exalted, and the Greeks abased
 Now also grant me, Jove, this my desire !
 Here, in my fleet, I shall myself abide,
 But lo ! with all these Myrmidons I send
 My friend to battle Thunder-rolling Jove,
 Send glory with him, make his courage firm !
 That even Hector may himself be taught,
 If my companion have a valiant heart
 When he goes forth alone, or only then
 The noble frenzy feels that Mars inspires
 When I rush also to the glorious field
 But when he shall have driven the battle-shout
 Once from the fleet, grant him with all his arms,
 None lost, himself unhurt, and my whole band
 Of dauntless warriors with him, safe return !
 Such prayer Achilles offer'd, and his suit
 Jove hearing, part confirm'd, and part refused,
 To chase the dreadful battle from the fleet
 He gave him, but vouchsafed him no return.
 Prayer and libation thus perform'd to Jove
 The Sire of all, Achilles to his tent
 Return'd, replaced the goblet in his chest,
 And anxious still that conflict to behold

Between the hosts, stood forth before his tent

Then rush'd the bands by brave Patroclus led,

Full on the Trojan host As wasps forsake

Their home by the way-side, provoked by boys

Disturbing inconsiderate their abode, 315

Not without nuisance soie to all who pass,

For if, thenceforth, some traveller unaware

Annoy them, issuing one and all they swarm

Around him, fearless in their broods' defence,

So issued from their feet the Myrmidons 320

Undaunted, clamour infinite arose,

And thus Patroclus loud his host address'd.

Oh Myrmidons, attendants in the field

On Peleus' son, now be ye men, my friends !

Call now to mind the fury of your might , 325

That we, close-fighting servants of the Chief

Most excellent in all the camp of Greece,

May glory gain for Him, and that the wide-

Commanding Agamemnon, Atreus' son,

May learn his fault, that he dishonour'd foul 330

The prince in whom Achaia glories most

So saying he fired their hearts, and on the van

Of Troy at once they fell, loud shouted all

The joyful Grecians, and the navy rang

Then, soon as Ilium's host the valiant son 335

Saw of Menœtius and his charioteer

In dazzling armour clad, all courage lost,

Their closest ranks gave way, believing sure

That, wrath renounced, and terms of friendship chosen, 340

Achilles' self was there, thus thinking, each

Look'd every way for refuge from his fate

Patroclus first, where thickest throng he saw

Gather'd tumultuous around the bark

Of brave Protesilaus, hail'd direct

At the whole multitude his glittering spear 345

He smote Pyræchmes, he his horseman band

Pæonian led from Amydon, and from

Broad-flowing Axius In his shoulder stood

The spear, and with loud groans supine he fell

At once fled all his followers, on all sides 350

With consternation fill'd, seeing their Chief

And their best warrior, by Patroclus slain
 Forth from the fleet he drove them, quench'd the flames,
 And rescued half the ship Then scatter'd fled
 With infinite uproar the host of Troy, 355
 While from between their ships the Danaï
 Pour'd after them, and hideous rout ensued
 As when the king of lightnings, Jove, dispels
 From some huge eminence a gloomy cloud,
 The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights 360
 Shine all, illumined from the boundless heaven,
 So when the Danaï those hostile fires
 Had from their fleet expell'd, awhile they breathed,
 Yet found short respite, for the battle yet
 Ceased not, nor fled the Trojans in all parts 365
 Alike, but still resisted, from the ships
 Retiring through necessity alone
 Then, in that scatter'd warfare, every Chief
 Slew one While Areilochus his back
 Turn'd on Patroclus, sudden with a lance 370
 His thigh he pierced, and urged the weapon through
 Shivering the bone, he headlong smote the ground
 The Hero Menelaus, where he saw
 The breast of Thoas by his slanting shield
 Unguarded, struck and stretch'd him at his feet 375
 Phylides³, meeting with preventive spear
 The furious onset of Amphiclus, gash'd
 His leg below the knee, where brawny most
 The muscles swell in man, disjointed wide
 The tendons shrank, and darkness veil'd his eyes 380
 The two Nestoridæ slew each a Chief
 Of these, Antilochus Atymnius pierced
 Right through his flank, and at his feet he fell
 With fierce resentment fired Maris beheld
 His brother's fall, and guarding, spear in hand, 385
 The slain, impetuous on the conqueror flew,
 But Godlike Thrasymedes⁴ wounded first
 Maris, ere he Antilochus, he pierced
 His upper arm, and with the lance's point
 Rent off and stript the muscles to the bone 390

³ Meges⁴ Brother of Antilochus

Sounding he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes
 They thus, two brothers by two brothers slain,
 Went down to Erebus, associates both
 Of brave Sarpedon, and spear-practised sons
 Of Amisodarus, of him who fed 395
 Chimæra⁵, monster, by whom many died
 Ajax the swift on Cleobulus spring,
 Whom while he toil'd entangled in the crowd,
 He seized alive, but smote him where he stood
 With his huge-hafted sword full on the neck, 400
 The blood warm'd all his blade, and ruthless fate
 Benighted dark the dying warrior's eyes
 Peneleus into close contention rush'd
 And Lycon Each had hurl'd his glittering spear,
 But each in vain, and now with swords they met 405
 He smote Peneleus on the crested casque,
 But snapp'd his faulchion, him Peneleus smote
 Beneath his ear, the whole blade entering sank
 Into his neck, and Lycon with his head
 Depending by the skin alone, expired 410
 Meriones o'ertaking Acamas
 Ere yet he could ascend his chariot, thrust
 A lance into his shoulder, down he fell
 In dreary death's eternal darkness whelm'd.
 Idomeneus his ruthless spear enforced 415
 Into the mouth of Erymas The point
 Stay'd not, but gliding close beneath the brain,
 Transpierced his spine⁶, and started forth beyond
 It wiench'd his teeth, and fill'd his eyes with blood,
 Blood also blowing through his open mouth 420
 And nostrils, to the realms of death he passed
 Thus slew these Grecian leaders, each, a foe
 Sudden as hungry wolves the kids purloin

⁵ *ἀμαιμακίτην*—is a word which I can find nowhere satisfactorily derived. Perhaps it is expressive of great length, and I am the more inclined to that sense of it, because it is the epithet given to the mast on which Ulysses floated to Charybdis. We must in that case derive it from *ἄμα* and *μήκος* Doricé, *μάκος*—longitudo. In this uncertainty I thought myself free to translate it as I have, by the word—monster.

⁶ Apollonius says that the *οσεία λευκά* here mean the *σπονδυλούς*, or vertebrae of the neck.—See Villoisson.

Or lambs, which haply some unheeding swain
 Hath left to roam at large the mountains wild, 425
 They, seeing, snatch'd them from beside the dams,
 And rend incontinent the feeble prey,
 So swift the Danaï the host assail'd
 Of Ilium, they, into tumultuous flight
 Together driven, all hope, all courage lost 430
 Huge Ajax ceaseless sought his spear to cast
 At Hector brazen-mail'd, who, not untaught
 The warrior's art, with bull-hide buckler stood
 Sheltering his ample shoulders, while he mark'd
 The hiss of flying shafts and crash of spears 435
 Full sure he saw the shifting course of war
 Now turn'd, but scorning flight, bent all his thoughts
 To rescue yet the remnant of his friends
 As when the Thunderer spreads a sable storm
 O'er ether, late serene, the cloud that wrapp'd 440
 Olympus' head escapes into the skies,
 So fled the Trojans from the fleet of Greece
 Clamouring in their flight, nor pass'd the trench
 In fair array, the coursers fleet indeed
 Of Hector, Him bore safe with all his arms 445
 Right through, but in the foss entangled foul
 He left his host, and struggling to escape
 Then many a chariot-whirling steed, the pole
 Broken at its extremity, forsook
 His driver, while Patroclus with the shout 450
 Of battle calling his Achæans on,
 Destruction purposed to the powers of Troy.
 They, once dispersed, with clamour and with flight
 Fill'd all the ways, the dust beneath the clouds
 Hung like a tempest, and the steeds firm-hoof'd 455
 Whirl'd off at stretch the chariots to the town
 He, wheresoe'er most troubled he perceived
 The routed host, loud-threatening thither drove,
 While under his own axle many a Chief
 Fell prone, and the o'ertumbled chariots rang. 460
 Right o'er the hollow foss the coursers leap'd
 Immortal, by the Gods to Peleus given,
 Impatient for the plain, nor less desire
 Felt he who drove to smite the Trojan Chief,

But him his fiery steeds caught swift away 465
 As when a tempest from autumnal skies
 Floats all the fields, what time Jove heavicst pours
 Impetuous rain, token of wiath divine
 Against perverters of the laws by force,
 Who drive forth justice, reckless of the Gods, 470
 The rivers and the torrents, where they dwell,
 Sweep many a green declivity away,
 And plunge at length, groaning, into the Deep
 From the hills headlong, leaving where they pass'd
 No traces of the pleasant works of man, 475
 So, in their flight, loud groan'd the steeds of Troy
 And now, their foremost intercepted all,
 Patroclus back again toward the fleet
 Drove them precipitate, nor the ascent
 Permitted them to Troy for which they strove, 480
 But in the midway space between the ships
 The river and the lofty Trojan wall
 Pursued them aident, slaughtering whom he reach'd,
 And vengeance took for many a Grecian slain
 First then, with glittering spear the breast he pierced 485
 Of Pronous, undefended by his shield,
 And stretch'd him dead, loud rang his batter'd arms.
 The son of Enops, Thestor next he smote
 He on his chariot-seat magnificent
 Low-cowering sat, a fea-distracted form, 490
 And from his palsied grasp the reins had fallen
 Then came Patroclus nigh, and through his cheek
 His teeth transpiercing, diw him by his lance
 Sheer o'er the chariot front As when a man
 On some projecting rock seated, with line 495
 And splendid hook draws forth a sea-fish huge,
 So him wide-gaping from his seat he drew
 At his spear-point, then shook him to the ground
 Pione on his face, where gasping he expired
 At Eryalus, next, advancing swift 500
 He hurl'd a rock, full on the middle front
 He smote him, and within the ponderous casque
 His whole head open'd into equal halves
 With deadliest night surrounded, prone he fell
 Epaltes, Erymas, Amphoterus, 505

Echius, Tlepolemus Damastor's son,
 Evippus, Ipheus, Pves, Polymelus,
 All these he on the champion, coise on coise
 Promiscuous flung Sarpedon, when he saw
 Such havoc made of his uncinctured⁷ friends 510
 By Menœtiades, with sharp rebuke
 His band of godlike Lycians loud address'd

Shame on you, Lycians! whither would ye fly?
 Now are ye swift indeed! I will oppose
 Myself this conqueror, that I may learn 515
 Who thus afflicts the Trojan host, of life
 Bereaving numerous of their warriors bold

He said, and with his arms leap'd to the ground
 On the other side, Patroclus at that sight
 Sprang from his chariot As two vultures clash 520
 Bow-beak'd, crook-talon'd, on some lofty rock
 Clamouring both, so they together rush'd
 With clamours loud, whom when the son observed
 Of wily Saturn, with compassion moved
 His sister and his spouse he thus bespake. 525

Alas he falls! my most beloved of men
 Sarpedon, vanquish'd by Patroclus falls!
 So will the Fates Yet, doubtful, much I muse
 Whether to place him, snatch'd from furious fight,
 In Lycia's wealthy realm, or to permit 530
 His death by valiant Menœtiades

To whom his awful spouse, displeased, replied
 How speaks the terrible Saturnian Jove?
 Wouldst thou again from pangs of death exempt
 A mortal man, destined long since to die? 535
 Do it But small thy praise shall be in heaven
 Mark thou my words, and in thy inmost breast
 Treasure them If thou send Sarpedon safe
 To his own home, how many Gods *then* sons
 May also send from battle? Weigh it well 540
 For under yon great city fight no few
 Sprung from Immortals whom thou shalt provoke

⁷ *Ἀμυροχίτωναι* is a word according to Clarke, descriptive of their peculiar habit Their corslet, and the mail worn under it, were of a piece, and put on together. To them therefore the cincture or belt of the Greeks was unnecessary

But if thou love him, and thine heart his lot
 Commiserate, leave him by the hands to fall
 Of Menœtiades in conflict due , 545
 But give command to Death and gentle Sleep
 That him of life bereft at once they bear
 To Lycia's ample realm, where, with due rites
 Funereal, his next kindred and his friends
 Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb 550
 (The dead man's portion) rearing to his name
 She said, from whom the Sire of Gods and men
 Dissented not, but on the earth distill'd
 A sanguine shower in honour of a son
 Dear to him, whom Patroclus on the field 555
 Of fruitful Troy should slay, far from his home
 Opposite now, small interval between,
 Those heroes stood Patroclus at his waist
 Pierced Thiasymelus the illustrious friend
 Of King Sarpedon, and his charioteer 560
 Spear'd through the lower bowels, dead he fell
 Then hurl'd Sarpedon in his turn a lance,
 But miss'd Patroclus and the shoulder pierced
 Of Pedasus the horse , he groaning heaved
 His spirit forth, and fallen on the field 565
 In long loud moanings sorrowful expired
 Wide started the immortal pair , the yoke
 Creak'd, and entanglement of reins ensued
 To both, their fellow slaughtered at their side
 That mischief soon Automedon redress'd 570
 He rose, and from beside his sturdy thigh
 Drawing his faulchion, with effectual stroke
 Cut loose the side-horse , then the pair reduced
 To order, in their traces stood composed,
 And the two heroes fierce engaged again 575
 Again his radiant spear Sarpedon hurl'd,
 But miss'd Patroclus , the innocuous point,
 O'erflying his left shoulder, pass'd beyond
 Then with bright lance Patroclus in his turn
 Assail'd Sarpedon, nor with erring course 580
 The weapon sped or vain, but pierced profound
 His chest, enclosure of the guarded heart
 As falls an oak, poplar, or lofty pine

With new-edged axes on the mountains hewn
 Right through, for structure of some gallant bark, 585
 So fell Sarpedon stretch'd his steeds before
 And gnash'd his teeth and clutch'd the bloody dust
 And as a lion slays a tawny bull
 Leader magnanimous of all the herd,
 Beneath the lion's jaws groaning he dies, 590
 So, leader of the shielded Lycians groan'd
 Indignant, by Patroclus slain, the bold
 Sarpedon, and his friend thus, sad, bespake
 Glaucus, my friend, among these warring Chiefs
 Thyself a Chief illustrious! thou hast need 595
 Of all thy valour now, now strenuous fight,
 And, if thou bear within thee a brave mind,
 Now make the war's calamities thy joy
 First, marching through the host of Lycia, rouse
 Our Chiefs to combat for Sarpedon slain, 600
 Then haste, thyself, to battle for thy friend
 For shame and foul dishonour which no time
 Shall e'er obliterate, I must prove to thee,
 Should the Achæans of my glorious arms
 Despoil me in full prospect^s of the fleet 605
 Fight, therefore, thou, and others urge to fight
 He said, and cover'd by the night of death,
 Nor look'd nor breathed again, for on his chest
 Implanting firm his heel, Patroclus drew

^s Sarpedon certainly was not slain *in the fleet*, neither can the Greek expression *νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι* be with property interpreted—*in certamine de navibus*—as Clarke and M^{me} Dacier are inclined to render it *Juvenum in certamine*, seems equally an improbable sense of it. Eustathius, indeed, and Terrasson, supposing Sarpedon to assert that he dies in the middle of the fleet, (which was false in fact,) are kind enough to vindicate Homer by pleading in his favour, that Sarpedon, being in the article of death, was delirious, and knew not, in reality, where he died. But Homer, however he may have been charged with now and then a nap, (a crime of which I am persuaded he is never guilty,) certainly does not slumber here, nor needs to be so defended. *Ἀγῶν*, in the 23d Iliad, means the *whole extensive area* in which the games were exhibited, and may therefore here, without any strain of the expression, be understood to signify the *whole range of shore* on which the ships were stationed. In which case Sarpedon represents the matter as it was, saying that he dies—*νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι*,—that is, in the neighbourhood of the ships, and in full prospect of them.

The Translator assumes not to himself the honour of this judicious remark. It belongs to Mr Fuseli.

The spear enfolded with his vitals forth, 610
 Weapon and life at once Meantime his steeds
 Snorted by Myimidons detain'd, and, loosed
 From their own master's chariot, foam'd to fly
 Terrible was the grief by Glaucus felt
 Hearing that charge, and troubled was his heart 615
 That all power fail'd him to protect the dead
 Compressing his own arm he stood, with pain
 Extreme tormented which the shaft had caused
 Of Teucer, who while Glaucus climb'd the wall,
 Had pierced him from it in the fleet's defence 620
 Then, thus, to Phœbus, King shaft-aim'd, he pray'd
 Heal now, O King ! For whether in the land
 Of wealthy Lycia dwelling, or in Troy,
 Thou hear'st in every place alike the prayer
 Of the afflicted heart, and such is mine, 625
 Behold my wound, it fills my useless hand
 With anguish, neither can my blood be stay'd,
 And all my shoulder suffers I can grasp
 A spear, or rush to conflict with the Greeks
 No longer now, and we have also lost 630
 Our noblest Chief, Sarpedon, son of Jove,
 Who guards not his own son But thou, O King !
 Heal me, assuage my anguish, give me strength,
 That I may animate the Lycian host
 To fight, and may, myself, defend the dead ! 635
 Such prayer he offer'd, whom Apollo heard,
 He eased at once his pain, his sable blood
 Staunch'd, and his soul with vigour new inspired
 Then Glaucus in his heart that prayer perceived
 Granted, and joyful for the sudden aid 640
 Vouchsafed to him by Phœbus, first the lines
 Of Lycia ranged, summoning every Chief
 To fight for slain Sarpedon, striding next
 With eager haste into the ranks of Troy,
 Renown'd Agenor and the son he call'd 645
 Of Panthus, brave Polydamas, with whom
 Æneas also, and approaching last
 To Hector brazen-mail'd him thus bespake
 Now, Hector ! now, thou hast indeed resign'd
 All care of thy allies, who, for thy sake, 650

Lost both to friends and country, on these plains
 Perish, unaided and unmiss'd by thee
 Saïpedon breathless lies, who led to fight
 Our shielded bands, and from whose just control
 And courage Lycia drew her chief defence 655
 Him brazen Mars hath by the spear subdued
 Of Menœtiades But stand ye firm !
 Let indignation fire you, O my friends !

Lest, stripping him of his resplendent arms,
 The Myrmidons with foul dishonour shame 660
 His body, through resentment of the deaths
 Of numerous Grecians slain by spears of ours

He ceased, then sorrow every Trojan heart
 Seized insupportable and that disdain'd
 All bounds, for that, although a stranger born, 665
 Saïpedon ever had a bulwark proved
 To Troy, the leader of a numerous host,
 And of that host by none in fight excell'd

Right on toward the Danaï they moved
 Aident for battle all, and at their head 670
 Eniaged to slay Saïpedon, Hector came

Meantime, stout-hearted⁹ Chief, Patroclus roused
 The Grecians, and exhorting first (themselves
 Already prompt) the Ajaces, thus began

Heroic pan ! now make it all your joy 675
 To chase the Trojan host, and such to prove

As erst, or even bolder, if ye may
 The Chief lies breathless who ascended first
 Our wall, Saïpedon Let us bear him hence,
 Strip and dishonour him, and in the blood 680
 Of his protectors drench the ruthless spear

So Menœtiades his warriors urged,
 Themselves courageous Then the Lycian host
 And Trojan here, and there the Myrmidons
 With all the host of Greece, closing the ranks 685

Rush'd into furious contest for the dead,
 Shouting tremendous, clang'd their brazen arms,
 And Jove with Night's pernicious shades o'erhung
 The bloody field, so to enhance the more
 Their toilsome strife for his own son First then 690

⁹ λασιον κηρ

The Trojans from their place and order shock'd
 The bright-eyed Grecians, slaying not the least
 Nor worst among the Myrmidons, the brave
 Epigeus, from renown'd Agacles sprung
 He, erst, in populous Buceum ruled, 695
 But for a valiant kinsman of his own
 Whom there he slew, had thence to Peleus fled
 And to his silver-footed spouse divine,
 Who with Achilles, phalanx-breaker Chief,
 Sent him to fight beneath the walls of Troy 700
 Him seizing fast the body, with a stone
 Illustrious Hector smote full on the front,
 And his whole skull within the ponderous casque
 Split sheer, he prostrate on the body fell
 In shades of soul-divorcing death involved 705
 Patroclus, grieving for his slaughter'd friend,
 Rush'd through the foremost warriors As the hawk
 Swift-wing'd before him starlings drives on daws,
 So thou Patroclus, of equestrian fame!
 Full on the Lycian ranks and Trojan drov'st 710
 Resentful of thy fellow-warrior's fall
 At Sthenelaus an huge stone he cast
 Son of Ithæmenes, whom on the neck
 He smote and burst the tendons, then the van
 Of Ilium's host, with Hector, all retired 715
 Far as the slender javelin cuts the air
 Hurl'd with collected force, or in the games,
 Or even in battle at a desperate foe,
 So far the Greeks repulsed the host of Troy
 Then Glaucus first, Chief of the shielded bands 720
 Of Lycia, slew Bathycles, valiant son
 Of Calchon, Hellas was his home, and far
 He pass'd in riches all the Myrmidons
 Him chasing Glaucus whom he now attain'd,
 The Lycian, turning sudden, with his lance 725
 Pierced through the breast, and, sounding, down he fell
 Grief fill'd Achæa's sons for such a Chief
 So slain, but joy the Trojans, thick they throng'd
 The conqueror around, nor yet the Greeks
 Forgat their force, but resolute advanced 730
 Then, by Meriones a Trojan died

Of noble rank, Laogonus, the son
 Undaunted of Onetor great in Troy,
 Priest of Idæan Jove The ear and jaw
 Between, he pierced him with a mortal force, 735
 Swift flew the life, and darkness veil'd his eyes
 Æneas, in return, his brazen spear
 Hurl'd at Meriones with aident hope
 To pierce him, while, with numble¹⁰ steps and short
 Behind his buckler made, he paced the field, 740
 But, warn'd of its approach, Meriones
 Bow'd low his head, shunning it, and the spear
 Behind him pierced the soil, there quivering stood
 The weapon, vain, though from a vigorous arm,
 Till spent by slow degrees its fury slept 745

* 1 * * † * *
 * 2 3 4 * * 5, 11

Indignant then Æneas thus exclaim'd
 Meriones! I sent thee such a spear
 As, reaching thee, should have for ever man'd 750
 Thy step, accomplish'd dancer as thou art
 To whom Meriones spear-famed replied
 Æneas! thou wilt find the labour hard,
 How great soe'er thy might, to quell the force
 Of all opposers Thou art also doom'd 755
 Thyself to die, and may but speak of mine
 Well-arm'd once strike thee full, what strength soe'er
 O! magnanimity be thine to boast,
 Thy glory in that moment thou resign'st
 To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd 760

¹⁰ ὕπασπιδια προβιβῶντος A similar expression occurs in Book XIII 158. There we read ὕπασπιδια προτοδίων Which is explained by the Scholast in Villoison to signify—advancing with quick short steps, and at the same time covering the feet with a shield A practice which, unless they bore the ἀμφιβρότην ἀσπίδα, must necessarily leave the upper parts exposed

It is not improbable, though the translation is not accommodated to that conjecture, that Æneas, in his following speech to Meriones, calls him, ὀρχηστήν, with a view to the agility with which he performed this particular step in battle

¹¹ Two lines occurring here in the original which contain only the same matter as the two preceding, and which are found neither in the MSS used by Barnes nor in the Harleian, the Translator has omitted them in his version as interpolated and superfluous

He said, but him Patroclus shrup reproved
 Why speaks Meriones, although in flight
 Approved thus proudly? Nay, my gallant friend!
 The Trojans will not for reproach of ours
 Renounce the body Blood must first be spilt 765
 Tongues in debate, but hands in war decide,
 Deeds therefore now, not wordy vaunts, we need
 So saying he led the way, whom follow'd close
 Godlike Meriones As from the depth
 Of some lone wood that clothes the mountain's side 770
 The fellers at their toil are heard remote,
 So, from the face of Ilum's ample plain
 Reverberated, was the din of brass
 And of tough targets heard by faulchions huge
 Hard-smitten, and by spears of double-edge 775
 None then, no, not the quickest to discern,
 Had known divine Sarpedon, from his head
 To his foot-sole with mingled blood and dust
 Polluted, and o'erwhelm'd with weapons They
 Around the body swam'd As hovel-flies 780
 In spring-time buzz around the brimming pails
 With milk-bedew'd, so they around the dead
 Nor Jove averted once his glorious eyes
 From that dread contest, but with watchful note
 Mark'd all, the future death in battle deep 785
 Pondering of Patroclus, whether Him
 Hector should even now slay on divine
 Sarpedon, and despoil him of his arms,
 Or he should still that arduous strife prolong
 This counsel gain'd as eligible most 790
 At length his preference that the valiant friend
 Of Peleus' son should yet again compel
 The Trojan host with Hector brazen-mail'd
 To Ilum, slaughtering numerous by the way
 First then, with fears unmanly he possess'd 795
 The heart of Hector, mounting to his seat
 He turn'd to flight himself, and bade his host
 Fly also: for he knew Jove's purpose¹² changed
 Thenceforth, no longer even Lycia's host

¹² Ἰπὰ τάλαντα—*Voluntatem Jovis cui cedendum*—So it is interpreted in the Scholium MSS. Lapsiensis—Vide Schaufelbergerus

Endured, but all fled scatter'd, seeming pierced 800
 Their sovereign through his heart, and heap'd with dead,
 For numerous, while Saturnian Jove the fight
 Held in suspense, had on his body fallen
 At once the Grecians of his dazzling arms
 Despoil'd Sarpedon, which the Myrmidons 805
 By order of Menœtius' valiant son
 Bore thence into the fleet Meantime his will
 The Thunderer to Apollo thus express'd
 Phœbus, my son, delay not, from beneath
 Yon hill of weapons drawn cleanse from his blood 810
 Sarpedon's coise, then, bearing him remote,
 Lave him in waters of the running stream,
 With oils divine anoint, and in attire
 Immortal clothe him Last, to Death and Sleep,
 Swift bearers both, twin-born, deliver him, 815
 For hence to Lycia's opulent abodes
 They shall transport him quickly, where, with rites
 Funereal, his next kindred and his friends
 Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb
 (The dead man's portion) rearing to his name 820
 He ceased, nor was Apollo slow to hear
 His father's will, but from the Idæan heights
 Descending swift into the dreadful field,
 Godlike Sarpedon's body from beneath
 The hill of weapons drew, which, borne remote, 825
 He laved in waters of the running stream,
 With oils ambrosial bathed, and clothed in robes
 Immortal Then to Death and gentle Sleep,
 Swift-bearers both, twin-born, he gave the charge,
 Who placed it soon in Lycia's wealthy realm. 830
 Meantime Patroclus, calling to his steeds,
 And to Automedon, the Trojans chased
 And Lycians, on his own destruction bent
 Infatuate, heedless of his charge received
 From Peleus' son, which, well perform'd, had saved 835
 The Hero from his miserable doom
 But Jove's high purpose evermore prevails
 Against the thoughts of man, He turns to flight
 The bravest, and the victory takes with ease
 E'en from the Chief whom he impels himself 840

To battle, as he now this Chief impell'd
 Who, then, Patroclus ! first, who last by thee
 Fell slain, what time thyself wast call'd to die ?
 Adiaustus first, then Peimius he slew,
 Offspring of Megas, then Autonous, 845
 Echechlus, Melanippus, and Epistor,
 Pylartes, Milius, Elusus All these
 He slew, and from the field char'd all beside.
 Then, doubtless, had Achæa's sons prevail'd
 To take proud-gated Troy, such havoc made 850
 He with his spear, but that the son of Jove
 Apollo, on a tower's conspicuous height
 Station'd, devoted him for Ilum's sake
 Thrice on a buttress of the lofty wall
 Patroclus mounted, and him thrice the God 855
 With hands immortal his resplendent shield
 Smiting, struck down again, but when he rush'd
 A fourth time, demon-like, to the assault,
 The King of radiant shafts him, stern, rebuked.
 Patroclus, warrior of renown, retire ! 860
 The fates ordain not that imperial Troy
 Stoop to thy spear, nor to the spear itself
 Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou.
 He said, and Menœtiades the wrath
 Of shaft-arm'd Phœbus shunning, far retired. 865
 But in the Scæan gate Hector his steeds
 Detain'd, uncertain whether thence to drive
 Amid the waring multitude again,
 Or, loud commandment issuing, to collect
 His host within the walls Him musing long 870
 Apollo, clad in semblance of a Chief
 Youthful and valiant, join'd Asiûs he seem'd
 Equestrian Hector's uncle, brother born
 Of Hecuba the queen, and Dymas' son,
 Who on the Sangar's banks in Phrygia dwelt. 875
 Apollo, so disguised, him thus bespake
 Why, Hector, hast thou left the fight ? this sloth
 Not well befits thee Oh that I as far
 Thee pass'd in force as thou transcendest me,
 Then, not unpunish'd long, should'st thou retire, 880
 But haste, and with thy coursers solid-hoof'd

Seek out Patroclus, him perchance to slay,
Should Phœbus have decreed that glory thine

So saying, Apollo join'd the host again
Then noble Hector bade his charioteer 885

Valiant Cebiones his coursers lash
Back into battle, while the God himself
Entering the multitude confounded sore
The Argives, victory conferring proud
And glory on Hector and the host of Troy 890

But Hector, leaving all beside unslain,
Furious impell'd his coursers solid-hoof'd
Against Patroclus, on the other side
Patroclus from his chariot to the ground
Leap'd ardent, in his left a spear he bore, 895

And in his right a marble fragment rough,
Large as his grasp With full collected might
He hurl'd it, neither was the weapon slow
To find whom he had mark'd, or sent in vain.
He smote the charioteer of Hector, bold 900

Cebiones, King Priam's spurious son,
Full on the forehead, while he sway'd the reins
The bone that force withstood not, but the rock
With ragged points beset dash'd both his brows
In pieces, and his eyes fell at his feet 905

He, diver-like, from his exalted stand
Behind the steeds pitch'd headlong, and expired,
O'er whom, Patroclus of equestrian fame !
Thou didst exult with taunting speech severe
Ye Gods, with what agility he dives ! 910

Ah ! it were well if in the fishy Deep
This man were occupied, he might no few
With oysters satisfy, although the waves
Were churlish, plunging headlong from his bark
As easily as from his chariot here 915

So then—in Troy, it seems, are divers too !
So saying, on bold Cebiones he sprang
With all a lion's force, who, while the folds
He ravages, is wounded in the breast,
And, victim of his own fierce courage, dies 920
So didst thou spring, Patroclus ! to despoil
Cebiones, and Hector opposite

Leap'd also to the ground Then contest such
 For dead Cebriones those two between
 Arose, as in the lofty mountain-tops 92
 Two lions wage, contending for a deer
 New-slain, both hunger-pinch'd and haughty both.
 So for Cebriones, alike in arms
 Expert, brave Hector and Patroclus strove
 To pierce each other with the ruthless spear 93
 First, Hector seized his head, nor loosed his hold
 Patroclus, next, his feet, while all beside
 Of either host in furious battle join'd
 As when the East wind and the South contend
 To shake some deep wood on the mountain's side, 94
 Or beech, or ash, or rugged cornel old,
 With stormy violence the mingled boughs
 Smite and snap short each other, crashing loud,
 So, Trojans and Achæans, mingling, slew
 Mutual, while neither felt a wish to fly 95
 Around Cebriones stood many a spear,
 And many a shaft sent smartly from the nerve
 Implanted deep, and many a stone of grasp
 Enormous sounded on their batter'd shields
 Who fought to gain him He, in eddies lost 96
 Of sable dust, with his huge trunk huge space
 O'erspread, nor steeds nor chariots heeded more
 While yet the sun ascending climb'd the heavens,
 Their darts flew equal, and the people fell,
 But when he westward journey'd, by a change 97
 Surpassing hope the Grecians then prevail'd
 They drew Cebriones the Hero forth
 From all those weapons, and his armour stripp'd
 At leisure, distant from the battle's roar
 Then sprang Patroclus on the Trojan host, 98
 Thrice, like another Mars, he sprang with shouts
 Tremendous, and nine warriors thrice he slew
 But when the fourth time, dæmon-like, he rush'd
 Against them, then, oh then, too manifest
 The consummation of thy days approach'd 99
 Patroclus! whom Apollo terror-clad
 Met then in battle He the coming God
 Through all that multitude knew not, such gloom

Impenetrable him involved around
 Behind him close he stood, and with his palms 965
 Expanded on the spine and shoulders broad
 Smote him, his eyes swam dizzy at the stroke
 Then Phœbus from his head his helmet dash'd
 To earth, sonorous at the feet it roll'd
 Of many a prancing steed, and all the crest 970
 Defilement gather'd gross of dust and blood,
 Then first, till then, impossible, for how
 Should dust the tresses of that helmet shame
 With which Achilles fighting fenced his head
 Illustrious, and his graceful brows divine? 975
 But Jove now made it Hector's, he awhile
 Bore it, himself to swift perdition doom'd
 His spear brass-mounted, ponderous, huge and long,
 Fell shiver'd from his grasp His shield that swept
 His ancle, with its belt dropp'd from his arm, 980
 And Phœbus loosed the corslet from his breast
 Confusion seized his brain, his noble limbs
 Quaked under him, and panic-stunn'd he stood.
 Then came a Dardan Chief, who from behind
 Enforced a pointed lance into his back 985
 Between the shoulders, Panthus' son was he,
 Euphorbus, famous for equestrian skill,
 For spearmanship, and in the rapid race
 Past all of equal age He twenty men
 (Although a learner yet of martial feats, 990
 And by his steeds then first to battle borne)
 Dismounted He, Patroclus, mighty Chief!
 First threw a lance at thee, which yet thy life
 Quell'd not, then snatching hasty from the wound
 His ashen beam, he ran into the crowd, 995
 Nor dared confront in fight even the unarm'd
 Patroclus But Patroclus, by the lance,
 And by the stroke of an immortal hand
 Subdued, fell back toward his ranks again
 Then, soon as Hector the retreat perceived 1000
 Of brave Patroclus wounded, issuing forth
 From his own phalanx, he approach'd and drove
 A spear right through his body at the waist
 Sounding he fell Loud groan'd Achaia's host

As when the lion and the sturdy boar
1005
 Contend in battle on the mountain-tops
 For some scant rivulet, thus-t-parch'd alike,
 Ere long the lion quells the panting boar,
 So Priameian Hector, spear in hand,
 Slew Menœtiades the valiant slayer
1010
 Of multitudes, and thus in accents wing'd,
 With fierce delight exulted in his toil
 It was thy thought, Patroclus, to have laid
 Our city waste, and to have watted hence
 Our wives and daughters to thy native land,
1015
 Their day of liberty for ever set
 Fool ! for then sakes the feet of Hector's steeds
 Fly into battle, and myself excel,
 For then sakes, all our bravest of the spear,
 That I may turn from them that evil hour
1020
 Necessitous But thou art vulture's food
 Unhappy youth ! all valiant as he is,
 Achilles hath no succour given to thee,
 Who when he sent thee forth whither himself
 Would not, thus doubtless gave thee oft in charge.
1025
 Ah, well beware, Patroclus, glorious Chief !
 That thou revisit not these ships again,
 Till first on Hero-slaughterer Hector's breast
 Thou cleave his bloody corslet So he spake,
 And with vain words thee credulous beguiled
1030
 To whom Patroclus, mighty Chief, with breath
 Drawn faintly, and dying, thou didst thus reply
 Now Hector, boast ! now glory, for the son
 Of Saturn and Apollo, me with ease
 Vanquishing, whom they had themselves disarm'd,
1035
 Have made the victory thine, else, twenty such
 As thou, had fallen by my victorious spear
 Me Phœbus and my ruthless fate combined
 To slay, these foremost, but of mortal men
 Euphorbus, and thy praise is only third
1040
 I tell thee also, and within thy heart
 Repose it deep—Thou shalt not long survive,
 But, even now, fate, and a violent death
 Attend thee by Achilles' hands ordan'd
 To perish, by Æcides the brave.
1045

So saying, the shades of death him wrapp'd around
Down into Ades from his limbs dismiss'd,
His spirit fled sorrowful, of youth's prime
And vigorous manhood suddenly bereft
Then, him though dead, Hector again bespake 1050
Patroclus ! these prophetic strains of death
At hand, and fate, why hast thou sung to me ?
May not the son of Thetis azure-han'd,
Achilles, perish first by spear of mine ?
He said, then pressing with his heel the trunk 1055
Supine, and backward thrusting it, he drew
His glittering weapon from the wound, nor stay'd,
But, lance in hand, the godlike charioteer
Pursued of swift Æcides, on fire
To smite Automedon, but him the steeds 1060
Immortal, rapid, by the Gods conferr'd
(A glorious gift) on Peleus, snatch'd away

BOOK XVII

A R G U M E N T

Sharp contest ensues around the body of Patroclus. Hector puts on the armour of Achilles. Menelaus, having dispatched Antilochus to Achilles with news of the death of Patroclus, returns to the battle, and, together with Meriones, bears Patroclus off the field, while the Ajaces cover their retreat.

NOR Menelaus, Atreus' valiant son,
 Knew not how Menœtiades had fallen
 By Trojan hands in battle, forth he rush'd
 All bright in burnish'd armour through his van,
 And as some heifer with maternal fears 5
 Now first acquainted, compasses around
 Her young one murmuring, with tender moan,
 So moved the Hero of the amber locks
 Around Patroclus, before whom his spear
 Advancing and broad shield, he death denounced 10
 On all opposers, neither stood the son
 Spear-famed of Panthus inattentive long
 To slay Patroclus, but approach'd the dead,
 And warlike Menelaus thus bespake
 Prince! Menelaus! Atreus' mighty son! 15
 Yield. Leave the body and these gory spoils,
 For of the Trojans or allies of Troy
 None sooner made Patroclus bleed than I
 Seek not to rob me, therefore, of my praise
 Among the Trojans, lest my spear assail 20
 Thee also, and thou perish premature.
 To whom, indignant, Atreus' son replied
 Self-praise, the Gods do know, is little worth
 But neither lion may in pride compare
 Nor panther, nor the savage boar whose heart's 25
 High temper flashes in his eyes, with these
 The spear-accomplish'd youths of Panthus' house

Yet Hyperenor of equestrian fame
 Lived not his lusty manhood to enjoy,
 Who scoffingly defied my force in arms, 30
 And call'd me most contemptible in fight
 Of all the Danaï But him, I ween,
 His feet bore never hence to cheer at home
 His wife and parents with his glad return
 So also shall thy courage fierce be tamed, 35
 If thou oppose me. I command thee, go—
 Mix with the multitude, withstand not me,
 Lest evil overtake thee! To be taught
 By sufferings only, is the part of fools
 He said, but him sway'd not, who thus replied 40
 Now, even now, Atides! thou shalt rue
 My brother's blood which thou hast shed, and makest
 His death thy boast Thou hast his blooming bride
 Widow'd, and thou hast fill'd his parents' hearts
 With anguish of unutterable woe, 45
 But bearing hence thy armour and thy head
 To Troy, and casting them at Panthus' feet,
 And at the feet of Phrontis, his espoused,
 I shall console the miserable pair
 Nor will I leave that service unessay'd 50
 Longer, nor will I fail through want of force,
 Of courage, or of terrible address
 He ceased, and smote his shield, nor pierced the disk,
 But bent his point against the stubborn brass
 Then Menelaus, prayer preferring fist 55
 To Jove, assail'd Euphorbus in his turn,
 Whom pacing backward in the throat he struck,
 And with both hands and his full force the spear
 Impelling, urged it through his neck behind
 Sounding he fell, loud rang his batter'd arms 60
 His locks, which even the Graces might have own'd,
 Blood-sullied, and his ringlets wound about
 With twine of gold and silver, swept the dust
 As the luxuriant olive by a swain
 Rear'd in some solitude where rills abound, 65
 Puts forth her buds, and fann'd by genial airs
 On all sides, hangs her boughs with whitest flowers,
 But by a sudden whirlwind from its trench

Uptorn, it lies extended on the field ,
 Such, Panthus' warlike son Euphorbus seem'd, 70
 By Menelaus, son of Atreus, slain
 Suddenly, and of all his arms despoil'd
 But as the lion on the mountains bled,
 Glorious in strength, when he hath seized the best
 And fairest of the herd, with savage fangs 75
 First breaks her neck, then laps the bloody paunch
 Torn wide, meantime, around him, but remote,
 Dogs stand and swains clamouring, yet by fear
 Repress'd, annoy him not or dare approach ,
 So there all wanted courage to oppose 80
 The force of Menelaus, glorious Chief
 Then, easily had Menelaus borne
 The armour of the son of Panthus thence,
 But that Apollo the illustrious prize
 Denied him, who in semblance of the Chief 85
 Of the Ciconians, Mentis, prompted forth
 Against him Hector terrible as Mars,
 Whose spirit thus in accents wing'd he roused
 Hector ! the chase is vain, here thou pursuest
 The horses of Æacides the brave, 90
 Which thou shalt never win, for they are steeds
 Of fiery nature, such as ill endure
 To draw or carry mortal man, himself
 Except, whom an immortal mother bore
 Meantime, bold Menelaus, in defence 95
 Of dead Patroclus, hath a Trojan slain
 Of highest note, Euphorbus, Panthus' son,
 And hath his might in arms for ever quell'd
 So spake the God and to the fight return'd
 But grief intolerable at that word 100
 Seized Hector, darting through the ranks his eye,
 He knew at once who stripp'd Euphorbus' arms,
 And him knew also lying on the field,
 And from his wide wound bleeding copious still
 Then dazzling bright in arms, through all the van 105
 He flew, shrill-shouting, fierce as Vulcan's fire
 Unquenchable, nor were his shouts unheard
 By Atreus' son, who with his noble mind
 Conferring sad, thus to himself began

Alas ! if I forsake these gorgeous spoils, 110
 And leave Patroclus for my glory slain,
 I fear lest the Achæans at that sight
 Incensed, reproach me, and if, urged by shame,
 I fight with Hector and his host, alone,
 Lest, hemm'd around by multitudes, I fall, 115
 For Hector, by his whole unbattled force
 Attended, comes But whither turn my thoughts ?
 No man may combat with another fenced
 By power divine and whom the Gods exalt,
 But he must draw down woe on his own head 120
 Me, therefore, none of all Achæa's host
 Will blame indignant, seeing my retreat
 From Hector, whom themselves the Gods assist
 But might the battle-shout of Ajax once
 Reach me, with force united we would strive, 125
 Even in opposition to a God,
 To rescue for Achilles' sake, his friend
 Task arduous ! but less arduous than this
 While he thus meditated, swift advanced
 The Trojan ranks, with Hector at their head. 130
 He then, retuning slow, and turning oft,
 Forsook the body As by dogs and swans
 With clamours loud and spears driven from the stalls
 A bearded lion goes, his noble heart
 Abhors retreat, and slow he quits the prey, 135
 So Menelaus with slow steps forsook
 Patroclus, and arrived in front, at length,
 Of his own phalanx, stood, with sharpen'd eyes
 Seeking vast Ajax, son of Telamon
 Him leftward, soon, of all the field he mark'd 140
 Encouraging aloud his band, whose hearts
 With terrors irresistible himself
 Phœbus had fill'd He ran, and at his side
 Standing, incontinent, him thus bespake
 My gallant Ajax, haste—come quickly—strive 145
 With me to rescue for Achilles' sake
 His friend, though bare, for Hector hath his arms.
 He said, and by his words the noble mind
 Of Ajax roused, issuing through the van
 He went, and Menelaus at his side 150

Hector the body of Patroclus diagg'd,
 Stript of his arms, with faulchion keen erelong
 Purposing to strike off his head, and cast
 His trunk, drawn distant, to the dogs of Troy
 But Ajax, with broad shield tower-like, approach'd 155
 Then Hector, to his bands retreating, sprang
 Into his chariot, and to others gave
 The splendid arms in charge, who into Troy
 Should bear the destined trophy of his praise
 But Ajax with his broad shield guarding stood 160
 Slain Menœtiades, as for his whelps
 The lion stands, him through some forest dear
 Leading his little ones, the hunters meet,
 Fire glimmers in his looks, and down he draws
 His whole brow into frowns, covering his eyes, 165
 So, guarding slain Patroclus, Ajax lour'd
 On the other side, with tender grief oppress'd
 Unspeakable, brave Menelaus stood
 But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian band,
 Son of Hippolochus, in bitter terms 170
 Indignant, reprimanded Hector thus
 Ah, Hector, Chieftain of excelling form,
 But all unfurnish'd with a warrior's heart!
 Unwarranted I deem thy great renown
 Who art to flight addicted Think, henceforth, 175
 How ye shall save city and citadel
 Thou and thy people born in Troy, alone
 No Lycian shall, at least, in your defence
 Fight with the Grecians, for our ceaseless toil
 In arms, hath ever been a thankless task 180
 Inglorious Chief! how wilt thou save a woe
 From warring crowds, who hast Sarpedon left
 Thy guest, thy friend, to be a spoil, a prey
 To yonder Aigives? While he lived he much 185
 Thee and thy city profited, whom dead
 Thou fear'st to rescue even from the dogs
 Now, therefore, may but my advice prevail,
 Back to your country, Lycians! so, at once,
 Shall remediless ruin fall on Troy
 For had the Trojans now a daring heart 190
 Intrepid, such as in the breast resides

Of labourers in their country's dear behalf,
 We soon should drag Patroclus into Troy,
 And were his body, from the battle drawn,
 In Priam's loyal city once secured, 195
 As soon, the Argives would in ransom give
 Sarpedon's body with his splendid arms
 To be conducted safe into the town
 For when Patroclus fell, the friend was slain
 Of such a Chief as is not in the fleet 200
 For valour, and his bands are dauntless all
 But thou, at the first glimpse of Ajax' eye
 Confounded, hast not daied in arms to face
 That warrior bold, superior far to thee

To whom brave Hector, frowning stern, replied 205
 Why, Glaucus' should a Chief like thee his tongue
 Presume to employ thus haughtily? My friend'
 I thee accounted wisest, once, of all
 Who dwell in fruitful Lycia, but thy speech
 Now utter'd altogether merits blame, 210
 In which thou tell'st me that I fear to stand
 Against vast Ajax. Know that I from fight
 Shrink not, nor yet from sound of prancing steeds,
 But Jove's high purpose evermore prevails
 Against the thoughts of man, he turns to flight 215
 The bravest, and the victory takes with ease
 Even from those whom once he favour'd most
 But hither, friend' stand with me, mark my deed,
 Prove me, if I be found, as thou hast said,
 An idler all the day or if by force 220
 I not compel some Grecian to renounce
 Patroclus, even the boldest of them all

He ceased, and to his host exclaim'd aloud
 Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
 Of Dardanus, oh be ye men, my friends' 225
 Now summon all your fortitude, while I
 Put on the armour of Achilles, won
 From the renown'd Patroclus slain by me

So saying, illustrious Hector from the clash
 Of spears withdrew, and with his swiftest pace 230
 Departing, overtook, not far remote,
 The bearers of Achilles' arms to Troy

Apart from all the horrors of the field
 Standing, he changed his armour, gave his own
 To be by them to sacred Ilium borne, 235
 And the immortal arms of Peleus' son
 Achilles, by the ever-living Gods
 'To Peleus given, put on Those arms the Sire,
 Now old himself, had on his son confer'd,
 But in those arms his son grew never old 240
 Him, therefore, soon as cloud-assembler Jove
 Saw glittering in divine Achilles' arms,
 Contemplative he shook his brows, and said
 Ah hapless Chief! thy death, although at hand,
 Nought troubles thee Thou wear'st his heavenly arms, 245
 Who all excels, terror of Ilium's host
 His friend, though bold yet gentle, thou hast slain,
 And hast the brows and bosom of the dead
 Unseemly bared yet, bright success awhile
 I give thee, so compensating thy lot, 250
 From whom Andromache shall ne'er receive
 Those glorious arms, for thou shalt ne'er return
 So spake the Thunderer, and his sable brows
 Shaking, confirm'd the word But Hector found
 The armour apt, the God of war his soul 255
 With fury fill'd, he felt his limbs afresh
 Invigorated, and with loudest shouts
 Return'd to his illustrious allies
 To them he seem'd, clad in those radiant arms,
 Himself Achilles, rank by rank he pass'd 260
 Through all the host, exhorting every Chief,
 Asteropæus, Mesthles, Phorcy's, Medon,
 Thersilochus, Deisenor, augur Ennomus,
 Chromius, Hippothous, all these he roused
 To battle, and in accents wing'd began 265
 Hear me, ye myriads, neighbours and allies!
 For not through fond desire to fill the plain
 With multitudes, have I convened you here
 Each from his city, but that well inclined
 To Ilium, ye might help to guard our wives 270
 And little ones against the host of Greece
 Therefore it is that forage large and gifts
 Providing for you, I exhaust the stores

Of Troy, and drain our people for your sake
 Turn then direct against them, and his life
 Save each, or lose, it is the course of war
 Him who shall drag, though dead, Patroclus home
 Into the host of Troy, and shall repulse
 Ajax, I will reward with half the spoils,
 And half shall be my own, glory and praise
 Shall also be his meed, equal to mine

275

280

He ended, they compact with lifted spears
 Bore on the Danaï, conserving each
 Warm expectation in his heart to wrest
 From Ajax son of Telamon, the dead
 Vain hope! he many a lifeless Trojan heap'd
 On slain Patroclus, but at length his speech
 To warlike Menelaus thus address'd

285

Ah, Menelaus, valiant friend! I hope
 No longer, now, that even we shall 'scape
 Ourselves from fight, nor fear I so the loss
 Of dead Patroclus, who shall soon the dogs
 Of Ilum, and the fowls sate with his flesh,
 As for my life I tremble and for thine,
 That cloud of battle, Hector, such a gloom
 Sheds all around, death manifest impends
 Haste—call our best, if even they can hear

290

He spake, nor Menelaus not complied,
 But call'd aloud on all the Chiefs of Greece

Friends, senators, and leaders of the powers
 Of Aigos! who with Agamemnon drink
 And Menelaus at the public feast,
 Each bearing rule o'er many, by the will
 Of Jove advanced to honour and renown!
 The task were difficult to single out
 Chief after Chief by name amid the blaze
 Of such contention, but oh come yourselves
 Indignant forth, nor let the dogs of Troy
 Patroclus rend, and gambol with his bones!

300

305

He ceased, whom Oihades the swift
 Hearing incontinent, of all the Chiefs
 Ran foremost, after whom Idomeneus
 Approach'd, and dread as homicidal Maïs
 Meriones But never mind of man

310

Could even in silent recollection name 315
 The whole vast multitude who, following these,
 Renew'd the battle on the part of Greece
 The Trojans first, with Hector at their head,
 Wedged in close phalanx, rush'd to the assault
 As when within some rapid river's mouth 320
 The billows and stream clash, on either shore¹
 Loud sounds the roar¹ of waves ejected wide,
 Such seem'd the clamours of the Trojan host
 But the Achæans, one in heart, around
 Patroclus stood, bulwark'd with shields of brass, 325
 And over all their glittering helmets Jove
 Darkness diffused, for he had loved Patroclus
 While yet he lived friend of Æacides,
 And, now, abhorring that the dogs of Troy
 Should eat him, urged the Greeks to his defence. 330
 The host of Troy first shook the Grecian host,
 The body left, they fled, yet of them all,
 The Trojan powers, determined as they were,
 Slew none, but dragg'd the body Neither stood
 The Greeks long time aloof, soon as repulsed 335
 Again led on by Ajax, who in form
 And in exploits all others far excell'd,
 Peerless Æacides alone except
 Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd,
 In force resembling most some savage boar 340
 That in the mountains bursting through the brakes,
 The swains dispeises and then hounds with ease,
 Like him, illustrious Ajax, mighty son
 Of Telamon, at his assault dispersed
 With ease the close imbattled ranks, who fought 345
 Around Patroclus' body, strong in hope
 To achieve it, and to make the glory theirs.
 Hippothous, a youth of high renown,
 Son of Pelasgian Lethus, by a noose
 Around his ancle cast dragg'd through the fight 350
 Patroclus, so to gratify the host

¹ There is no word in our language expressive of loud sound at all comparable in effect to the Greek *Bo-o-om*. I have therefore endeavoured by the juxtaposition of two words similar in sound, to palliate in some degree a defect which it was not in my power to cure.

Of Ilium and their Chief, but evil him
 Reach'd suddenly, by none of all his friends
 (Though numerous wish'd to save him) turn'd aside
 For swift advancing on him through the crowd 355
 The son of Telamon pierced, spear in hand,
 His helmet brazen-cheek'd, the crested casque,
 So smitten, open'd wide, for huge the hand
 And ponderous was the spear that gave the blow,
 And all around its neck, mingled with blood 360
 Gush'd forth the brain There, lifeless, down he sank,
 Let fall the Hero's foot, and fell himself
 Prone on the dead, never to see again
 Deep-soil'd Larissa, never to requite
 Their kind sollicitudes who gave him birth, 365
 In bloom of life by dauntless Ajax slain
 Then, Hector hurl'd at Ajax his bight spear,
 But he, forewarn'd of its approach, escaped
 Narrowly, and it pierced Schedius instead,
 Brave son of Iphitus, he, noblest Chief 370
 Of the Phocensians, over many reign'd,
 Dwelling in Panopeus the far-renown'd
 Entering beneath the clavicle² the point
 Right through his shoulder's summit pass'd behind,
 And on his loud-resounding arms he fell 375
 But Ajax at his waist wounded the son
 Of Phœnops, valiant Phœreys, while he stood
 Guarding Hippothous, through his hollow mail
 Enforced the weapon dank his inmost life,
 And in his palm, supine, he clench'd the dust 380
 Then, Hector with the foremost Chiefs of Troy
 Fell back, the Argives sent a shout to heaven,
 And dragging Phœreys and Hippothous thence
 Stripp'd both In that bright moment Ilium's host
 Fear-quell'd before Achaia's warlike sons 385
 Had Troy re-enter'd, and the host of Greece
 By matchless might and fortitude their own
 Had snatch'd a victory from the grasp of Fate,
 But that, himself, the King of radiant shafts
 Æneas roused, Epytis' son he seem'd 390
 Periphas, ancient in the service grown

² Or collar-bone

On old Anchises whom he dearly loved,
 His form assumed, Apollo thus began
 How could ye save, Æneas, were the Gods
 Your enemies, the towers of lofty Troy? 305
 As I have others seen, warriors who would,
 Men fill'd with might and valour, arm themselves
 And Chiefs of multitudes disdaining fear
 But Jove to us the victory far more
 Than to the Grecians wills, therefore the fault 400
 Is yours, who tremble and refuse the fight
 He ended, whom Æneas marking, knew
 At once the glorious Archer of the skies,
 And thus to distant Hector call'd aloud
 Oh, Hector, and ye other Chiefs of Troy 405
 And of her brave confederates! Shame it were
 Should we re-enter Ilum, driven to flight
 By dastard fear before the host of Greece.
 A God assured me even now, that Jove,
 Supreme in battle, gives his aid to Troy. 410
 Rush, therefore, on the Danaï direct,
 Nor let them, safe at least and unannoy'd,
 Bear hence Patroclus' body to the fleet
 He spake, and starting far into the van
 Stood foremost forth, they, wheeling, faced the Greeks 415
 Then, spear in hand, Æneas smote the friend
 Of Lycomedes, brave Leocritus,
 Son of Arisbas Lycomedes saw
 Compassionate his death, and drawing nigh
 First stood, then hurling his resplendent lance, 420
 Right through the liver Apisaon pierced
 Offspring of Hippasus, his chest beneath,
 And, lifeless, instant, on the field he fell
 He from Pæonia the deep-soil'd to Troy
 Came forth, Asteropæus sole except, 425
 Bravest of all Pæonia's band in arms
 Asteropæus saw, and to the van
 Sprang forth for furious combat well prepared,
 But room for fight found none, so thick a fence
 Of shields and ported spears fronted secure 430
 The phalanx guarding Meneæades
 For Ajax ranging all the ranks, aloud

Admonish'd them that no man yielding ground
 Should leave Patroclus, or advance before
 The rest, but all alike fight and stand fast 435
 Such order gave huge Ajax, purple goie
 Drench'd all the ground, in slaughter'd heaps they fell,
 Trojans and Trojan aids of dauntless hearts
 And Grecians, for not even they the fight
 Waged bloodless, though with far less cost of blood, 440
 Each mindful to avert his fellow's fate
 Thus burn'd the battle, neither hadst thou deem'd
 The sun himself in heaven unquench'd, or moon,
 Beneath a cope so dense of darkness strove
 Unceasing all the most renown'd in arms 445
 For Menœtiades Meantime the war,
 Wherever else, the bright-arm'd Grecians waged
 And Trojans under skies serene The sun
 On them his radiance darted, not a cloud,
 From mountain or from vale rising, allay'd 450
 His fervour, there at distance due they fought
 And paused by turns, and shunn'd the cruel dart
 But in the middle field not war alone
 They suffer'd, but might also, ruthless raged
 The non storm, and all the mightiest bled 455
 Two glorious Chiefs, the while, Antilochus
 And Thrasymedes, had no tidings heard
 Of brave Patroclus slain, but deem'd him still
 Living, and troubling still the host of Troy,
 For watchful³ only to prevent the flight 460
 Or slaughter of their fellow-warriors, they
 Maintain'd a distant station, so enjoin'd
 By Nestor when he sent them to the field
 But fiery conflict arduous employ'd
 The rest all day continual, knees and legs, 465
 Feet, hands, and eyes of those who fought to guard
 The valiant friend of swift Æacides

³ The proper meaning of ἐπιωσσομενω—is not simply *looking on*, but *providing against*. And thus their ignorance of the death of Patroclus is accounted for. They were ordered by Nestor to a post in which they should have little to do themselves, except to superintend others, and were consequently too remote from Patroclus to see him fall, or even to hear that he had fallen.—See Villosion.

Sweat gather'd foul and dust As when a man
 An huge ox-hide drunken with slippery laid
 Gives to be stretch'd, his servants all around 470
 Disposed, just intervals between, the task
 Ply strenuous, and while many straining hard
 Extend it equal on all sides, it sweats
 The moisture out, and drinks the unction in,
 So they, in narrow space struggling, the dead 475
 Diagg'd every way, warm hope conceiving, these
 To drag him thence to Troy, those, to the ships
 Wild tumult raged around him, neither Mairs,
 Gatherer of hosts to battle, nor himself
 Pallas, however angry, had beheld 480
 That conflict with disdain, Jove to such length
 Protracted on that day the bloody toil
 Of steeds and men for Menœtiades
 Nor knew divine Achilles or had aught
 Heard of Patroclus slain, for from the ships 485
 Remote they fought, beneath the walls of Troy
 He, therefore, fear'd not for his death, but hope
 Indulged much rather, that, the battle push'd
 To Ilum's gates, he should return alive
 For that his friend, unaided by himself 490
 Or even aided, should prevail to lay
 Troy waste, he nought supposed, by Thetis warn'd
 In secret conference oft, he better knew
 Jove's purpose, yet not even she had borne
 Those dreadful tidings to his ear, the loss 495
 Immeasurable of his dearest friend
 They all around the dead fought spear in hand
 With mutual slaughter ceaseless, and amid
 Achæa's host thus spake a Chief mail-arm'd
 Shame were it, Grecians! should we seek by flight 500
 Our galleys now, yawn earth our feet beneath
 And here engulf us rather! Better far
 Than to permit the steed-famed host of Troy
 To drag Patroclus hence into the town,
 And make the glory of this conflict theirs 505
 Thus also of the dauntless Trojans spake
 A certain warrior Oh, my friends! although
 The fates ordain us, one and all, to die

Around this body, stand ' quit not the field.

So spake the warrior prompting into act 510
The courage of his friends, and such they strove

On both sides , high into the vault of heaven

The iron din pass'd through the desert an

Meantime the horses of Æacides

From fight withdrawn, soon as they understood 515

Their charioteer fallen in the dust beneath

The arm of homicidal Hector, wept

Them oft with hasty lash Diore's son

Automedon impatient smote, full oft

He stroked them gently, and as oft he chode⁴, 520

Yet neither to the fleet ranged on the shore

Of spacious Hellespont would they return,

Nor with the Grecians seek the fight, but stood

As a sepulchral pillar stands, unmoved

Between their traces , to the earth they hung 525

Their heads, with plenteous tears their driver mourn'd,

And mingled their dishevell'd manes with dust

Jove saw then grief with pity, and his brows

Shaking, within himself thus, pensive, said

Ah hapless pair ! Wherefore by gift divine 530

Were ye to Peleus given, a mortal king,

Yourselves immortal and from age exempt ?

Was it that ye might share in human woes ?

For, of all things that breathe or creep the earth,

No creature lives so mere a wretch as man 535

Yet shall not Priameian Hector ride

Triumphant, drawn by you Myself forbid

Suffice it that he boasts vain-gloriously

Those arms his own Your spirit and your limbs

I will invigorate, that ye may bear 540

Safe hence Automedon into the fleet

For I ordain the Trojans still to spread

Carnage around victorious, till they reach

The gallant barks, and till the sun at length

Descending, sacred darkness cover all. 545

He said, and with new might the steeds inspired

⁴ This is the proper imperfect of the verb *chide*, though modern usage has substituted *chid*, a word of mean and awkward sound, in the place of it

They, shaking from their hair profuse the dust,
 Between the van of either army whul'd
 The rapid chariot Fighting as he pass'd,
 Though fill'd with sorrow for his slaughter'd friend, 550
 Automedon high-mounted swept the field
 Impetuous as a vulture scattering geese,
 Now would he vanish, and now turn'd again,
 Chase through a multitude his trembling loc,
 But whomsoe'er he follow'd, none he slew, 555
 Nor was the task possible to a Chet
 Sole in the sacred chariot, both to aim
 The spear aight and guide the fiery steeds.
 At length Alcimedon, his friend in arms,
 Son of Laerceus son of Æmon, him 560
 Observing, from behind the chariot hail'd
 The flying warrior, whom he thus bespake
 What power, Automedon! hath ta'en away
 Thy better judgment, and thy breast inspired
 With this vain purpose to assail alone 565
 The Trojan van? Thy partner in the fight
 Is slain and Hector on his shoulders bears,
 Elate, the armour of Æacides
 Then, answer thus Automedon return'd,
 Son of Dioreas Who of all our host 570
 Was ever skill'd, Alcimedon! as thou
 To rule the fire of these immortal steeds,
 Save only while he lived, peer of the Gods
 In that great art, Patroclus, now no more?
 Thou, therefore, the resplendent reins receive 575
 And scourge, while I, dismounting, wage the fight
 He ceased, Alcimedon without delay
 The battle-chariot mounting, seized at once
 The lash and reins, and from his seat down leap'd
 Automedon Them noble Hector mark'd, 580
 And to Æneas at his side began
 Illustrious Chief of Trojans brazen-mail'd
 Æneas! I have noticed yonder steeds
 Of swift Achilles rushing into fight
 Conspicuous, but under sway of hands 585
 Unskilful, whence arises a fair hope
 That we might seize them, wert thou so inclined,

For never would those two dare to oppose
In battle an assault dreadful as ours

He ended, nor the valiant son refused 590

Of old Anchises, but with targets firm
Of season'd hide brass-plated thrown athwart
Their shoulders, both advanced duet, with whom
Of godlike form Aretus also went

And Chromius Ardent hope they all conceived 595

To slay those Chiefs, and from the field to drive
Achilles' lofty steeds Van hope¹ for them

No bloodless strife awaited with the force
Of brave Automedon, he, prayer to Jove
First offering, felt his angry soul with might 600

Heroic fill'd, and thus his faithful friend
Alcimedon, incontinent, address'd

Alcimedon¹ hold not the steeds remote
But breathing on my back, for I expect
That never Priameian Hector's rage 605

Shall limit know, or pause, till, slaying us,
He shall himself the coursers ample-maned
Mount of Achilles, and to flight compel
The Argive host, or perish in the van

So saying, he call'd aloud on Menelaus 610

With either Ajax Oh, illustrious Chiefs

Of Argos, Menelaus, and ye bold

Ajaces¹ leaving all your best to cope
With Ilium's powers and to protect the dead,
From friends still living ward the bitter day 615

For hither borne, two Chiefs, bravest of all
The Trojans, Hector and Æneas rush
Right through the battle The events of war

Heaven orders, therefore even I will give
My spear its flight, and Jove dispose the rest¹ 620

He said, and brandishing his massy spear
Dismiss'd it at Aretus, full he smote

His ample shield, nor stay'd the pointed brass,
But penetrating sheer the disk, his belt
Pierc'd also, and stood planted in his waist. 625

As when some vigorous youth with sharpen'd axe

¹ The Latin plural of Ajax is sometimes necessary, because the English plural—Ajaxes—would be insupportable

A pastured bullock smites behind the horns
 And hews the muscle through, he, at the stroke
 Springs forth and falls, so sprang Aietus forth,
 Then fell supine, and in his bowels stood 630
 The keen-edged lance still quivering till he died
 Then Hector, in return, his radiant spear
 Hurl'd at Automedon, who of its flight
 Forewarn'd, his body bowing prone, the stroke
 Eluded, and the spear piercing the soil 635
 Behind him, shook to its superior end,
 Till, spent by slow degrees, its fury slept
 And now, with hand to hilt, for closer war
 Both stood prepared, when through the multitude
 Advancing at their fellow-warrior's call, 640
 The Ajaces suddenly their combat fierce
 Prevented Awed at once by their approach
 Hector retired, with whom Æneas went
 Also and godlike Chromius, leaving there
 Aietus with his vitals torn, whose aims, 645
 Fierce as the God of war Automedon
 Stripp'd off, and thus exulted o'er the slain
 My soul some portion of her grief resigns
 Consoled, although by slaughter of a worse,
 For loss of valiant Menœtiades 650
 So saying, within his chariot he disposed
 The gory spoils, then mounted it himself
 With hands and feet purpled, as from a bull
 His bloody prey, some lion newly-gorged
 And now around Patroclus raged again 655
 Dread strife deplorable, for from the skies
 Descending at the Thunderer's command
 Whose purpose now was to assist the Greeks,
 Pallas enhanced the fury of the fight.
 As when from heaven, in view of mortals, Jove 660
 Exhibits bright his bow, a sign ordain'd
 Of war, or numbing frost which all the works
 Suspends of man and saddens all the flocks,
 So she, all mantled with a radiant cloud
 Entering Achaia's host, fired every breast 665
 But meeting Menelaus first, brave son
 Of Atreus, in the form and with the voice

Robust of Phœnix, him she thus bespake.

Shame, Menelaus, shall to thee redound
For ever, and reproach, should dogs devour 670
The faithful friend of Peleus' noble son
Under Troy's battlements, but stand, thyself,
Undaunted, and encourage all the host

To whom the son of Atreus bold in arms
Ah, Phœnix, friend revered, ancient and sage ! 675
Would Pallas give me might and from the dust
Shield me of dart and spear, with willing mind
I would defend Patroclus, for his death
Hath touch'd me deep But Hector with the rage
Burns of consuming fire, nor to his spear 680
Gives pause, for him Jove leads to victory

He ceased, whom Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed
Hearing, rejoiced that of the heavenly powers
He had invoked *her* foremost to his aid
His shoulders with new might, and limbs she fill'd, 685
And persevering boldness to his breast
Imparted, such as prompts the fly, which oft
From flesh of man repulsed, her purpose yet
To bite holds fast, resolved on human blood
His stormy bosom with such courage fill'd 690
By Pallas, to Patroclus he approach'd
And hurl'd, incontinent, his glittering spear
There was a Trojan Chief, Podes by name,
Son of Eetion, valorous and rich ,

Of all Troy's citizens him Hector most 695
Respected, in convivial pleasures sweet
His chosen companion As he sprang to flight,
The hero of the golden locks his belt
Struck with full force and sent the weapon through
Sounding he fell, and from the Trojan ranks 700
Attides diagg'd the body to his own
Then drew Apollo near to Hector's side,
And in the form of Phœnops, Asius' son,
Of all the foreign guests at Hector's board
His favourite most, the hero thus address'd 705

What Chief of all the Grecians shall henceforth
Fear Hector, who from Menelaus shrinks
Once deem'd effeminate, but dragging now

The body of thy valiant friend approved
 Whom he hath slain, Podes, Ection's son ? 710
 He spake, and at his words grief like a cloud
 Involved the mind of Hector dark around,
 Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd
 All clad in dazzling brass. Then, lifting high
 His tassel'd ægis radiant, Jove with storms 715
 Enveloped Ida, flash'd his lightnings, roar'd
 His thunders, and the mountain shook throughout
 Troy's host he prosper'd, and the Greeks dispers'd
 First fled Penelcus, the Boetian Chief,
 Whom facing firm the foe Polydamas 720
 Struck on his shoulder's summit with a lance
 Hurl'd nigh at hand, which slight inscribed the bone
⁶Leitus also, son of the renown'd
 Alectryon, pierced by Hector in the wrist,
 Disabled left the fight, trembling he fled 725
 And peering narrowly around, nor hoped
 To lift a spear against the Trojans more
 Hector, pursuing Leitus, the point
 Encounter'd of the brave Idomeneus
 Full on his chest, but in his mail the lance 730
 Snapp'd, and the Trojans shouted to the skies
 He, in his turn, cast at Deucalion's son
 Idomeneus, who in that moment gain'd⁷
 A chariot-seat, but him the ering spear
 Attain'd not, piercing Cœranus instead 735
 The friend and follower of Meriones
 From wealthy Lyctus, and his chariotceer
 For when he left, that day, the gallant barks
 Idomeneus had sought the field on foot,
 And triumph proud, full sure, to Ilium's host 740
 Had yielded now, but that with rapid haste

⁶ Leitus was another Chief of the Boetians

⁷ Διόρρη ἐδεδάτορος—Yet we learn soon after that he fought on foot. But the Scholiast explains the expression thus—νεωσι τῷ ὀφθαλμῷ ἐπιβάντορος. The fact was that Idomeneus had left the camp on foot, and was on foot when Hector prepared to throw at him. But Cœranus, chariotceer of Meriones, observing his danger, drove instantly to his aid. Idomeneus had just time to mount, and the spear designed for him, struck Cœranus.—For a right understanding of this very intricate and difficult passage, I am altogether indebted to the Scholiast as quoted by Villoissson.

Coeranus drove to his relief, from him
 The fate averting which himself incur'd
 Victim of Hector's homicidal aim.
 Him Hector smiting between ear and jaw, 745
 Push'd from their sockets with the lance's point
 His firm-set teeth, and sever'd sheer his tongue
 Dismounted down he fell, and from his hand
 Let slide the flowing reins, which, to the earth
 Stooping, Meriones in haste resumed, 750
 And briefly thus Idomeneus address'd
 Now drive, and cease not, to the fleet of Greece!
 Thyself see'st victory no longer ours
 He said, Idomeneus whom, now, dismay
 Seized also, with his lash plying severe 755
 The coursers ample-maned, flew to the fleet
 Nor Ajax, dauntless hero, not perceived,
 Nor Menelaus, by the sway of Jove
 The victory inclining fast to Troy,
 And thus the Telamonian Chief began 760
 Ah! who can be so blind as not to see
 The eternal Father, now, with his own hand
 Awarding glory to the Trojan host,
 Whose every spear flies, instant, to the mark
 Sent forth by brave or base? Jove guides them all, 765
 While, ineffectual, ours fall to the ground
 But haste, devise we of ourselves the means
 How likeliest we may bear Patroclus hence,
 And gladden, safe returning, all our friends,
 Who, hither looking anxious, hope have none 770
 That we shall longer check the unconquer'd force
 Of hero-slaughtering Hector, but expect
 To see him soon amid the fleet of Greece
 Oh for some Grecian now to carry swift
 The tidings to Achilles' ear, untaught, 775
 As I conjecture, yet, the doleful news
 Of his Patroclus slain! but no such Greek
 May I discern, such universal gloom

* The Translator here follows the interpretation preferred by the
 Scholast. The original expression is ambiguous, and may signify, either,
 that *we shall perish in the fleet ourselves*, or that Hector will soon be in
 the midst of it. Vide Villoisson *in loco*

Both men and steeds envelops all around
 Father of heaven and earth ! deliver thou 780
 Achaia's host from darkness , clear the skies ,
 Give day , and (since thy sovereign will is such)
 Destruction with it—but oh give us day !

He spake, whose tears Jove saw with pity moved,
 And chased the untimely shades, bright beam'd the sun 785
 And the whole battle was display'd Then spake
 The hero thus to Atreus' mighty son

Now noble Menelaus ! looking forth,
 See if Antilochus be yet alive,
 Brave son of Nestor, whom exhort to fly 790
 With tidings to Achilles, of the friend
 Whom most he loved, of his Patroclus slain

He ceased, nor Menelaus, dauntless Chief,
 That task refused, but went , yet neither swift
 Nor willing As a lion leaves the stalls 795
 Wearied himself with harassing the guard,
 Who, interdicting him his purposed prey,

Watch all the night , he famish'd, yet again
 Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof
 By spears from daring hands dismiss'd, but more 800
 By flash of torches which, though fierce, he dreads,
 Till at the dawn, sullen he stalks away ,

So from Patroclus Menelaus went
 Heroic Chief ! reluctant , for he fear'd
 Lest the Achaians should resign the dead, 805
 Through consternation, to the host of Troy
 Departing, therefore, he admonish'd oft
 Meriones and the Ajaces, thus.

Ye two brave leaders of the Argive host,
 And thou, Meriones ! now recollect 810

The gentle manners of Patroclus fallen
 Hapless in battle, who by carriage mild
 Well understood, while yet he lived, to engage
 All hearts, though prisoner now of death and fate

So saying, the Hero amber-hair'd his steps 815
 Turn'd thence, the field exploring with an eye
 Sharp as the eagle's, of all fowls beneath
 The azure heavens for keenest sight renown'd,
 Whom, though he soar sublime, the leveret

By broadest leaves conceal'd 'scapes not, but swift
 Descending, even her he makes his prey,
 So, noble Menelaus' were thine eyes
 Turn'd into every quarter of the host
 In search of Nestor's son, if still he lived
 Him, soon, encouraging his band to fight,
 He noticed on the left of all the field,
 And sudden standing at his side, began
 Antilochus' oh hear me, noble friend!
 And thou shalt learn tidings of such a deed
 As best had never been Thou know'st, I judge,
 And hast already seen, how Jove exalts
 To victory the Trojan host, and rolls
 Distress on ours, but ah! Patroclus lies,
 Our chief Achaian, slain, whose loss the Greeks
 Fills with regret Haste, therefore, to the fleet,
 Inform Achilles, bid him haste to save,
 If save he can, the body of his friend,
 He can no more, for Hector hath his arms
 He ceased Antilochus with horror heard
 Those tidings, mute long time he stood, his eyes
 Swam tearful, and his voice, sonorous eist,
 Found utterance none Yet even so distress'd
 He not the more neglected the command
 Of Menelaus Setting forth to run,
 He gave his armour to his noble friend
 Laodocus, who thither turn'd his steeds,
 And, weeping as he went, on rapid feet
 Sped to Achilles with that tale of woe
 Nor could the noble Menelaus stay
 To give the weary Pylian band, bereft
 Of their beloved Antilochus, his aid,
 But leaving them to Thiasymedes' care,
 He flew to Menoetades again,
 And the Ajaces, thus, instant bespake
 He goes I have dispatch'd him to the fleet
 To seek Achilles, but his coming nought
 Expect I now, although with rage he burn
 Against illustrious Hector, for what fight
 Can he, unarm'd, against the Trojans wage?
 Deliberating, therefore, frame we means

820

825

834

835

840

843

855

860

How best to save Patroclus, and to 'scape
 Ourselves unslain from this disastrous field
 Whom answer'd the vast son of Telamon
 Most noble Menelaus ! good is all
 Which thou hast spoken Lift ye from the earth 865
 Thou and Meriones, at once, and bear
 The dead Patroclus from the bloody field
 To cope meantime with Hector and his host
 Shall be our task, who, one in name, not less
 In spirit one, already have the brunt 870
 Of much sharp conflict, side by side, sustain'd
 He ended, they enfolding in their arms
 The dead, upbore him high above the ground
 With force united, after whom the host
 Of Troy, seeing the body borne away, 875
 Shouted, and with impetuous onset all
 Follow'd them As the hounds, urged from behind
 By youthful hunters, on the wounded boar
 Make fierce assault, awhile at utmost speed
 They stretch toward him, hungering for the prey, 880
 But oft as, turning sudden, the stout brawn
 Faces them, scatter'd on all sides escape,
 The Trojans so, thick thronging in the rear,
 Ceaseless with faulchions and spears double-edged
 Annoy'd them sore, but oft as in retreat 885
 The dauntless Heroes, the Ajaces turn'd
 To face them, deadly wan grew every cheek,
 And not a Trojan dared with onset rude
 Molest them more in conflict for the dead
 Thus they, laborious, forth from battle bore 890
 Patroclus to the fleet, tempestuous war
 Their steps attending, rapid as the flames
 Which, kindled suddenly, some city waste,
 Consumed amid the blaze house after house
 Sinks, and the wind, meantime, roars through the fire, 895
 So them a deafening tumult as they went
 Pursued, of horses and of men spear-arm'd
 And as two mules with strength for toil endued,
 Draw through rough ways down from the distant hills
 Huge timber, beam or mast, sweating they go, 900
 And overlabour'd to faint weariness,

So they the body bore, while, turning oft,
The Ajaces check'd the Trojans As a mound
Planted with trees and stretch'd athwait the mead
Repels an overflow, the torrents loud 900
Baffling, it sends them far away to float
The level land, nor can they with the force
Of all their waters burst a passage through,
So the Ajaces, constant, in the rear
Repress'd the Trojans, but the Trojans them 910
Attended still, of whom Æneas most
Troubled them, and the glorious Chief of Trov
They as a cloud of starlings or of daws
Fly screaming shrill, warn'd timely of the kite
Or hawk, devourers of the smaller kinds, 915
So they shrill-clamouring toward the fleet,
Hasted before Æneas and the might
Of Hector, nor the battle heeded more
Much radiant amour round about the foss
Fell of the flying Grecians, or within 920
Lay scatter'd, and no pause of war they found

BOOK XVIII

ARGUMENT

Achilles, by command of Juno, shows himself to the Trojans with a new appearance, Vulcan, at the instance of Thetis, forges for him a suit of armour

THUS burn'd the battle like devouring fire
 Meantime, Antilochus with rapid steps
 Came to Achilles. Him he found before
 His lofty barks, occupied, as he stood,
 With boding fears of all that had befall'n
 He groan'd, and to his noble self he said,
 Ah! woe is me—why falls Achaia's host,
 With such disorder foul, back on the fleet?
 I tremble lest the Gods my anxious thoughts
 Accomplish and my mother's words, who erst 10
 Hath warn'd me, that the bravest and the best
 Of all my Myrmidons, while yet I live,
 Slain under Troy, must view the sun no more
 Brave Menœtiades is, doubtless, slain
 Unhappy friend! I bade thee oft, our barks 15
 Deliver'd once from hostile fires, not seek
 To cope in arms with Hector, but return
 While musing thus he stood, the son approach'd
 Of noble Nestor, and with tears his cheeks
 Bedewing copious, his sad message told 20
 Oh son of warlike Peleus! thou shalt hear
 Tidings of deeds which best had never been
 Patroclus is no more. The Grecians fight
 For his bare coise, and Hector hath his arms
 Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son, 25
 And, grasping with both hands the ashes, down
 He pour'd them on his head, his graceful brows
 Dishonouring, and thick the sooty shower
 Descending settled on his fragrant vest

Then, stretch'd in ashes, at the vast extent 30
 Of his whole length he lay, disordering wild
 With his own hands, and tending off his hand
 The maidens, captiv'd by himself in war
 And by Patroclus, shrieking from the tent
 Ran forth, and hemm'd the glorious Chief around 35
 All smote their bosoms, and all, fainting, fell
 On the other side, Antilochus the hands
 Held of Achilles, mourning and deep groans
 Issuing from his noble heart, through fear
 Lest Peleus' son should perish self-destroy'd 40
 Loud groan'd the Hero, whose loud groans within
 The gulfs of ocean, where she sat beside
 Her ancient Sire, his Goddess-mother heard,
 And hearing shriek'd, around, her at the voice
 Assembled all the Nereids of the Deep 45
 Cymodoce, Thalia, Glauca came,
 Nisæa, Spio, Thoa, and with eyes
 Protuberant beauteous Halia, came with these
 Cymothoe, and Actæ, and the nyriph
 Of marshes, Limnorea, nor delay'd 50
 Agave, nor Amphithoe the swift,
 Iæra, Doto, Melita, nor thence
 Was absent Proto or Dynamene,
 Callianira, Doris, Panope,
 Pherusa or Amphinome, or fan 55
 Deiamene, or Galatea praised
 For matchless form divine, Nemertes pure
 Came also, with Apseudes chrystal-bright,
 Callianassa, Mæra, Clymene,
 Janeira and Janassa, sister pair, 60
 And Orithya, and with azure locks
 Luxuriant, Amatheia, nor alone
 Came these, but every ocean-nymph beside
 The silver cave was fill'd, each smote her breast,
 And Thetis, loud lamenting, thus began 65
 Ye sister Nereids, hear ' that ye may all
 From my own lips my boundless sorrow learn.
 Ah me forlorn ' ah me, parent in vain
 Of an illustrious birth ' who, having borne
 A noble son magnanimous, the chief 70

Of Heroes, saw him like a thriving plant
 Shoot vigorous under my maternal care,
 And sent him early in his gallant fleet
 Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy
 But him from fight return'd I shall receive 75
 Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,
 And while he lives, and on the sun his eyes
 Opens, he mourns, nor, going, can I aught
 Assist him, yet I go, that I may see
 My darling son, and from his lips be taught 80
 What grief hath now befallen him, who close
 Abiding in his tent shaies not the war
 So saying she left the cave, whom all her nymphs
 Attended weeping, and where'er they pass'd
 The breaking billows open'd wide a way. 85
 At fruitful Troy arrived, in order fair
 They climb'd the beach, where by his numerous barks
 Encompass'd, swift Achilles sighing lay.
 Then, drawing nigh to her afflicted son,
 The Goddess-mother press'd between her palms 90
 His temples, and in accents wing'd enquired
 Why weeps my son? what sorrow wrings thy soul?
 Speak, hide it not. Jove hath fulfill'd the prayer
 Which erst with lifted hands thou didst prefer,
 That all Achaia's host, wanting thy aid, 95
 Might be compell'd into the fleet, and foul
 Disgrace incur, there prison'd for thy sake.
 To whom Achilles, groaning deep, replied
 My mother! it is true, Olympian Jove
 That prayer fulfils, but thence, what joy to me, 100
 Patroclus slain? the friend of all my friends
 Whom most I loved, dear to me as my life—
 Him I have lost Slain and despoil'd he lies
 By Hector of his glorious armour bright
 The wonder of all eyes, a matchless gift 105
 Given by the Gods to Peleus on that day
 When thee they doom'd into a mortal's arms.
 Oh that with these thy deathless ocean-nymphs
 Dwelling content, thou hadst my father left
 To espouse a mortal bride, so hadst thou 'scaped 110
 Pangs numberless which thou must now endure

For thy son's death, whom thou shalt never meet
From Troy return'd, in Peleus' mansion more !
For life I covet not, nor longer wish
To mix with human kind, unless my spear 115
May find out Hector, and atonement take
By slaying Him, for my Patroclus slain
To whom, with streaming tears, Thetis replied
Swift comes thy destiny as thou hast said,
For after Hector's death thine next ensues 120
Then answer, thus, indignant he return'd
Death seize me now ! since when my friend was slain,
My doom was, not to succour him He died
From home remote, and wanting me to save him
Now, therefore, since I neither visit more 125
My native land, nor, present here, have aught
Avail'd Patroclus or my many friends
Whom noble Hector hath in battle slain,
But here I sit unprofitable grown,
Earth's burden, though of such heroic note, 130
If not in council foremost (for I yield
That prize to others) yet in feats of arms,
Such as none other in Achaea's host,
May fierce contention from among the Gods
Perish, and from among the human race, 135
With wrath, which sets the wisest hearts on fire,
Sweeter than dropping honey to the taste,
But in the bosom of mankind, a smoke !
Such was my wrath which Agamemnon roused,
The king of men But since the past is fled 140
Irrevocable, howsoe'er distress'd,
Renounce we now vain musings on the past,
Content through sad necessity I go
In quest of noble Hector, who hath slain
My loved Patroclus, and such death will take, 145
As Jove ordains me and the Powers of Heaven
At their own season, send it when they may
For neither might the force of Hercules,
Although high-favour'd of Saturnian Jove,
From death escape, but Fate and the revenge 150
Restless of Juno vanquish'd even Him.
I also, if a destiny like his

Await me, shall, like him, find rest in death ,
 But glory calls me now , now will I make
 Some Trojan wife or Dardan with both hands 155
 Wipe her soft cheeks, and utter many a groan
 Long time have I been absent from the field,
 And they shall know it Love me as thou may'st,
 Yet thwart me not, for I am fixt to go
 Whom Thetis answer'd, Goddess of the Deep 160
 Thou hast well said, my son ! it is no blame
 To save from threaten'd death our suffering friends.
 But thy magnificent and dazzling arms
 Are now in Trojan hands , them Hector wears
 Exulting, but ordain'd not long to exult, 165
 So habited , his death is also nigh
 But thou with yonder warring multitudes
 Mix not, till thou behold me here again ,
 For with the rising sun I will return
 To-morrow, and will bring thee glorious arms, 170
 By Vulcan forged himself, the king of fire
 She said, and turning from her son aside,
 The sisterhood of Ocean thus address'd
 Plunge ye again into the briny Deep,
 And to the hoary Sovereign of the floods 175
 Report as ye have heard I to the heights
 Olympian haste, that I may there obtain
 From Vulcan, glorious artist of the skies,
 Arms of excelling beauty for my son
 She said , they plunged into the waves again, 180
 And silver-footed Thetis, to the heights
 Olympian soaring swiftly to obtain
 Arms for renown'd Achilles, disappear'd
 Meantime, with infinite uproar the Greeks
 From Hector's hero slaying arm had fled 185
 Home to their galleys station'd on the banks
 Of Hellespont Nor yet Achaia's sons
 Had borne the body of Patroclus clear
 From flight of darts away, but still again
 The multitude of warriors and of steeds 190
 Came on, by Priameian Hector led
 Rapid as fire. Thrice, noble Hector seized
 His ancles from behind, ardent to diag

Patroclus, calling to his host the while,
 But thrice, the two Ajaces, clothed with might, 105
 Shock'd and repulsed him reeling He with force
 Fill'd indefatigable, through his ranks
 Issuing, by turns assal'd them, and by turns
 Stood clamouring, yet not a step retired
 But as the hinds deter not from his prey 110
 A tawny lion by keen hunger urged,
 So could not both Ajaces, warriors bold,
 Intimidate and from the body drive
 Hector, and he had dragg'd him thence and won
 Immortal glory, but that Iliis, sent 115
 Unseen by Jove and by the Powers of heaven,
 From Juno, to Achilles brought command
 That he should show himself Full near she drew,
 And in wing'd accents thus the Chief address'd
 Hero ! most terrible of men, arise ! 120
 Protect Patroclus, for whose sake the war
 Stands at the fleet of Greece Mutual evils
 The slaughter, these the dead defending, these
 Resolute hence to drag him to the gates
 Of wind-swept Ilium But beyond them all 125
 Illustrious Hector obstinate is bent
 To win him, purposing to lop his head,
 And to exhibit it impaled on high
 Thou then arise, nor longer on the ground
 Lie stretch'd inactive, let the thought with shame 130
 Touch thee, of thy Patroclus made the sport
 Of Trojan dogs, whose corse, if it return
 Dishonour'd home, brings with it thy reproach
 To whom Achilles, matchless in the race
 Iliis divine ! of all the Gods who sent thee ? 135
 Then, thus, the swift ambassadress of heaven
 By Juno sent I come, consort of Jove
 Nor knows Saturnian Jove high-throned, himself,
 My flight, or any of the Immortal Powers,
 Tenants of the Olympian heights snow-crown'd 140
 Her answer'd then Pelides, glorious Chief
 How shall I seek the fight ? they have my arms
 My mother charged me also to abstain
 From battle, till she bring me armour new

Which she hath promised me from Vulcan's hand. 235
 Meantime, whose armour else might serve my need
 I know not, save perhaps alone the shield
 Of Telamonian Ajax, whom I deem
 Himself now busied in the stormy van,
 Slaying the Trojans in my friend's defence 240
 To whom the swift-wing'd messenger of heaven
 Full well we know thine armour Hector's prize
 Yet, issuing to the margin of the foss,
 Show thyself only Panic-seized, perchance,
 The Trojans shall from fight desist, and yield 245
 To the o'erstoil'd though dauntless sons of Greece
 Short respite, it is all that war allows.
 So saying, the storm-wing'd Ius disappear'd
 Then rose at once Achilles dear to Jove,
 Athwart whose shoulders broad Minerva cast 250
 Her Ægis fringed terrific, and his brows
 Encircled with a golden cloud that shot
 Fires insupportable to sight abroad
 As when some island, situate afar
 On the wide waves, invested all the day 255
 By cruel foes from their own city pour'd,
 Upsends a smoke to heaven, and torches shows
 On all her turrets at the close of eve
 Which flash against the clouds, kindled in hope
 Of aid from neighbour maritime allies, 260
 So from Achilles' head light flash'd to heaven
 Issuing through the wall, beside the foss
 He stood, but mix'd not with Achaia's host,
 Obedient to his mother's wise command
 He stood and shouted, Pallas also raised 265
 A dreadful shout, and tumult infinite
 Excited throughout all the host of Troy
 Clear as the trumpet's note when it proclaims
 A numerous host approaching to invest
 Some city close around, so clear the voice 270
 Rang of Æacides, and tumult-toss'd
 Was every soul that heard the brazen tone
 With swift recoil the long-maned course's thrust
 The chariots back, all boding woe at hand,
 And every charioteer astonish'd saw 275

Fires, that fail'd not, illumining the brows
 Of Peleus' son, by Pallas kindled there
 Thrice, o'er the trench Achilles sent his voice
 Sonorous, and confusion at the sound
 Thrice seized the Trojans, and their famed allies 250
 Twelve, in that moment of their noblest died
 By their own spears and chariots, and with joy
 The Grecians from beneath an hail of darts
 Dragging Patroclus, placed him on his bier
 Around him throng'd his fellow-warriors bold, 285
 All weeping, after whom Achilles went
 Fast-weeping also at the doleful sight
 Of his true friend on his funereal bed
 Extended, gash'd with many a mortal wound,
 Whom he had sent into the fight with steeds 290
 And chariot, but received him thence no more

And now majestic Juno sent the sun,
 Unwearied minister of light, although
 Reluctant, down into the Ocean stream
 So the sun sank, and the Achæians ceased 295
 From the all-wasting labours of the war
 On the other side, the Trojans, from the fight
 Retiring, loosed their steeds, but ere they took
 Thought of refreshment, in full council met
 It was a council at which no man sat, 300
 Or dared, all stood, such terror had on all
 Fallen, for that Achilles had appear'd,
 After long pause from battle's arduous toil
 First rose Polydamas the prudent son
 Of Panthus, above all the Trojans skill'd 305
 Both in futurity and in the past
 He was the friend of Hector, and one night
 Gave birth to both. In council one excell'd,
 And one still more in feats of high renown
 Thus then, admonishing them, he began. 310

My friends! weigh well the occasion Back to Troy
 By my advice, nor wait the sacred morn
 Here, on the plain, from Ithum's walls remote
 So long as yet the anger of this Chief
 'Gainst noble Agamemnon burn'd, so long 315
 We found the Greeks less formidable foes,

And I rejoiced, myself, spending the night
 Beside their oary barks, for that I hoped
 To seize them, but I now tremble at thought
 Of Peleus' rapid son again in arms 320
 A spirit proud as his will soon to fight
 Here, on the plain, where Greeks and Trojans take
 Their common share of danger and of toil,
 And will at once strike at your citadel,
 Impatient till he make your wives his prey 325
 Haste—let us home—else thus shall it befall,
 Night's balmy influence in his tent detains
 Achilles now, but rushing arm'd abroad
 To-morrow, should he find us lingering here,
 None shall mistake him then, happy the man 330
 Who soonest, then, shall scape to sacred Troy!
 Then, dogs shall make and vultures on our flesh
 Plenteous repast. Oh spare mine ears the tale!
 But if, though troubled, ye can yet receive
 My counsel, thus assembled we will keep 335
 Strict guard to-night, meantime, her gates and towers
 With all their mass of solid timbers, smooth
 And cramp'd with bolts of steel, will keep the town
 But early on the morrow we will stand
 All arm'd on Ilium's towers. Then, if he choose, 340
 His galleys left, to compass Troy about,
 He shall be task'd enough, his lofty steeds
 Shall have their fill of coursing to and fro
 Beneath, and gladly shall to camp return
 But waste the town he shall not, nor attempt 345
 With all the utmost valour that he boasts
 To force a pass, dogs shall devour him first
 To whom brave Hector loving, and in wrath
 Polydamas, I like not thy advice
 Who bidd'st us in our city skulk, again 350
 Imprison'd there. Are ye not yet content?
 Wish ye for durance still in your own towers?
 Time was, when in all regions under heaven
 Men praised the wealth of Priam's city stored
 With gold and brass, but all our houses now 355
 Stand emptied of their hidden treasures rare
 Jove in his wrath hath scatter'd them, our wealth

Is marketted, and Phrygia hath a part
 Purchased, and part Mæonia's lovely land
 But since the son of wily Saturn old 360
 Hath given me glory now, and to enclose
 The Grecians in their fleet hemm'd by the sea,
 Fool 'taint not with such talk the public mind.
 For not a Trojan here will thy advice
 Follow, or shall, it hath not my consent 365
 But thus I counsel Let us, band by band,
 Throughout the host take supper, and let each,
 Guarded against nocturnal danger, watch
 And if a Trojan here be rack'd in mind
 Lest his possessions perish, let him cast 370
 His golden heaps into the public maw,¹
 Far better so consumed than by the Greek.
 Then, with the morrow's dawn, all fair array'd
 In battle, we will give them at their fleet
 Sharp onset, and if Peleus' noble son 375
 Have risen indeed to conflict for the ships
 The worse for him I shall not for his sake
 Avoid the deep-toned battle, but will first
 Oppose his utmost. Either he shall gain
 Or I, great glory Mais his favours deals 380
 Impartial, and the slayer oft is slain
 So counsel'd Hector, whom with shouts of praise
 The Trojans answer'd —fools, and by the power
 Of Pallas of all sober thought bereft!
 For all applauded Hector, who had given 385
 Advice pernicious, and Polydamas,
 Whose counsel was discreet and wholesome, none
 So then they took repast. But all night long
 The Grecians o'er Patroclus wept aloud,
 While, standing in the midst, Pelides led 390
 The lamentation, heaving many a groan,
 And on the bosom of his breathless friend
 Imposing, sad, his homicidal hands
 As the grim lion, from whose gloomy lair
 Among thick trees the hunter hath his whelps 395
 Purloin'd, too late returning mourns his loss,
 Then, up and down, the length of many a vale

¹ Καταδημοβορῆσαι

Courses, exploring fierce the robber's foot,
 Incensed as he, and with a sigh deep-drawn
 Thus to his Myrmidons Achilles spake 400
 How vain, alas ! my word spoken that day
 At random, when to soothe the Hero's fears
 Menœtius, then our guest, I promised him
 His noble son at Opœis again,
 Living and laden with the spoils of Troy ' 405
 But Jove performs not all the thoughts of man,
 For we were both destined to tinge the soil
 Of Ilium with our blood, nor I shall see,
 Myself, my father in his mansion more
 Or Thetis, but must find my burial here 410
 Yet, my Patroclus ! since the earth expects
 Me next, I will not thy funereal rights
 Finish, till I shall bring both head and arms
 Of that bold Chief who slew thee, to my tent.
 I also will smite off, before thy pile, 415
 The heads of twelve illustrious sons of Troy,
 Resentful of thy death Meantime, among
 My lofty galleys thou shalt lie, with tears
 Mourn'd day and night by Trojan captives fœu
 And Dardan compassing thy bier around, 420
 Whom we, at price of labour hard, ourselves
 With massy spears toiling in battle took
 From many an opulent city, now no more
 So saying, he bade his train surround with fire
 A tripod huge, that they might quickly cleanse 425
 Patroclus from all stain of clotted gore
 They on the blazing hearth a tripod placed
 Capacious, fill'd with water its wide womb,
 And thrust dry wood beneath, till, fierce, the flames
 Embraced it round, and warm'd the flood within 430
 Soon as the water in the singing brass
 Summer'd, they bathed him, and with hmpid oil
 Anointed, filling, next, his ruddy wounds
 With unguent mellow'd by nine circling years,
 They stretch'd him on his bed, then cover'd him 435
 From head to feet with linen texture light,
 And with a wide unsullied mantle, last
 All night the Myrmidons around the swift

Achilles stood, deploing loud his friend,
And Jove his spouse and sister thus bespake 440

So then, Imperial Juno ! not in vain
Thou hast the swift Achilles sought to rouse
Again to battle, the Achaians, sure,
Are thy own children, thou hast borne them all.

To whom the awful Goddess ample-eyed. 445

What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove, most severe ?

A man, though mortal merely, and to me
Inferior in device, might have achieved
That labour easily Can I who boast
Myself the Chief of Goddesses, and such 450

Not by birth only, but as thine espoused,
Who art thyself Sovereign of all the Gods,
Can I with anger burn against the house
Of Priam, and want means of just revenge ?

Thus they in heaven their mutual conference held 455

Meantime, the silver-footed Thetis reach'd

The stair'd abode eternal, brazen-wall'd

Of Vulcan, by the builder lame himself

Uprear'd, a wonder even in eyes divine

She found him sweating, at his bellows huge 460

Toiling industrious, tripods bright he form'd

Twenty at once, his palace-wall to grace

Ranged in harmonious order Under each

Two golden wheels he set, on which (a sight
Marvellous !) into council they should roll 465

Self-moved, and to his house, self-moved, return

Thus far the work was finish'd, but not yet

Their ears of exquisite design affixt,

For them he stood fashioning, and prepared

The rivets While he thus his matchless skill 470

Employ'd laborious, to his palace-gate

The silver-footed Thetis now advanced,

Whom Chaos, Vulcan's well-attired spouse,

Beholding from the palace portal, flew

To seize the Goddess' hand, and thus enquired 475

Why, Thetis ! worthy of all reverence

And of all love, comest thou to our abode,

Unfrequent here ? But enter, and accept

Such welcome as to such a guest is due.

- So saying, she introduced and to a seat 480
 Led her with argent studs border'd around
 And foot-stool'd sumptuously, then, calling forth
 Her spouse, the glorious artist, thus she said
 Haste, Vulcan! Thetis wants thee, linger not
 To whom the artist of the skies replied 485
 A Goddess then, whom with much cause I love
 And venerate is here, who when I fell
 Saved me, what time my shameless mother sought
 To cast me, because lame, out of all sight,
 Then had I been indeed forlorn, had not 497
 Eurynome the daughter of the Deep
 And Thetis in their laps received me fallen
 Nine years with them residing, for their use
 I form'd nice trinkets, clasps, rings, pipes, and chains,
 While loud around our hollow cavern roar'd 495
 The surge of the vast Deep, nor God nor man,
 Save Thetis and Eurynome, my life's
 Preservers, knew where I was kept conceal'd
 Since, therefore, she is come, I cannot less
 Than recompense to Thetis amber-hair'd 500
 With readiness the boon of life preserved
 Haste, then, and hospitably spread the board
 For her regale, while with my best dispatch
 I lay my bellows and my tools aside
 He spoke, and vast in bulk and hot with toil 505
 Rose limping from beside his anvil-stock
 Upborne with pain on legs tortuous and weak
 First, from the forge dislodged he thrust apart
 His bellows, and his tools collecting all
 Bestow'd them, careful, in a silver chest, 510
 Then all around with a wet sponge he wiped
 His visage, and his arms and brawny neck
 Purified, and his shaggy breast from smutch,
 Last, putting on his vest, he took in hand
 His sturdy staff, and shuffled through the door 515
 Beside the King of fire two golden forms
 Majestic moved, that served him in the place
 Of handmaids, young they seem'd, and seem'd alive,
 Nor want they intellect, or speech, or force,
 Or prompt dexterity by the Gods inspired 520

These his supporters were, and at his ^{side}
 Attended diligent, while He, with gait
 Uncouth, approaching Thetis where she sat
 On a bright throne, seized fast her hand and said

Why, Thetis ! worthy as thou art of love 525
 And of all reverence, hast thou arrived,
 Unfrequent here ? Speak—tell me thy desire,
 Nor doubt my services, if thou demand
 Things possible, and possible to me

Then Thetis, weeping plenteously, replied 530
 Oh Vulcan ! Is there on Olympus' heights
 A Goddess with such load of sorrow oppress'd
 As, in peculiar, Jove assigns to me ?

Me only, of all ocean-nymphs, he made
 Spouse to a man, Peleus *Æacides*, 535
 Whose bed, although reluctant and perforce,

I yet endured to share He now, the prey
 Of cheerless age, decrepid lies, and Jove
 Still other woes heaps on my wretched head
 He gave me to bring forth, gave me to rear 540
 A son illustrious, valiant, and the chief
 Of heroes, he, like a luxuriant plant

Upran² to manhood, while his lusty growth
 I nourish'd as the husbandman his vine
 Set in a fruitful field, and being grown 545

I sent him early in his gallant fleet
 Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy,
 But him from fight return'd I shall receive,
 Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,
 And while he lives and on the sun his eyes 550
 Opens, affliction is his certain doom,

Nor aid resides or remedy in me
 The virgin, his own portion of the spoils,
 Allotted to him by the Grecians—Her
 Atrides, King of Men, resumed, and grief 555
 Devour'd Achilles' spirit for her sake

Meantime, the Trojans shutting close within
 Their camp the Grecians, have forbidden them
 All egress, and the senators of Greece
 Have sought with splendid gifts to soothe my son 560

² *Ἀνδραμύς*.

He, indisposed to rescue them himself
 From ruin, sent, instead, Patroclus forth
 Clad in his own resplendent armour, Chief
 Of the whole host of Myrmidons Before
 The Scæan gate from morn to eve they fought,
 And on that self-same day had Ilium fallen,
 But that Apollo, to advance the fame
 Of Hector, slew Menœteus' noble son
 Full-flush'd with victory Therefore at thy knees
 Suppliant I fall, imploring from thine art
 A shield and helmet, greaves of shapely form
 With clasps secured, and corslet for my son
 For those, once his, his faithful friend hath lost,
 Slain by the Trojans, and Achilles lies,
 Himself, extended mournful on the ground

575

Her answer'd then the artist of the skies
 Courage ! Pei'plex not with these cares thy soul.
 I would that when his fatal hour shall come,
 I could as sure secrete him from the stroke
 Of destiny, as he shall soon have arms
 Illustrious, such as each particular man
 Of thousands, seeing them, shall wish his own

580

He said, and to his bellows quick repair'd,
 Which turning to the fire he bade them heave
 Full twenty bellows working all at once
 Breathed on the furnace, blowing easy and free
 The managed winds, now forcible, as best
 Suited dispatch, now gentle, if the will
 Of Vulcan and his labour so required
 Impenetrable brass, tin, silver, gold,
 He cast into the forge, then, settling firm
 His ponderous anvil on the block, one hand
 With his huge hammer fill'd, one with the tongs

585

590

He fashion'd first a shield massy and broad
 Of labour exquisite, for which he form'd
 A triple border beauteous, dazzling bright,
 And loop'd it with a silver brace behind
 The shield itself with five strong folds he forged,
 And with devices multi-form the disk
 Capacious charged, toiling with skill divine

595

600

There he described the earth, the heaven, the sea,

The sun that rests not, and the moon full-orb'd
 There also, all the stars which round about
 As with a radiant frontlet bind the skies,
 The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the might 605
 Of huge Orion, with Him Ursa call'd,
 Known also by his popular name, the Wain,
 That spins around the pole looking toward
 Orion, only star of these denied
 To slake his beams in Ocean's briny baths 610
 Two splendid cities also there he form'd
 Such as men build In one were to be seen
 Rites matrimonial solemnized with pomp
 Of sumptuous banquets, from their chambers forth
 Leading the brides they usher'd them along 615
 With torches through the streets, and sweet was heard
 The voice around of Hymenæal song
 Here striplings danced in circles to the sound
 Of pipe and harp, while in the portals stood
 Women, admiring, all, the gallant show 620
 Elsewhere was to be seen in council met
 The close-throng'd multitude There strife arose
 Two citizens contended for a mulct
 The price of blood This man affirm'd the fine
 All paid, haranguing vehement the crowd, 625
 That man denied that he had aught received,
 And to the judges each made his appeal
 Eager for their reward Meantime the people,
 As favour sway'd them, clamour'd loud for each
 The heralds quell'd the tumult, reverend sat 630
 On polish'd stones the Elders in a ring,
 Each with an herald's sceptre in his hand,
 Which holding they arose, and all in turn
 Gave sentence In the midst two talents lay
 Of gold, his destined recompense whose voice 635
 Decisive should pronounce the best award
 The other city by two glittering hosts
 Invested stood, and a dispute arose
 Between the hosts, whether to burn the town
 And lay all waste, or to divide the spoil 640
 Meantime, the citizens, still undismay'd,
 Surrender'd not the town, but taking arms

Secretly, set the ambush in array,
 And on the walls their wives and children kept
 Vigilant guard, with all the ancient men 645
 They sallied, at their head Pallas and Mars
 Both golden and in golden vests attired
 Advanced, proportion each showing divine,
 Large, prominent, and such as Gods beseein'd
 Not such the people, but of humbler size 650
 Arriving at the spot for ambush chosen,
 A river's side, where cattle of each kind
 Drank, down they sat, all arm'd in dazzling brass
 Apart from all the rest sat also down
 Two spies, both looking for the flocks and herds 655
 Soon they appear'd, and at their side were seen
 Two shepherd swains, each playing on his pipe
 Careless, and of the danger nought apprized
 Swift ran the spies, perceiving their approach,
 And intercepting suddenly the herds 660
 And flocks of silver fleece, slew also those
 Who fed them The besiegers, at that time
 In council, by the sound alarm'd, their steeds
 Mounted, and hasted, instant, to the place,
 Then, standing on the river's brink they fought 665
 And push'd each other with the brazen lance
 There Discord raged, there Tumult, and the force
 Of ruthless Destiny, she now a Chief
 Seized newly wounded, and now captive held
 Another yet unhurt, and now a third 670
 Dragg'd breathless through the battle by his feet,
 And all her garb was dappled thick with blood.
 Like living men they traversed and they strove,
 And dragg'd by turns the bodies of the slain
 He also grav'd on it a fallow field 675
 Rich, spacious, and well till'd Ploughers not few,
 There driving to and fro their sturdy teams,
 Labour'd the land, and oft as in their course
 They came to the field's bourn, so oft a man
 Met them, who in their hands a goblet placed 680
 Charged with delicious wine They, turning, wrought
 Each his own furrow, and impatient seem'd
 To reach the border of the tilth, which black

Appeari'd behind them as a glebe new-turn'd,
 Though golden Sight to be admired by all' 685
 There too he form'd the likeness of a field
 Crowded with corn, in which the reapers toil'd
 Each with a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand
 Along the furrow here, the harvest fell
 In frequent handfulls, there, they bound the sheaves 690
 Three binders of the sheaves their sultry task
 All plied industrious, and behind them boys
 Attended, filling with the corn their arms
 And offering still their bundles to be bound.
 Amid them, staff in hand, the master stood 695
 Silent exulting, while beneath an oak
 Apart, his heralds busily prepared
 The banquet, dressing a well-thriven ox
 New slain, and the attendant maidens mix'd
 Large supper for the hinds of whitest flour 700
 There also, laden with its fruit he form'd
 A vineyard all of gold, purple he made
 The clusters, and the vines supported stood
 By poles of silver set in even rows
 The trench he colour'd sable, and around 705
 Fenced it with tin One only path it show'd
 By which the gatherers when they stripp'd the vines
 Pass'd and repass'd There, youths and maidens blithe
 In frails of wicker bore the luscious fruit,
 While in the midst, a boy on his shrill harp 710
 Harmonious play'd, still as he struck the chord
 Carolling to it with a slender voice
 They smote the ground together, and with song
 And sprightly reed came dancing on behind
 There too an herd he fashion'd of tall beeves 715
 Part gold, part tin They, lowing, from the stalls
 Rush'd forth to pasture by a river-side
 Rapid, sonorous, fringed with whispering reeds
 Four golden herdsmen drove the kine a-field
 By nine swift dogs attended Dreadful sprang 720
 Two lions forth, and of the foremost herd
 Seized fast a bull Him bellowing they diagg'd,
 While dogs and peasants all flew to his aid
 The lions tore the hide of the huge prey

And lapped his entrails and his blood. Meantime 725
 The herdsmen, troubling them in vain, their hounds
 Encouraged, but no tooth for lions' flesh
 Found they, and therefore stood aside and bark'd.

There also, the illustrious smith divine 730
 Amidst a pleasant grove a pasture form'd
 Spacious, and sprinkled o'er with silver sheep
 Numerous, and stalls and huts and shepherds' tents.

To these the glorious Artist added next,
 With various skill delineated exact,
 A labyrinth for the dance, such as of old 735
 In Crete's broad island Dædalus composed
 For bright-hair'd Ariadne There the youths
 And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,
 Danced jocund, every maiden, neat-attured
 In finest linen, and the youths in vests 740

Well-woven, glossy as the glaze of oil
 These all wore garlands, and bright faulchions, those,
 Of burnish'd gold in silver trappings hung —
 They with well-tutor'd step, now, nimbly ran
 The circle, swift, as when, before his wheel 745
 Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands
 For trial of its speed, now crossing quick
 They pass'd at once into each other's place
 On either side spectators numerous stood
 Delighted, and two tumblers roll'd themselves 750
 Between the dancers, singing as they roll'd.

Last, with the might of Ocean's boundless flood
 He fill'd the border of the wonderous shield.

When thus the massy shield magnificent 755
 He had accomplish'd, for the hero next
 He forged, more ardent than the blaze of fire,
 A corslet, then, a ponderous helmet bright
 Well fitted to his brows, crested with gold,
 And with laborious art divine adorn'd
 He also made him greaves of molten tin. 760

The armour finish'd, bearing in his hand
 The whole, he set it down at Thetis' feet
 She, like a falcon, from the snowy top
 Stoop'd of Olympus, bearing to the earth
 The dazzling wonder fresh from Vulcan's hand. 765

BOOK XIX

ARGUMENT

Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and clothed in new armour forged by Vulcan, leads out the Myrmidons to battle

Now rose the morn in saffron vest attired
 From Ocean, with new day for Gods and men,
 When Thetis at the fleet of Greece arrived,
 Bearing that gift divine She found her son
 All tears, and close enfolding in his arms 5
 Patroclus, while his Myrmidons around
 Wept also, she amid them, graceful stood,
 And seizing fast his hand, him thus bespake
 Although our loss be great, yet, oh my son !
 Leave we Patroclus lying on the bier 10
 To which the Gods ordain'd him from the first
 Receive from Vulcan's hands these glorious arms,
 Such as no mortal shoulders ever bore
 So saying, she placed the armour on the ground
 Before him, and the whole bright treasure rang 15
 A tremor shook the Myrmidons, none dared
 Look on it, but all fled Not so himself
 In him fresh vengeance kindled at the view,
 And, while he gazed, a splendour as of fire
 Flash'd from his eyes Delighted, in his hand 20
 He held the glorious bounty of the God,
 And, wondering at those strokes of art divine,
 His eager speech thus to his mother turn'd
 The God, my mother ! hath bestow'd in truth
 Such armour on me as demanded skill 25
 Like his, surpassing far all power of man.
 Now, therefore, I will arm But anxious fears
 Trouble me, lest intrusive flies, meantime,
 Breed worms within the spear-inflicted wounds
 Of Menœtiades, and fill with tant 30

Of putrefaction his whole breathless form.

But him the silver-footed Goddess fair
Thus answer'd. Oh, my son! chase from thy mind

All such concern I will myself, essay
To drive the noisome swarms which on the slain 35

In battle feed voracious. Should he lie
The year complete, his flesh shall yet be found

Untainted, and, it may be, fragrant too
But thou the Heroes of Achaia's host

Convening, in their ears thy wrath renounce 40
Against the King of men, then, instant, arm

For battle, and put on thy glorious might
So saying, the Goddess raised his courage high

Then, through the nostrils of the dead she pour'd 45
Ambrosia, and the ruddy juice divine

Of nectar, antidotes against decay
And now forth went Achilles by the side

Of Ocean, calling with a dreadful shout
To council all the Heroes of the host

Then, even they who in the fleet before 50
Constant abode, helmsmen and those who held

In stewardship the food and public stores,
All flock'd to council, for that now at length

After long abstinence from dread exploits
Of war, Achilles had once more appear'd 55

Two went together, halting on the spear,
(For still they felt the anguish of their wounds)

Noble Ulysses and brave Diomede,
And took an early seat, whom follow'd last

The King of men, by Coon in the field 60
Of furious battle wounded with a lance

The Grecians all assembled, in the midst
Upstood the swift Achilles, and began

Atrides! we had doubtless better sped
Both thou and I, thus doing, when at first 65

With cruel rage we burn'd, a girl the cause
I would that Dian's shaft had in the fleet

Slain her that self-same day when I destroy'd
Lyrnessus, and by conquest made her mine!

Then had not many a Greeian lifeless now, 70
Clench'd with his teeth the ground, victim, alas!

Of my revenge, whence triumph hath accrued
 To Hector and his host, while ours have cause
 For long remembrance of our mutual strife.
 But evils past let pass, yielding perforce 75
 To sad necessity My wrath shall cease
 Now, I resign it, it hath burn'd too long
 Thou therefore summon forth the host to fight,
 That I may learn, meeting them in the field,
 If still the Trojans purpose at our fleet 80
 To watch us this night also But I judge
 That driven by my spear to rapid flight,
 They shall escape with weary limbs¹ at least
 He ended, and the Grecians brazen greaved
 Rejoiced that Peleus' mighty son had cast 85
 His wrath aside Then not into the midst
 Proceeding, but at his own seat, upstood
 King Agamemnon, and them thus bespake
 Friends! Grecian Heroes! Ministers of Mars!
 Arise who may to speak, he claims your ear, 90
 All interruption wrongs him, and distracts,
 Howe'er expert the speaker Who can hear
 Amid the roar of tumult, or who speak?
 The clearest voice, best utterance, both are vain
 I shall address Achilles Hear my speech 95
 Ye Argives, and with understanding mark
 I hear not now the voice of your reproach²
 First, ye have oft condemn'd me Yet the blame
 Rests not with me, Jove, Destiny, and she
 Who roams the shades, Erynnis, caused the offence 100
 She fill'd my soul with fury on that day
 In council, when I seized Achilles' prize
 For what could I? All things obey the Gods
 Ate, pernicious Power, daughter of Jove,
 By whom all suffer, challenges from all 105
 Reverence and fear Delicate are her feet
 Which scorn the ground, and over human heads
 She glides, injurious to the race of man,

¹ Ἀσπασίως γονυ καμπεῖν—Shall be glad to bend their knee, & to sit and repose themselves

² Τετον μυθον—He seems to intend the reproaches sounded in his ear from all quarters, and which he had repeatedly heard before

Of Two who strive, at least entangling One
 She injured, on a day, dread Jove himself 110
 Most excellent of all in earth or heaven,
 When Juno, although female, him deceived,
 What time Alcmena should have brought to light
 In bulwark'd Thebes the force of Hercules
 Then Jove, among the gods glorying, spake. 115
 Hear all ! both Gods and Goddesses, attend !
 That I may make my purpose known This day
 Birth-pang-dispensing Ilithya brings
 An Hero forth to light, who, sprung from those
 That sprang from me, his empire shall extend 120
 Over all kingdoms bordering on his own
 To whom, designing fraud, Juno replied
 Thou wilt be found false, and this woid of thine
 Shall want performance But Olympian Jove !
 Swear now the inviolable oath, that He 125
 Who shall, this day, fall from between the feet
 Of woman, drawing his descent from thee,
 Shall rule all kingdoms bordering on his own
 She said, and Jove, suspecting nought her wiles,
 The great oath swore, to his own grief and wrong 130
 At once from the Olympian summit flew
 Juno, and to Achaian Argos borne,
 There sought the noble wife³ of Sthenelus,
 Offspring of Perseus Pregnant with a son
 Six months, she now the seventh saw at hand, 135
 But him the Goddess premature produced,
 And check'd Alcmena's pangs already due
 Then joyful to have so prevail'd, she bore
 Herself the tidings to Saturnian Jove
 Lord of the candent lightnings ! Sue of all ! 140
 I bring thee tidings The great prince, ordain'd
 To rule the Argive race, this day is born,
 Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son
 Of Perseus, therefore he derives from thee,
 Nor shall the throne of Argos shame his birth 145
 She spake, then anguish stung the heart of Jove
 Deeply, and seizing by her glossy locks
 The Goddess Ate, in his wrath he swore

³ By some called Antibia, by others, Nicippe

That never to the starry skies again
 And the Olympian heights he would permit 150
 The universal mischief to return
 Then, whirling her around, he cast her down
 To earth She, mingling with all works of men,
 Caused many a pang to Jove, who saw his son
 Laborious tasks servile, and of his birth 155
 Unworthy, at Eurystheus' will enjoin'd
 So when the Hero Hector at our ships
 Slew us, I then regretted my offence
 Which Ate first impell'd me to commit
 But since, infatuated by the Gods 160
 I err'd, behold me ready to appease
 With gifts of price immense whom I have wrong'd
 Thou, then, arise to battle, and the host
 Rouse also Not a promise yesternight
 Was made thee by Ulysses in thy tent 165
 On my behalf, but shall be well perform'd
 Or if it please thee, though impatient, wait
 Short season, and my train shall bring the gifts
 Even now, that thou may'st understand and know
 That my peace-offerings are indeed sincere 170
 To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift
 Atrides ' Agamemnon ' passing all
 In glory ' King of men ' recompense just
 By gifts to make me, or to make me none,
 That rests with thee But let us to the fight 175
 Incontinent It is no time to play
 The game of rhetoric, and to waste the hours
 In speeches Much remains yet unperform'd.
 Achilles must go forth He must be seen
 Once more in front of battle, wasting wide 180
 With brazen spear, the crowded ranks of Troy
 Mark Him—and as He fights, fight also ye
 To whom Ulysses ever-wise replied
 Nay—Urge not, valiant as thou art thyself,
 Achaia's sons up to the battlements 185
 Of Ilium, by repast yet unrefresh'd,
 Godlike Achilles '—For when phalanx once
 Shall clash with phalanx, and the Gods with rage
 Both hosts inspire, the contest shall not then

Prove short Bid rather the Achæans take 190
 Both food and wine, for they are strength and might
 To stand all day till sunset to a foe
 Opposed in battle, fasting, were a task
 Might foil the best, for though his will be prompt
 To combat, yet the power must by degrees 195
 Forsake him, thirst and hunger he must feel,
 And his limbs failing him at every step
 But he who hath his vigour to the full
 Fed with due nourishment, although he fight
 All day, yet feels his courage unimpair'd, 200
 Nor weariness perceives till all retire
 Come then—dismiss the people with command
 That each prepare replenishment Meantime
 Let Agamemnon, King of men, his gifts
 In presence here of the assembled Greeks 205
 Produce, that all may view them, and that thou
 May'st feel thine own heart gladden'd at the sight
 Let the King also, standing in the midst,
 Swear to thee, that he renders back the maid
 A virgin still, and strange to his embrace, 210
 And let thy own composure prove, the while,
 That thou art satisfied Last, let him spread
 A princely banquet for thee in his tent,
 That thou may'st want no part of just amends
 Thou too, Atrides, shalt hereafter prove 215
 More just to others, for himself, a King,
 Stoops not too low, soothing whom he hath wrong'd
 Him Agamemnon answer'd King of men
 Thou hast arranged wisely the whole concern,
 O Laertiades, and I have heard 220
 Thy speech, both words and method with delight
 Willing I am, yea more, I wish to swear
 As thou hast said, for by the Gods I can
 Most truly Let Achilles, though of pause
 Impatient, suffer yet a short delay 225
 With all assembled here, till from my tent
 The gifts arrive, and oaths of peace be sworn
 To thee I give it in peculiar charge
 That choosing forth the most illustrious youths
 Of all Achæa, thou produce the gifts 230

From my own ship, all those which yesternight
 We promised, nor the women leave behind
 And let Talthylus throughout all the camp
 Of the Achæans, instant, seek a boar
 For sacrifice to Jove and to the Sun 235

Then thus Achilles matchless in the race
 Atreides ' most illustrious ' King of men '
 Expedience bids us to these cares attend
 Hereafter, when some pause, perchance, of fight
 Shall happen, and the martial rage which fires 240
 My bosom now, shall somewhat less be felt
 Our friends by Priameian Hector slain,

Now strew the field mangled, for him hath Jove
 Exalted high, and given him great renown
 But haste, now take refreshment, though, in truth, 245
 Might I direct, the host should by all means
 Unfed to battle, and at set of sun

All sup together, this affront revenged
 But as for me, no drop shall pass my lips
 Or morsel, whose companion lies with feet 250
 Turn'd to the vestibule, pierced by the spear,
 And compass'd by my weeping train around
 No want of food feel I My wishes call
 For carnage, blood, and agonies and groans

But Him, excelling in all wisdom, thus 255
 Ulysses answer'd Oh Achilles ' son
 Of Peleus ' bravest far of all our host '
 Me, in no scanty measure, thou excell'st
 Wielding the spear, and thee in prudence, I
 Not less For I am elder, and have learn'd 260
 What thou hast yet to learn Bid then thine heart

Endure with patience to be taught by me
 Men, satiate soon with battle, loathe the field
 On which the most abundant harvest falls,
 Reap'd by the sword, and when the hand of Jove, 265
 Dispenser of the great events of war,

Turns once the scale, then, farewell every hope
 Of more than scanty gleanings Shall the Greeks
 Abstain from sustenance for all who die?
 That were indeed severe, since day by day 270
 No few expire, and respite could be none

The dead, die whoso may, should be inhumed.
 Thus, duty bids, but bids us also deem
 One day sufficient for our sighs and tears.
 Ourselves, all we who still survive the war, 275
 Have need of sustenance, that we may bear
 The lengthen'd conflict with recruited might,
 Cased in enduring brass — Ye all have heard
 Your call to battle, let none lingering stand
 In expectation of a farther call, 280
 Which if it sound, shall thunder prove to him
 Who lurks among the ships No Rush we all
 Together forth, for contest sharp, prepared,
 And persevering with the host of Troy.
 So saying, the sons of Nestor, glorious Chief, 285
 He chose, with Meges Phyleus' noble son,
 Thoas, Meriones, and Melanppus
 And Lycomedes. These, together, sought
 The tent of Agamemnon, King of men.
 They ask'd, and they received Soon they produced 290
 The seven promised tripods from the tent,
 Twice ten bright cauldrons, twelve high-mettled steeds,
 Seven lovely captives skilled alike in arts
 Domestic, of unblemish'd beauty rare,
 And last, Briseis with the blooming cheeks 295
 Before them went Ulysses, bearing weigh'd
 Ten golden talents, whom the chosen Greeks
 Attended laden with the remnant gifts
 Full in the midst they placed them Then arose
 King Agamemnon, and Talthybius 300
 The herald, clear in utterance as a God,
 Beside him stood, holding the victim boar
 Atrides, drawing forth his dagger bright,
 Appendan't ever to his sword's huge sheath,
 Sever'd the bristly forelock of the boar, 305
 A previous offering Next, with lifted hands
 To Jove he pray'd, while, all around, the Greeks
 Sat listening silent to the Sovereign's voice.
 He look'd to the wide heaven, and thus he pray'd
 First, Jove be witness ' of all Powers above 310
 Best and supreme, Earth next, and next the Sun '
 And last, who under earth the guilt avenge
 Of oaths sworn falsely, let the Furies hear '

For no respect of amorous desire
 Or other purpose, have I laid mine hand 315
 On fair Briseis, but within my tent
 Untouch'd, immaculate she hath remain'd
 And if I falsely swear, then may the Gods
 The many woes with which they mark the crime
 Of men forsworn, pour also down on me ' 320

So saying, he pierced the victim in his throat,
 And, whirling him around, Talthibius, next,
 Cast him into the ocean, fishes' food
 Then, in the centre of Achæa's sons
 Uprose Achilles, and thus spake again 325

Jove ' Father ' dire calamities, effects
 Of thy appointment, fall on human-kind
 Never had Agamemnon in my breast
 Such anger kindled, never had he seized,
 Blinded by wrath, and torn my prize away, 330
 But that the slaughter of our numerous friends
 Which thence ensued, thou hadst, thyself, ordain'd
 Now go, ye Grecians, eat, and then to battle

So saying, Achilles suddenly dissolved
 The hasty council, and all flew dispersed 335
 To their own ships Then took the Myrmidons
 Those splendid gifts which in the tent they lodged
 Of swift Achilles, and the damsels led
 Each to a seat, while others of his train
 Drove forth the steeds to pasture with his herd 340

But when Briseis, bright as Venus, saw
 Patroclus lying mangled by the spear,
 Enfolding him around, she shriek'd and tore
 Her bosom, her smooth neck and beauteous cheeks
 Then thus, divinely fair, with tears she said 345

Ah, my Patroclus ' dearest friend of all
 To hapless me, departing from this tent
 I left thee living, and now, generous Chief '
 Restored to it again, here find thee dead
 How rapid in succession are my woes ' 350
 I saw, myself, the valiant prince to whom
 My parents had betroth'd me, slain before
 Our city walls , and my three brothers, sons
 Of my own mother, whom with long regret

I mourn; fell also in that dreadful field	355
But when the swift Achilles slew the prince	
Design'd my spouse, and the fair city sack'd	
Of noble Mynes, thou by every art	
Of tender friendship didst forbid my tears,	
Promising oft that thou would'st make me bride	360
Of Peleus' godlike son, that thy own ship	
Should waft me hence to Phthia, and that thyself	
Would'st furnish forth among the Myrmidons	
Our nuptial feast Therefore thy death I mourn	
Ceaseless, for thou wast ever kind to me	365
She spake, and all her fellow-captives heaved	
Responsive sighs, deploring each, in show,	
The dead Patroclus, but, in truth, herself	
Then the Achaian Chiefs gather'd around	
Achilles, wooing him to eat, but He	370
Groan'd, and still resolute, then suit refused—	
If I have here a friend on whom by prayers	
I may prevail, I pray that ye desist,	
Nor longer press me, mourner as I am,	
To eat or drink, for till the sun go down	375
I am inflexible, and <i>will</i> abstain	
So saying, the other princes he dismiss'd	
Impatient, but the sons of Atreus both	
Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus,	
With Phoenix, hoary warrior, in his tent	380
Abiding still, with cheerful converse kind	
Essay'd to soothe him, whose afflicted soul	
All soothing scorn'd till he should once again	
Rush on the ravening edge of bloody war	
Then, mindful of his friend, groaning he said	385
Time was, unhappiest, dearest of my friends'	
When even thou, with diligent dispatch,	
Thyself, hast spread a table in my tent,	
The hour of battle drawing nigh between	
The Greeks and warlike Trojans But there lies	390
Thy body now, gored by the ruthless steel,	
And for thy sake I neither eat nor drink,	
Though dearth be none, conscious that other woe	
Surpassing this I can have none to fear	
No, not if tidings of my father's death	395

Should reach me, who, this moment, weeps, perhaps,
 In Phthia tears of tenderest regret
 For such a son, while I, remote from home,
 Fight for detested Helen under Troy
 Nor even were *He* dead, whom, if he live, 400
 I rear in Scyros, my own darling son,
 My Neoptolemus of form divine
 For still this hope I cherish'd in my breast
 Till now, that, of us two, myself alone
 Should fall at Ithum, and that thou, restored 405
 To Phthia, should'st have wafted o'er the waves
 My son from Scyros to his native home,
 That thou might'st show him all his heritage,
 My train of menials, and my fair abode
 For either dead already I account 410
 Peleus, or doubt not that his residue
 Of miserable life shall soon be spent,
 Through stress of age and expectation sad
 That tidings of my death shall, next, arrive
 So spake Achilles weeping, around whom 415
 The Chiefs all sigh'd, each with remembrance prind
 Of some loved object left at home Meantime
 Jove, with compassion moved, their sorrow saw,
 And in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake
 Daughter! thou hast abandon'd, as it seems, 420
 Yon virtuous Chief for ever, shall no care
 Thy mind engage of brave Achilles more?
 Before his gallant fleet mourning he sits
 His friend, disconsolate, the other Greeks
 Eat and are satisfied; he only fasts. 425
 Go, then—instil nectar into his breast,
 And sweets ambrosial, that he hunger not
 So saying, he urged Minerva prompt before
 In form a shrill-voiced harpy of long wing
 Through ether down she darted, while the Greeks 430
 In all their camp for instant battle arm'd
 Ambrosial sweets and nectar she instill'd
 Into his breast, lest he should suffer loss
 Of strength through abstinence, then soai'd again
 To her great Sire's unperishing abode 435
 And now the Grecians from their gallant fleet

All pour'd themselves abroad As when thick snow
 From Jove descends, driven by impetuous gusts
 Of the cloud-scattering North, so frequent shone
 Issuing from the fleet the dazzling casques, 440
 Boss'd bucklers, hauberks strong, and ashen spears
 Upwent the flash to heaven, wide all around
 The champaign laugh'd with beamy brass illumed,
 And tiamlings of the warriors on all sides
 Resounded, amidst whom Achilles arm'd 445
 He gnash'd his teeth, fire glimmer'd in his eyes,
 Anguish intolerable wung his heart
 And fury against Troy, while he put on
 His glorious arms, the labour of a God
 First, to his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd 450
 Studded with silver, then his corslet bright
 Braced to his bosom, his huge sword of brass
 Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield
 Uplifted last, luminous as the moon.
 Such as to mariners a fire appears, 455
 Kindled by shepherds on the distant top
 Of some lone hill, they, driven by stormy winds,
 Reluctant roam far off the fishy Deep,
 Such from Achilles' burning shield divine
 A lustre struck the skies, his ponderous helm 460
 He lifted to his brows, starlike it shone,
 And shook its curling crest of bushy gold,
 By Vulcan taught to wave profuse around
 So clad, godlike Achilles trial made
 If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope 465
 To his proportion'd limbs, buoyant they proved
 As wings, and high upbore his airy tread
 He drew his father's spear forth from its case,
 Heavy and huge and long That spear, of all
 Achaia's sons, none else had power to wield, 470
 Achilles only could the Pehan spear
 Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn
 From Pelion's top for slaughter of the brave
 His coursers, then, Automedon prepared
 And Alcimus, adjusting diligent 475
 The fair caparisons, they thrust the bits
 Into their mouths, and to the chariot seat

Extended and made fast the reins behind
 The splendid scourge commodious to the grasp
 Seizing, at once Automedon upspring 480
 Into his place, behind him, aim'd complete
 Achilles mounted, as the orient sun
 All dazzling, and with awful tone his speech
 Directed to the coursers of his Sue

Xanthus, and Balus of Podarges' blood 485
 Illustrious! see ye that, the battle done,
 Ye bring whom now ye bear back to the host
 Of the Achaians in far other sort,
 Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead

Him then his steed unconquer'd in the race, 490
 Xanthus, thus answer'd from beneath his yoke,
 But, hanging low his head, and with his mane
 Dishevell'd all, and streaming to the ground
 Him Juno vocal made, Goddess white-arm'd

And doubtless so we will This day at least 495
 We bear thee safe from battle, stormy Chief!
 But thee the hour of thy destruction swift
 Approaches, hasten'd by no fault of ours,
 But by the force of fate and power divine.

For not through sloth or tardiness on us 500
 Aught chargeable, have Ilum's sons thine arms
 Stript from Patroclus' shoulders, but a God
 Matchless in battle, offspring of bright-hair'd
 Latona, him contending in the van

Slew, for the glory of the Chief of Troy 505
 We, Zephyrus himself, though by repoit
 Swiftest of all the winds of heaven, in speed
 Could equal, but the Fates thee also doom
 By human hands to fall, and hands divine

The interposing Furies at that word 510
 Suppress'd his utterance, and indignant, thus,
 Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied

Why, Xanthus, prophesiest thou my death? 515
 It ill beseems thee I already know
 That from my parents far remote my doom
 Appoints me here to die, yet not the more
 Cease I from feats of arms, till Ilum's host
 Shall have received, at length, their fill of war

He said, and with a shout drove forth to battle.

BOOK XX

A R G U M E N T

By permission of Jupiter the Gods descend into the battle, and range themselves on either side respectively Neptune rescues Æneas from death by the hand of Achilles, from whom Apollo, soon after, rescues Hector Achilles slays many Trojans

THE Grecians, thus, before their lofty ships
 Stood arm'd around Achilles, glorious Chief
 Insatiable with war, and opposite
 The Trojans on the rising-ground appear'd
 Meantime, Jove order'd Themis, from the head 5
 Of the deep-fork'd Olympian to convene
 The Gods in council. She to every part
 Proceeding, bade them to the courts of Jove.
 Nor of the Floods was any absent thence
 Oceanus except, or of the Nymphs 10
 Who haunt the pleasant groves, or dwell beside
 Stream-feeding fountains, or in meadows green.
 Within the courts of cloud-assembler Jove
 Arrived, on pillar'd thrones radiant they sat,
 With ingenuity divine contrived 15
 By Vulcan for the mighty Sire of all
 Thus they within the Thunderer's palace sat
 Assembled, nor was Neptune slow to hear
 The voice of Themis, but (the billows left)
 Came also, in the midst his seat he took, 20
 And ask'd, incontinent, the mind of Jove
 King of the lightnings! wherefore hast thou call'd
 The Gods to council? Hast thou aught at heart
 Important to the hosts of Greece and Troy?
 For on the battle's fiery edge they stand 25
 To whom replied Jove, Sovereign of the storms
 Thou know'st my counsel, Shaker of the shores!
 And wherefore ye are call'd Although ordain'd

So soon to die, they interest me still
 Myself, here seated on Olympus' top, 30
 With contemplation will my mind indulge
 Of yon great spectacle, but ye, the rest,
 Descend into the field, Trojan or Greek
 Each to assist, as each shall most incline
 For should Achilles in the field no foe 35
 Find save the Trojans, quickly should they fly
 Before the rapid force of Peleus' son
 They trembled ever at his look, and since
 Such fury for his friend hath fired his heart,
 I fear lest he anticipate the will 40
 Of Fate, and Ilium perish premature
 So spake the son of Saturn, kindling war
 Inevitable, and the Gods to fight
 'Gan move with minds discordant Juno sought
 And Pallas, with the earth-encircling Power 45
 Neptune, the Grecian fleet, with whom were join'd
 Mercury, teacher of all useful arts,
 And Vulcan, rolling on all sides his eyes
 Tremendous, but on disproportion'd legs,
 Not without labour hard, halting uncouth 50
 Mars, warrior-God, on Ilium's part appear'd
 With Phœbus never-shorn, Dian shaft-arm'd,
 Xanthus, Latona, and the Queen of smiles,
 Venus So long as the Immortal Gods
 Mix'd not with either host, Achaia's sons 55
 Exulted, seeing, after tedious pause,
 Achilles in the field, and terror shook
 The knees of every Trojan, at the sight
 Of swift Achilles like another Mars
 Panting for blood, and bight in arms again 60
 But when the Olympian Powers had enter'd once
 The multitude, then Discord, at whose voice
 The million maddens, vehement arose,
 Then, Pallas at the breach without the wall
 By turns stood shouting, and by turns a shout 65
 Sent terrible along the sounding shore
 While, gloomy as a tempest, opposite,
 Mais from the lofty citadel of Troy
 Now yell'd aloud, now running o'er the hill

Callicolone, on the Simois' side.	70
Thus the Immortals, ever-blest, impell'd	
Both hosts to battle, and dire inroad caused	
Of strife among them Sudden from on high	
The Sire of Gods and men thunder'd, meantime,	
Neptune the earth and the high mountains shook,	75
Through all her base and to her topmost peak	
Ida spring-fed the agitation felt	
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece	
Upstart'd from his throne, appall'd, the King	
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears	80
Through hell proclaim'd, lest Neptune, o'er his head	
Shattering the vaulted earth, should wide disclose	
To mortal and immortal eyes his realm	
Terrible, squalid, to the Gods themselves	
A dreaded spectacle, with such a sound	85
The Powers eternal into battle rush'd	
Opposed to Neptune, King of the vast Deep,	
Apollo stood with his wing'd arrows arm'd,	
Pallas to Mars, Diana shaft-expert,	
Sister of Phœbus, in her golden bow	90
Rejoicing, with whose shouts the forests ring,	
To Juno, Mercury, for useful arts	
Famed, to Latona, and to Vulcan's force	
The eddied River broad by mortal men	
Scamander call'd, but Xanthus by the Gods	95
So Gods encounter'd Gods But most desire	
Achilles felt, breaking the ranks, to rush	
On Priameian Hector, with whose blood	
Chiefly his fury prompted him to sate	
The indefatigable God of war	100
But, the encourager of Ilium's host	
Apollo, urged Æneas to assail	
The son of Peleus, with heroic might	
Inspiring his bold heart He feign'd the voice	
Of Priam's son Lycaon, and his form	105
Assuming, thus the Trojan Chief address'd	
Æneas ' Trojan leader ' where are now	
Thy vaunts, which, banquetting erewhile among	
Our princes, o'er thy brimming cups thou mad'st,	
That thou would'st fight, thyself, with Peleus' son ?	110

To whom Æneas answer thus returned
 Offspring of Priam ! why enjoin'st thou me
 Not so inclined, that arduous task, to cope
 With the unmatch'd Achilles ? I have proved
 His force already, when he chased me down 115
 From Ida with his spear, what time he made
 Seizure of all our cattle, and destroy'd
 Pedasus and Lyrnessus, but I 'scaped
 Unslain, by Jove himself empower'd to fly.
 Else had I fallen by Achilles' hand, 120
 And by the hand of Pallas, who his steps
 Conducted, and exhorted him to slay
 Us and the Leleges Vain, therefore, proves
 All mortal force to Peleus' son opposed,
 For one, at least, of the Immortals stands 125
 Ever beside him, guardian of his life,
 And, of himself, he hath an aim that sends
 His rapid spear unerring to the mark
 Yet, would the Gods more equal sway the scales
 Of battle, not with ease should he subdue 130
 Me, though he boast a panoply of bias
 Him, then, Apollo answer'd, son of Jove
 Hero ' prefer to the Immortal Gods
 Thy prayer, for thee men rumour Venus' son,
 Daughter of Jove, and Peleus' son his birth 135
 Drew from a Goddess of inferior note
 Thy mother is from Jove, the offspring, his,
 Less noble of the hoary Ocean old
 Go, therefore, and thy conquering spear uplift
 Against him, nor let aught his sounding words 140
 Appal thee, or his threats turn thee away
 So saying, with martial force the chief he fill'd,
 Who through the foremost combatants advanced
 Radiant in arms Nor pass'd Anchises' son
 Unseen of Juno, through the crowded ranks 145
 Seeking Achilles, but the Powers of heaven
 Convened by her command, she thus address'd.
 Neptune, and thou, Minerva ! with mature
 Deliberation, ponder the event
 Yon Chief, Æneas, dazzling bright in arms, 150
 Goes to withstand Achilles, and he goes

Sent by Apollo, in despite of whom
 Be it our task to give him quick repulse,
 Or, of ourselves, let some propitious Power
 Strengthen Achilles with a mind exempt 155
 From terror, and with force invincible
 So shall he know that of the Gods above
 The mightiest are his friends, with whom compared
 The favourers of Ilum in time past,
 Who stood her guardians in the bloody strife, 160
 Are empty boasters all, and nothing worth
 For therefore came we down, that we may share
 This fight, and that Achilles suffer nought
 Fatal to-day, though suffer all he must
 Hereafter, with his thread of life entwined 165
 By Destiny, the day when he was born
 But should Achilles unapprized remain
 Of such advantage by a voice divine,
 When he shall meet some Deity in the field,
 Fear then will seize him, for celestial forms 170
 Unveil'd are terrible to mortal eyes
 To whom replied the Shaker of the shores.
 Juno! thy hot impatience needs control,
 It ill befits thee No desire I feel
 To force into contention with ourselves 175
 Gods, our inferiors No. Let us, retired
 To yonder hill, distant from all resort,
 There sit, while these the battle wage alone.
 But if Apollo, or if Mars the fight
 Entering, begin, themselves, to interfere 180
 Against Achilles, then will we at once
 To battle also, and, I much misdeem,
 Or glad they shall be soon to mix again
 Among the Gods on the Olympian heights,
 By strong coercion of our arms subdued 185
 So saying, the God of Ocean azure-hair'd
 Moved foremost to the lofty mound earth-built
 Of noble Hercules, by Pallas raised
 And by the Trojans for his safe escape,
 What time the monster of the Deep pursued 190
 The Hero from the sea-bank o'er the plain
 There Neptune sat, and his confederate Gods,

Their shoulders with impenetrable clouds
 O'ermantled, while the city-spoiler Mars
 Sat with Apollo opposite on the hill 195
 Callicolone, with their aids divine
 So, Gods to Gods in opposite aspect
 Sat ruminating, and alike the work
 All fearing to begin of arduous war,
 While from his seat sublime Jove urged them on 200
 The champaign all was fill'd, and with the blaze
 Illumined wide of men and steeds brass-arm'd,
 And the incumber'd earth jar'd under foot
 Of the encountering hosts Then, two, the rest
 Surpassing far, into the midst advanced 205
 Impatient for the fight, Anchises' son
 Æneas, and Achilles, glorious Chief!
 Æneas first, under his ponderous casque
 Nodding and menacing, advanced, before
 His breast he held the well-conducted orb 210
 Of his broad shield, and shook his brazen spear
 On the other side, Achilles to the fight
 Flew like a ravening lion, on whose death
 Resolved the peasants from all quarters meet,
 He, viewing with disdain the foremost, stalks 215
 Right on, but smitten by some dauntless youth
 Writhe himself, and discloses his huge fangs
 Hung with white foam, then, growling for revenge,
 Lashes himself to battle with his tail,
 Till with a burning eye and a bold heart 220
 He springs to slaughter, or himself is slain,
 So, by his valour and his noble mind
 Impell'd, renown'd Achilles moved toward
 Æneas, and, small interval between,
 Thus spake the Hero matchless in the race 225
 Why stand'st thou here, Æneas! thy own band
 Left at such distance? Is it that thine heart
 Glows with ambition to contend with me
 In hope of Priam's honours, and to fill
 His throne hereafter in Troy steed-renown'd? 230
 But shouldst thou slay me, not for that exploit
 Would Priam such large recompense bestow,
 For he hath sons, and hath, beside, a mind

And disposition not so lightly changed
 Or have the Trojans of their richest soil 235
 For vineyard apt or plough assign'd thee part
 If thou shalt slay me? Difficult, I hope,
 At least, thou shalt experience that empirize
 For, as I think, I have already chased
 Thee with my spear Forgettest thou the day 240
 When, finding thee alone, I drove thee down
 Headlong from Ida, and, thy cattle left
 Afar, thou didst not dare in all thy flight
 Turn once, till at Lyrnessus safe arrived,
 Which city by Jove's aid and by the aid 245
 Of Pallas I destroy'd, and captive led
 Their women? Thee, indeed, the Gods preserved,
 But they shall not preserve thee, as thou dream'st,
 Now also Back into thy host again,
 Hence, I command thee, nor oppose in fight 250
 My force, lest evil find thee To be taught
 By sufferings only is the part of fools
 To whom Æneas answer thus return'd
 Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,
 With words to scare me. I have also taunts 255
 At my command, and could be sharp as thou
 By such report as from the lips of men
 We oft have heard, each other's birth we know
 And parents, but my parents to behold
 Was ne'er thy lot, nor have I thine beheld 260
 Thee men proclaim from noble Peleus sprung
 And Thetis, bright-hair'd Goddess of the Deep,
 I boast myself of lovely Venus born
 To brave Anchises, and his son this day
 In battle slain thy Sire shall mourn, or mine, 265
 For I expect not that we shall depart
 Like children, satisfied with words alone
 But if it please thee more at large to learn
 My lineage (thousands can attest it true)
 Know this Jove, Sovereign of the storms, begat 270
 Dardanus, and ere yet the sacred walls
 Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain,
 He built Dardania, for at Ida's foot
 Dwelt our progenitors in ancient days.

Dardanus was the father of a son, 275
 King Ericthonius, wealthiest of mankind
 Three thousand mares of his the marsh grazed,
 Each suckling with delight her tender foal
 Boreas, enamour'd of no few of these,
 The pasture sought, and cover'd them in form 280
 Of a steed azure-maned They, pregnant thence,
 Twelve foals produced, and all so light of foot,
 That when they wanton'd in the fruitful field
 They swept, and snapp'd it not, the golden ear,
 And when they wanton'd on the boundless Deep, 285
 They skimm'd the green wave's frothy ridge, secure
 From Ericthonius sprang Tros, King of Troy,
 And Tros was father of three famous sons,
 Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede
 Loveliest of human-kind, whom for his charms 290
 The Gods caught up to heaven, there to abide
 With the Immortals, cup-bearer of Jove
 Ilus begat Laomedon, and he
 Five sons, Tithonus, Priam, Clytius,
 Lampus, and Hicetaon, branch of Mais 295
 Assaracus a son begat, by name
 Capys, and Capys in due time his son
 Warlike Anchises, and Anchises nie
 But Priam is the noble Hector's sire
 Such is my lineage, and such blood I boast, 300
 But valour is from Jove, He, as he wills,
 Increases or reduces it in man,
 For He is Lord of all. Therefore enough—
 Too long like children we have stood, the time
 Consuming here, while battle roars around 305
 Reproach is cheap Easily might we cast
 Gibes at each other, till a ship that asks
 An hundred oars should sink beneath the load
 The tongue of man is voluble, hath words
 For every theme, nor wants wide field and long, 310
 And as he speaks so shall he hear again
 But we—why should we wrangle, and with taunts
 Assail each other, as the practice is
 Of women, who with heart-devouring strife
 On fire, start forth into the public way 315

To mock each other, uttering, as may chance,
 Much truth, much falsehood, as their anger bids ?
 The ardour of my courage will not slack
 For all thy speeches, we must combat first,
 Now, therefore, without more delay, begin, 320
 That we may taste each other's force in arms.

So spake Æneas, and his brazen lance
 Hurl'd with full force against the dreadful shield.
 Loud roar'd its ample concave at the blow
 Not unalarm'd Pelides his broad disk 325
 Thrust farther from him, deeming that the force
 Of such an arm should pierce his guard with ease.
 Vain fear ! he recollected not that arms
 Glorious as his, gifts of the Immortal Gods,
 Yield not so quickly to the force of man 330
 The stormy spear by brave Æneas sent,
 No passage found, the golden plate divine
 Repress'd its vehemence, two folds it pierced,
 But three were still behind, for with five folds
 Vulcan had fortified it, two were brass, 335
 The two interior, tin, the midmost gold,
 And at the golden one the weapon stood¹
 Achilles, next, hurl'd his long shadow'd spear,
 And struck Æneas on the utmost verge
 Of his broad shield, where thinnest lay the brass, 340
 And thinnest the ox-hide The Pelian ash
 Started right through the buckler, and it rang
 Æneas crouch'd terrified, and his shield
 Thrust farther from him, but the rapid beam
 Bursting both borders of the ample disk, 345
 Glanced o'er his back, and plunged into the soil.
 He 'scaped it, and he stood, but, as he stood,
 With horror infinite the weapon saw

¹ Some commentators, supposing the golden plate the outermost as the most ornamental, have perplexed themselves much with this passage, for how, say they, could two folds be pierced and the spear be stopped by the gold, if the gold lay on the surface ? But to avoid the difficulty, we need only suppose that the gold was inserted between the two plates of brass and the two of tin, Vulcan, in this particular, having attended less to ornament than to security

See the Scholast in Villoisson, who argues at large in favour of this opinion.

Planted so near him Then, Achilles drew
 His faulchion keen, and with a deafening shout 350
 Sprang on him, but Æneas seized a stone
 Heavy and huge, a weight to overcharge
 Two men (such men as are accounted strong
 Now), but He wielded it with ease, alone
 Then had Æneas, as Achilles came 355
 Impetuous on, smitten, although in vain,
 His helmet or his shield, and Peleus' son
 Had with his faulchion him stretch'd at his feet
 But that the God of Ocean quick perceived
 His peril, and the Immortals thus bespake 360
 I pity brave Æneas, who shall soon,
 Slain by Achilles, see the realms below,
 By smooth suggestions of Apollo lured
 To danger, such as He can ne'er avert
 But wherefore should the Chief, guiltless himself, 365
 Die for the fault of others? at no time
 His gifts have fail'd, grateful to all in heaven
 Come, therefore, and let us from death ourselves
 Rescue Him, lest if by Achilles' aim
 This Hero perish, Jove himself be wroth, 370
 For he is destined to survive, lest all
 The house of Dardanus (whom Jove beyond
 All others loved, his sons of woman born)
 Fail with Æneas, and be found no more
 Saturnian Jove hath hated now long time 375
 The family of Priam, and henceforth
 Æneas and his son, and his sons' sons,
 Shall sway the sceptre o'er the race of Troy
 To whom, majestic thus the spouse of Jove
 Neptune¹ deliberate thyself, and choose 380
 Whether to save Æneas, or to leave
 The Hero victim of Achilles' ire
 For Pallas and myself oft-times have sworn
 In full assembly of the Gods, to aid
 Troy never, never to avert the day 385
 Of her distress, not even when the flames
 Kindled by the heroic sons of Greece
 Shall climb with fury to her topmost towers
 She spake, then Neptune, instant, through the throng

Of battle flying, and the clash of spears, 390
 Came where Achilles and Æneas fought
 At once with shadows dim he blurr'd the sight
 Of Peleus' son, and from the shield, himself,
 Of brave Æneas the bright-pointed ash
 Retracting, placed it at Achilles' feet 395
 Then, lifting high Æneas from the ground,
 He heaved him far remote, o'er many a rank
 Of Heroes and of bounding steeds he flew,
 Launch'd into air from the expanded palm
 Of Neptune, and alighted in the rear 400
 Of all the battle where the Caucons stood
 Neptune approach'd him there, and at his side
 Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus bespake.
 What God, Æneas! tempted thee to cope
 Thus inconsiderately with the son 405
 Of Peleus, both more excellent in fight
 Than thou, and more the favourite of the skies?
 From him retire hereafter, or expect
 A premature descent into the shades
 But when Achilles shall have once fulfill'd 410
 His destiny, in battle slain, then fight
 Fearless, for thou canst fall by none beside
 So saying, he left the well-admonish'd Chief,
 And from Achilles' eyes scatter'd the gloom
 Shed o'er them by himself The Hero saw 415
 Clearly, and with his noble heart, incensed
 By disappointment, thus conferring, said
 Gods! I behold a prodigy. My spear
 Lies at my foot, and He at whom I cast
 The weapon with such deadly force, is gone! 420
 Æneas therefore, as it seems, himself
 Interests the Immortal Gods, although
 I deem'd his boast of their protection vain
 I reckon not Let him go So gladly 'scaped
 From slaughter now, he shall not soon again 425
 Feel an ambition to contend with me
 Now will I rouse the Danaï, and prove
 The force in fight of many a Trojan more
 He said, and sprang to battle with loud voice,
 Calling the Grecians after him.—Ye sons 430

Of the Achæans ! stand not now aloof,
 My noble friends ! but foot to foot let each
 Fall on courageous, and desire the fight
 The task were difficult for me alone,
 Brave as I boast myself, to chase a foe 435
 So numerous, and to combat with them all
 Not Mars himself, immortal though he be,
 Nor Pallas, could with all the ranks contend
 Of this vast multitude, and drive the whole
 With hands, with feet, with spirit and with might, 440
 All that I can I will, right through I go,
 And not a Trojan who shall chance within
 Spear's reach of me, shall, as I judge, rejoice
 Thus he the Greeks exhorted Opposite,
 Meantime, illustrious Hector to his host 445
 Vociferated, his design to oppose
 Achilles publishing in every ear
 Fear not, ye valiant men of Troy ! fear not
 The son of Peleus In a war of words
 I could, myself, cope even with the Gods , 450
 But not with spears, there they excel us all
 Nor shall Achilles full performance give
 To all his vaunts, but, if he some fulfil,
 Shall others leave mutilate in the midst
 I will encounter him, though his hands be fire, 455
 Though fire his hands, and his heart hammer'd steel
 So spake he them exhorting At his word
 Uprose the Trojan spears, thick intermixt
 The battle join'd, and clamour loud began
 Then thus, approaching Hector, Phœbus spake 460
 Henceforth, advance not Hector ! in the front
 Seeking Achilles, but retired within
 The stormy multitude his coming wait,
 Lest his spear reach thee, or his glittering sword
 He said, and Hector far into his host 465
 Withdrew, admonish'd by the voice divine
 Then, shouting terrible, and clothed with might,
 Achilles sprang to battle First, he slew
 The valiant Chief Iphition, whom a band
 Numerous obey'd Otrynteus was his Sire 470
 Him to Otrynteus, city-waster Chief,

A Naiad under snowy Tmolus bore
 In fruitful Hyda Right into his front
 As he advanced, Achilles drove his spear,
 And rived his skull, with thundering sound he fell, 475
 And thus the conqueror gloried in his fall
 Ah Otryntides ! thou art slain Here lies
 The terrible in arms, who born beside
 The broad Gygean lake, where Hyllus flows
 And Hermus, call'd the fertile soil his own 480
 Thus gloried he Meantime the shades of death
 Cover'd Iphition, and Achaian wheels
 And horses ground his body in the van
 Demoleon next, Antenor's son, a brave
 Defender of the walls of Troy, he slew 485
 Into his temples through his brazen casque
 He thrust the Pelian ash, nor could the brass
 Such force resist, but the huge weapon drove
 The shatter'd bone into his inmost brain,
 And his fierce onset at a stroke repress'd 490
 Hippodamas his weapon next received
 Within his spine, while with a leap he left
 His steeds and fled He, panting forth his life,
 Moan'd like a bull, by consecrated youths
 Dragg'd round the Heliconian King², who views 495
 That victim with delight So, with loud moans
 The noble warrior sigh'd his soul away
 Then, spear in hand, against the godlike son
 Of Priam, Polydorus, he advanced
 Not yet his father had to him indulg'd 500
 A warrior's place, for that of all his sons
 He was the youngest-born, his hoary Sire's
 Chief darling, and in speed surpass'd them all
 Then also, in the vanity of youth,
 For show of nimbleness, he started oft 505
 Into the vaward, till at last he fell
 Him gliding swiftly by, swifter than he
 Achilles with a javelin reach'd, he struck
 His belt behind him, where the golden clasps

² Neptune So called, either because he was worshipp'd of Helicon, a mountain of Bœotia, or from Helice, an island of Achaia, where he had a temple

Met, and the double hauberk interposed 510
 The point transpierced his bowels, and spring through
 His navel, screaming, on his knees he fell,
 Death-shadows dimm'd his eyes, and with both hands,
 Stooping, he press'd his gather'd bowels back
 But noble Hector, soon as he beheld 515
 His brother Polydorus to the earth
 Inclined, and with his bowels in his hands,
 Sightless well-nigh with anguish could endure
 No longer to remain aloof, flame-like
 He burst abroad, and shaking his sharp spear, 520
 Advanced to meet Achilles, whose approach
 Seeing, Achilles bounded with delight,
 And thus, exulting, to himself he said
 Ah ! he approaches, who hath stung my soul
 Deepest, the slayer of whom most I loved ! 525
 Behold, we meet ! Caution is at an end,
 And timid skulking in the walks of war
 He ceased, and with a brow knit into frowns,
 Call'd to illustrious Hector Haste, approach,
 That I may quick dispatch thee to the shades 530
 Whom answer'd warlike Hector nought appall'd
 Pelides ! hope not, as I were a boy,
 With words to scare me I have also taunts
 At my command, and can be sharp as thou
 I know thee valiant, and myself I know 535
 Inferior far, yet, whether thou shalt slay
 Me, or, inferior as I am, be slain
 By me, is at the pleasure of the Gods,
 For I wield also not a pointless beam
 He said, and, brandishing it, hurl'd his spear, 540
 Which Pallas, breathing softly, wafted back
 From the renown'd Achilles, and it fell
 Successless at illustrious Hector's feet
 Then, all on fire to slay him, with a shout
 That rent the air Achilles rapid flew 545
 Toward him, but him wrapt in clouds opaque
 Apollo caught with ease divine away
 Thrice, swift Achilles sprang to the assault
 Impetuous, thrice the pitchy cloud he smote,
 And at his fourth assault, godlike in act, 550

And terrible in utterance, thus exclaim'd

Dog ! thou art safe, and hast escaped again ,

But narrowly, and by the aid once more

Of Phœbus, without previous suit to whom

Thou ventur'est never where the javelin sings

555

But when we next encounter, then expect,

If one of all in heaven aid also me,

To close thy proud career! Meantime I seek

Some other, and assail e'en whom I may

So saying, he pierced the neck of Dryops through,

560

And at his feet he fell Him there he left,

And turning on a valiant warrior huge,

Philetor's son, Demuchus, in the knee

Pierced, and detain'd him by the planted spear,

565

Till with his sword he smote him, and he died.

Laogonus and Dardanus he next

Assaulted, sons of Bias , to the ground

Dismounting both, one with his spear he slew,

The other with his faulchion at a blow

Tros too, Alastor's son—He suppliant clasp'd

570

Achilles' knees, and for his pity sued,

Pleading equality of years, in hope

That he would spare, and send him thence alive

Ah dreamer ! ignorant how much in vain

That suit he urged , for not of milky mind,

575

O ! placable in temper was the Chief

To whom he sued, but fiery. With both hands

His knees he clasp'd importunate, and he

Fast by the liver gash'd him with his sword

His liver falling forth, with sable blood

580

His bosom fill'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes

Then, drawing close to Mulus, in his ear

He set the pointed brass, and at a thrust

Sent it, next moment, through his ear beyond.

Then, through the forehead of Agenor's son

585

Echechlus, his huge-hafted blade he drove,

And death and fate for ever veil'd his eyes

Next, where the tendons of the elbow meet,

Striking Deucalion, through his wrist he urged

The brazen point , he all defenceless stood,

590

Expecting death , down came Achilles' blade

Full on his neck · away went head and casque
Together , from his spine the marrow sprang,
And at his length outstretch'd he press'd the plain
From him to Rhigmus, Pireus' noble son, 595
He flew, a warrior from the fields of Thrace
Him through the loins he pierced, and with the beam
Fixt in his bowels, to the earth he fell ,
Then piercing, as he turn'd to flight, the spine
Of Areithous his charioteer, 600
He thrust him from his seat , wild with dismay
Back flew the fiery coursers at his fall.
As a devouring fire within the glens
Of some dry mountain ravages the trees,
While, blown around, the flames roll to all sides, 605
So, on all sides, terrible as a God,
Achilles drove the death-devoted host
Of Ilum, and the champaign ran with blood
As when the peasant his yoked steers employs
To tread his barley, the broad-fronted pair 610
With ponderous hoofs trample it out with ease,
So, by magnanimous Achilles driven,
His coursers solid-hoof'd stamp'd as they ran
The shields, at once, and bodies of the slain ,
Blood spatter'd all his axle, and with blood 615
From the horse-hoofs and from the felled wheels
His chariot redden'd, while himself, athirst
For glory, his unconquerable hands
Defiled with mingled carnage, sweat, and dust.

BOOK XXI

ARGUMENT

Achilles having separated the Trojans, and driven one part of them to the city and the other into the Scamander, takes twelve young men alive, his intended victims to the manes of Patroclus. The river overflowing his banks with purpose to overwhelm him, is opposed by Vulcan, and gladly relinquishes the attempt. The battle of the Gods ensues. Apollo, in the form of Agenor, decoys Achilles from the town, which in the mean time the Trojans enter and shut the gates against him.

BUT when they came, at length, where Xanthus winds
 His stream voracious from Jove derived,
 There, separating Ilium's host, he drove
 Part o'er the plain to Troy in the same road
 By which the Grecians had so lately fled 5
 The fury of illustrious Hector's arm
 That way they fled pouring themselves along
 Flood-like, and Juno, to retard them, threw
 Darkness as night before them. Other part,
 Push'd down the sides of Xanthus, headlong plung'd 10
 With dashing sound into his dizzy stream,
 And all his banks re-echoed loud the roar
 They, struggling, shriek'd in silver eddies whil'd
 As when, by violence of fire expell'd,
 Locusts uplifted on the wing escape 15
 To some broad river, swift the sudden blaze
 Pursues them, they, astonish'd, strew the flood,
 So, by Achilles driven, a mingled throng
 Of horses and of warriors overspread
 Xanthus, and glutted all his sounding course 20
 He, chief of heroes, leaving on the bank
 His spear against a tamarisk reclined,
 Plunged like a God, with faulchion arm'd alone,
 But fill'd with thoughts of havoc. On all sides
 Down came his edge, groans follow'd dread to hear 25

Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all
 The waters as they ran redden'd with blood
 As smaller fishes, flying the pursuit
 Of some huge dolphin, terrified, the creeks
 And secret hollows of a haven fill,
 For none of all that he can seize he spares,
 So lurk'd the trembling Trojans in the coves
 Of Xanthus' awful flood But He (his hands
 Wornied at length with slaughter) from the rest
 Twelve youths selected whom to death he doom'd,
 In vengeance for his loved Patroclus slain
 Them stupified with dread like fawns he drove
 Forth from the river, manacled their hands
 Behind them fast with their own tunic-strings,
 And gave them to his warrior train in charge
 Then, ardent still for blood, rushing again
 Toward the stream, Dardanian Priam's son
 He met, Lycaon, as he climb'd the bank
 Him eist by night, in his own father's field
 Finding him, he had led captive away
 Lycaon was employ'd cutting greece shoots
 Of the wild-fie for chariot-rings, when lo !
 Terrible, unforeseen, Achilles came
 He seized and sent him in a ship afar
 To Lemnos, there the son of Jason paid
 His price, and, at great cost, Eetion
 The guest of Jason, thence redeeming him,
 Sent him to fair Arisba, but he 'scaped
 Thence also, and regain'd his father's house
 Eleven days, at his return, he gave
 To recreation joyous with his friends,
 And on the twelfth his fate cast him again
 Into Achilles' hands, who to the shades
 Now doom'd him, howsoever loth to go
 Soon as Achilles swiftest of the swift
 Him naked saw (for neither spear had he
 Nor shield nor helmet, but, when he emerged,
 Weary and faint had cast them all away)
 Indignant to his mighty self he said
 Gods ! I behold a miracle ! Ere long
 The valiant Trojans whom myself have slain

Shall rise from Erebus, for he is here,
 The self-same warrior whom I lately sold
 At Lemnos, free, and in the field again
 The hoary Deep is prison strong enough 70
 For most, but not for him Now shall he taste
 The point of this my spear, that I may learn
 By sure experience, whether hell itself
 That holds the strongest fast, can him detain,
 Or whether he shall thence also escape 75

While musing thus he stood, stunn'd with dismay
 The youth approach'd, eager to clasp his knees,
 For vehement he felt the dread of death
 Working within him, with his Pelian ash
 Uplifted high noble Achilles stood 80
 Ardent to smite him, he with body bent
 Ran under it, and to his knees adhered,
 The weapon, missing him, implanted stood
 Close at his back, when, seizing with one hand
 Achilles' knees, he with the other grasp'd 85
 The dreadful beam, resolute through despair,
 And in wing'd accents suppliant thus began.

Oh spare me! pity me! Behold I clasp
 Thy knees, Achilles! Ah, illustrious Chief!
 Reject not with disdain a suppliant's prayer 90
 I am thy guest also, who at thy own board
 Have eaten bread, and did partake the gift
 Of Ceres with thee on the very day
 When thou didst send me in yon field surprised
 For sale to sacred Lemnos, far remote, 95
 And for my price receiv'dst an hundred beeves
 Loose me, and I will yield thee now that sum
 Thrice told. Alas! this morn is but the twelfth
 Since, after numerous hardships, I arrived
 Once more in Troy, and now my ruthless lot 100
 Hath given me into thy hands again
 Jove cannot less than hate me, who hath twice
 Made me thy prisoner, and my doom was death,
 Death in my prime, the day when I was born
 Son of Laothoe from Alta sprung, 105
 From Alta, whom the Leleges obey
 On Satnio's banks in lofty Pegasus

His daughter to his other numerous wives
 King Priam added, and two sons she bore
 Only to be deprived by thee of both 110
 My brother hath already died, in front
 Of Ilum's infantry, by thy bright spear,
 The godlike Polydorus, and like doom
 Shall now be mine, for I despair to escape
 Thine hands, to which the Gods yield me again. 115
 But hear and mark me well My birth was not
 From the same womb as Hector's, who hath slain
 Thy valiant friend for clemency renown'd
 Such supplication the illustrious son
 Of Priam made, but answer harsh received 120
 Fool! speak'st of ransom? Name it not to me
 For till my friend his miserable fate
 Accomplish'd, I was somewhat given to spare,
 And numerous, whom I seized alive, I sold
 But now, of all the Trojans whom the Gods 125
 Deliver to me, none shall death escape,
 'Specially of the house of Priam, none
 Die, therefore, even thou, my friend! What mean
 Thy tears unreasonably shed and vain?
 Died not Patroclus, braver far than thou? 130
 And look on me,—see'st not to what an height
 My stature towers, and what a bulk I boast?
 A King begat me, and a Goddess bore
 What then! A death by violence awaits
 Me also, and at morn, or eve, or noon, 135
 I perish, whensoever the destined spear
 Shall reach me, or the arrow from the nerve
 He ceased, and where the suppliant kneel'd, he died
 Quitting the spear, with both hands spread abroad
 He sat, but swift Achilles with his sword 140
 'Twixt neck and key-bone smote him, and his blade
 Of double edge sank all into the wound
 He prone extended on the champaign lay
 Bedewing with his sable blood the glebe,
 Till, by the foot, Achilles cast him far 145
 Into the stream, and, as he floated down,
 Thus in wing'd accents, glorying, exclaim'd
 Lie there, and feed the fishes, which shall lick

Thy blood secure. Thy mother ne'er shall place
 Thee on thy bier, nor on thy body weep, 150
 But swift Scamander on his giddy tide
 Shall bear thee to the bosom of the sea
 There, many a fish shall through the crystal flood
 Ascending to the rippled surface, find
 Lycaon's pamper'd flesh delicious fare 155
 Die Trojans 'till we reach your city, you
 Fleeing, and slaughtering, I This pleasant stream
 Of dimpling silver which ye worship oft
 With victim bulls, and sate with living steeds
 His rapid whirlpools, shall avail you nought, 160
 But ye shall die, die terribly, till all
 Shall have requited me with just amends
 For my Patroclus, and for other Greeks
 Slain at the ships while I declined the war
 He ended, at whose words still more incensed 165
 Scamander means devised, thenceforth to check
 Achilles, and avert the doom of Troy
 Meantime the son of Peleus, his huge spear
 Grasping, assail'd Asteropæus son
 Of Pelegon, on fire to take his life. 170
 Fan Peribœa, daughter eldest-born
 Of Accessameneus, his father bore
 To broad-stream'd Axius, who had clasp'd the nymph
 In his embrace On him Achilles sprang
 He newly risen from the river, stood 175
 Armed with two lances opposite, for him
 Xanthus embolden'd, at the deaths incensed
 Of many a youth whom, mercy none vouchsafed,
 Achilles had in all his current slain.
 And now small distance interposed, they faced 180
 Each other, when Achilles thus began
 Who art and whence, who dar'st encounter me?
 Hapless the sires whose sons my force defy
 'To whom the noble son of Pelegon
 Pelides, mighty Chief! Why hast thou ask'd 185
 My derivation? from the land I come
 Of mellow-soil'd Pœonia far remote,
 Chief leader of Pœonia's host spear-arm'd,
 Thus day hath also the eleventh risen

Since I at Troy arrived For my descent, 190
 It is from Axius river wide-diffused,
 From Axius, fairest stream that waters earth,
 Sire of bold Pelegon whom men report
 My sire Let this suffice. Now fight, Achilles !
 So spake he threatening, and Achilles raised 195
 Dauntless the Pelian ash At once two spears
 The hero bold, Asteropæus thiew,
 With both hands apt for battle One his shield
 Struck but pierced not, impeded by the gold,
 Gift of a God, the other as it flew 200
 Glazed his right elbow, spang the sable blood,
 But, overflying him, the spear in earth
 Stood planted deep, still hungeirg for the prey.
 Then full at the Pæonian Peleus' son
 Hurl'd forth his weapon with unsparing force 205
 But vain, he struck the sloping river-bank,
 And mid-length deep stood plunged the ashen beam
 Then, with his faulchion drawn, Achilles flew
 To smite him, he in vain, meantime, as he'd
 To pluck the rooted spear forth from the bank, 210
 Thrice with full force he shook the beam, and thrice,
 Although reluctant, left it, at his fourth
 Last effort, bending it he sought to break
 The ashen spear-beam of Æacides,
 But perish'd by his keen-edged faulchion first, 215
 For on the belly at his navel's side
 He smote him, to the ground effused fell all
 His bowels, death's dim shadows veil'd his eyes
 Achilles aident on his bosom fix'd
 His foot, despoil'd him, and exulting cried 220
 Lie there, though River-sprung thou find'st it hard
 To cope with sons of Jove omnipotent
 Thou said'st, a mighty River is my sire—
 But my descent from mightier Jove I boast,
 My father, whom the Myrmidons obey, 225
 Is son of Æacus, and he of Jove
 As Jove all streams excels that seek the sea,
 So, Jove's descendants nobler are than theirs
 Behold a River at thy side—Let Him
 Afford thee, if he can, some succour—No— 230

He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.
 Therefore, not kingly Achelous,
 Nor yet the strength of Ocean's vast profound,
 Although from Him all rivers and all seas
 All fountains and all wells proceed, may boast 235
 Comparison with Jove, but even He
 Astonish'd trembles at his fiery bolt,
 And his dread thunders rattling in the sky.

He said, and drawing from the bank his spear,
 Asteropæus left stretch'd on the sands, 240
 Where, while the clear wave dashed him, eels his flanks
 And ravening fishes numerous nibbled bare.
 The horsed Pæonians next he fierce assail'd,
 Who seeing their brave Chief slain by the sword
 And forceful arm of Peleus' son, beside 245
 The eddy-whirling stream fled all dispersed
 Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,
 Thrassius, Astypylus and Ophelestes,
 Ænius and Mnesus, nor had these sufficed
 Achilles, but Pæonians more had fallen, 250
 Had not the angry River from within
 His circling gulfs in semblance of a man
 Call'd to him, interrupting thus his rage.

Oh both in courage and injurious deeds
 Unmatch'd, Achilles! whom themselves the Gods 255
 Cease not to aid, if Saturn's son have doom'd
 All Ithum's race to perish by thine arm,
 Expel them, first, from me, ere thou achieve
 That dread exploit, for, cumber'd as I am
 With bodies, I can pour my pleasant stream 260
 No longer down into the sacred Deep,
 All vanish where thou comest But oh desist
 Dread Chief! Amazement fills me at thy deeds

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race
 River divine! hereafter be it so 265
 But not from slaughter of this faithless host
 I cease, till I shall shut them fast in Troy
 And trial make of Hector, if his arm
 In single fight shall strongest prove, or mine.

He said, and like a God, furious, again 270
 Assail'd the Trojans, then the circling Flood

To Phœbus thus his loud complaint address'd
 Ah son of Jove, God of the silver bow!¹
 The mandate of the son of Saturn ill
 Hast thou perform'd, who, earnest, bade thee aid 275
 The Trojans, till (the sun sunk in the West)
 Night's shadow dim should veil the fruitful field
 He ended, and Achilles spear-renown'd
 Plunged from the bank into the middle stream
 Then, turbulent, the River all his tide 280
 Sturr'd from the bottom, landward heaving off
 The numerous bodies that his current chok'd
 Slain by Achilles, them, as with the roar
 Of bulls, he cast aground, but deep within
 His oozy gulfs the living safe conceal'd 285
 Terrible all around Achilles stood
 The curling wave, then, falling on his shield
 Dash'd him, nor found his footsteps where to rest.
 An elm of massy trunk he seized and branch
 Luxuriant, but it fell torn from the root 290
 And drew the whole bank after it, immersed
 It damm'd the current with its ample boughs,
 And join'd as with a bridge the distant shores
 Upsprang Achilles from the gulf and turn'd
 His feet, now wing'd for flight, into the plain 295
 Astonish'd, but the God, not so appeased,
 Arose against him with a darker curl,¹
 That he might quell him and deliver Troy
 Back flew Achilles with a bound, the length
 Of a spear's cast, for such a spring he own'd 300
 As bears the black-plumed eagle on her prey
 Strongest and swiftest of the fowls of air
 Like Her he spang, and dreadful on his chest
 Clang'd his bright armour Then, with course oblique
 He fled his fierce pursuer, but the flood, 305
 Fly where he might, came thundering in his rear
 As when the peasant with his spade a rill
 Conducts from some pure fountain through his grove
 Or garden, clearing the obstructed course,
 The pebbles, as it runs, all ring beneath, 310

¹ Ἀκροελαϊνίων.—The beauty and force of this word are wonderful, I have in vain endeavoured to do it justice

And, as the slope still deepens, swifter still
 It runs, and, murmuring, outstrips the guide,
 So Him, though swift, the River always reach'd
 Still swifter, who can cope with power divine ?
 Oft as the noble Chief, turning, essay'd 315
 Resistance, and to learn if all the Gods
 Alike rush'd after him, so oft the flood,
 Jove's offspring, lav'd his shoulders Upward then
 He sprang distress'd, but with a sidelong sweep
 Assailing him, and from beneath his steps 320
 Wasting the soil, the Stream his force subdued
 Then looking to the skies, aloud he mourn'd
 Eternal Sire ! forsaken by the Gods
 I sink, none deigns to save me from the flood,
 From which once saved, I would no death decline 325
 Yet blame I none of all the Powers of heaven
 As Thetis, she with falsehood sooth'd my soul,
 She promised me a death by Phœbus' shafts
 Swift-wing'd, beneath the battlements of Troy.
 I would that Hector, noblest of his race, 330
 Had slain me, I had then bravely expi'd
 And a brave man had stripp'd me of my arms
 But Fate now dooms me to a death abhor'd
 Whelm'd in deep waters, like a swine-herd's boy
 Drown'd in wet weather while he foids a brook 335
 So spake Achilles, then, in human form,
 Minerva stood and Neptune at his side,
 Each seized his hand confirming him, and thus
 The mighty Shaker of the shores began
 Achilles ! moderate thy dismay, fear nought 340
 In us behold, in Pallas and in me,
 Effectual aids, and with consent of Jove,
 For to be vanquish'd by a River's force
 Is not thy doom. This foe shall soon be quell'd,
 Thine eyes shall see it Let our counsel rule 345
 Thy deed, and all is well Cease not from war
 Till fast within proud Ilum's walls her host
 Again be prison'd, all who shall escape,
 Then (Hector slain) to the Achaian fleet
 Return, we make the glorious victory thine 350
 So they, and both departing sought the skies

Then, animated by the voice divine,
 He moved toward the plain now all o'erspread
 By the vast flood on which the bodies swam
 And shields of many a youth in battle slain 300
 He leap'd, he waded, and the current stemm'd
 Right onward, by the flood in vain opposed,
 With such might Pallas fill'd him Not his rage
 Scamander aught repress'd, but still the more
 Incensed against Achilles, curl'd aloft 360
 His waters, and on Simois call'd aloud.

Brother! oh let us with united force
 Check, if we may, this warrior, he shall else
 Soon lay the lofty towers of Priam low,
 Whose host, appall'd, defend them now no more 365
 Haste—succour me—Thy channel fill with stream,
 From all thy fountains, call thy torrents down,
 Lift high the waters, mingle trees and stones
 With uproar wild, that we may quell the force
 Of this dread Chief triumphant now, and fil'd 370
 With projects that might more beseem a God
 But vain shall be his strength, his beauty nought
 Shall profit him or his resplendent arms,
 For I will bury them in slime and ooze,
 And I will overwhelm himself with soil, 375
 Sands heaping o'er him and around him sands
 Infinite, that no Greek shall find his bones
 For ever, in my bottom deep immersed.
 There shall his tomb be piled, nor other earth,
 At his last rites, his friends shall need for him 380

He said, and lifting high his angry tide
 Vortiginous, against Achilles hurl'd,
 Roaring, the foam, the bodies, and the blood,
 Then all his sable waves divine again
 Accumulating, bore him swift along 385
 Shriek'd Juno at that sight, terrified lest
 Achilles in the whirling deluge sunk
 Should perish, and to Vulcan quick exclaim'd

Vulcan, my son, arise, for we account
 Xanthus well able to contend with thee 390
 Give instant succour, show forth all thy fires.
 Myself will haste to call the rapid South

And Zephyrus, that tempests from the sea
 Blowing, thou may'st both arms and dead consume
 With hideous conflagration. Burn along 395
 The banks of Xanthus, fire his trees and Him
 Seize also Let him by no specious guile
 Of flattery soothe thee, or by threats appal,
 Nor slack thy furious fires 'till with a shout
 I give command, then bid them cease to blaze 400
 She spake, and Vulcan at her word his fires
 Shot dreadful forth, first, kindling on the field,
 He burn'd the bodies strew'd numerous around
 Slain by Achilles, and grew the earth -
 And the flood ceased As when a sprightly breeze 405
 Autumnal blowing from the North, at once
 Dries the new-water'd garden,² gladdening him
 Who tills the soil, so was the champaign dried,
 The dead consumed, against the River, next,
 He turn'd the fierceness of his glittering fires 410
 Willows and tamarisks and elms he burn'd,
 Burn'd lotus, rushes, reeds; all plants and herbs
 That clothed profuse the margin of his flood
 His eels and fishes, whether wont to dwell
 In gulfs beneath, or tumble in the stream, 415
 All languish'd while the Artist of the skies
 Breath'd on them, even Xanthus lost, himself,
 All force, and, suppliant, Vulcan thus address'd.
 Oh Vulcan! none in heaven itself may cope
 With thee I yield to thy consuming fires 420
 Cease, cease I reckon not if Achilles drive
 Her citizens, this moment, forth from Troy,
 For what are war and war's concerns to me?
 So spake he scorch'd, and all his waters boil'd
 As some huge cauldron hisses urged by force 425
 Of circling fires and fill'd with melted lard,
 The unctuous fluid overbubbling³ streams
 On all sides, while the dry wood flames beneath,
 So Xanthus bubbled and his pleasant flood

² The reason given in the Scholium is, that the surface being hardened by the wind the moisture remains unexhaled from beneath, and has time to saturate the roots — See Villosion

³ 'Αμβολαῖον

Hiss'd in the fire, nor could he longer flow 430
But check'd his current, with hot steams annoy'd
By Vulcan raised His supplication, then,
Importunate to Juno thus he turn'd

Ah Juno ! why assails thy son my streams,
Hostile to me alone ? Of all who aid 435
The Trojans I am surely least to blame,
Yet even I desist if thou command ,
And let thy son cease also , for I swear
That never will I from the Trojans turn
Their evil day, not even when the host 440
Of Greece shall set all Ilium in a blaze

He said, and by his oath pacified, thus
The white-arm'd Deity to Vulcan spake
Peace, glorious son ! we may not in behalf
Of mortal man thus longer vex a God. 445

Then Vulcan his tremendous fires repress'd,
And down into his gulfy channel rush'd
The reflux flood , for when the force was once
Subdued of Xanthus, Juno interposed,
Although incensed, herself to quell the strife. 450

But contest vehement the other Gods
Now waged, each breathing discord , loud they rush'd
And fierce to battle, while the boundless earth
Quaked under them, and, all around, the heavens
Sang them together with a trumpet's voice 455
Jove listening, on the Olympian summit sat
Well-pleased, and, in his heart laughing for joy,
Beheld the Powers of heaven in battle join'd
Not long aloof they stood Shield-piercer Mais
His brazen spear grasp'd, and began the fight 460
Rushing on Pallas, whom he thus reproach'd

Wasp ! front of impudence, and past all bounds
Audacious ! Why impellest thou the Gods
To fight ? Thy own proud spirit is the cause
Remember'st not, how, urged by thee, the son 465
Of Tydeus, Diomedes, myself assail'd,
When thou, the radiant spear with thy own hand
Guiding, didst rend my body ? Now, I ween,
The hour is come in which I shall exact
Vengeance for all thy malice shown to me. 470

So saying, her shield he smote tassell'd around
 Terrific, proof against the bolts of Jove ,
 That shield gore-tainted Mars with fury smote
 But she, retiring, with strong grasp upheaved
 A rugged stone, black, ponderous, from the plain, 175
 A land-mark fix'd by men of ancient times,
 Which hurling at the neck of stormy Mars
 She smote him Down he fell Seven acres, stretch'd,
 He overspread, his ringlets in the dust
 Polluted lay, and dreadful rang his arms 200
 The Goddess laugh'd, and thus in accents wing'd
 With exultation, as he lay, exclaim'd
 Fool ! Art thou still to learn how far my force
 Surpasses thine, and daiest thou cope with me ?
 Now feel the furies of thy mother's ire 235
 Who hates thee for thy treachery to the Greeks,
 And for thy succour given to faithless Trov
 She said, and turn'd from Mars her glorious eyes
 But him deep-groaning and his torpid powers
 Recovering slow, Venus conducted thence 270
 Daughter of Jove, whom soon as Juno mark'd,
 In accents wing'd to Pallas thus she spake
 Daughter invincible of glorious Jove !
 Haste—follow her—Ah shameless ! how she leads
 Gore-tainted Mars through all the host of heaven 295
 So she, whom Pallas with delight obey'd ,
 To Venus swift she flew, and on the breast
 With such force smote her that of sense bereft
 The fainting Goddess fell There Venus lay
 And Mars extended on the fruitful glebe, 320
 And Pallas thus in accents wing'd exclaim'd
 I would that all who on the part of Troy
 Oppose in fight Achaea's valiant sons,
 Were firm and bold as Venus in defence
 Of Mars, for whom she daied my power defy ' 345
 So had dissension (Ilium overthrown
 And desolated) ceased long since in heaven
 So Pallas, and approving Juno smiled
 Then the Imperial Shaker of the shores
 Thus to Apollo. Phœbus ! wherefore stand 370
 We thus aloof ? Since others have begun,

Begin we also , shame it were to both
 Should we, no combat waged, ascend again
 Olympus and the brass-built hall of Jove
 Begin, for thou art younger , me whose years 515
 Alike and knowledge thine surpass so far,
 It suits not Oh stupidity ! how gross
 Art thou and senseless ! Are no traces left
 In thy remembrance of our numerous wrongs
 Sustain'd at Ilum, when, of all the Gods 520
 Ourselves alone, by Jove's commandment, seived
 For stipulated hire, a year complete,
 Our task-master the proud Laomedon ?
 Myself a bulwark'd town, spacious, secure
 Against assault, and beautiful as strong 525
 Built for the Trojans, and thine office was
 To feed for King Laomedon his heirs
 Among the groves of Ida many-val'd
 But when the gladsome hours the season brought
 Of payment, then the unjust King of Troy 530
 Dismiss'd us of our whole reward amerced
 By violence, and added threats beside
 Thee into distant isles, bound hand and foot,
 To sell he threaten'd, and to amputate
 The ears of both , we, therefore, hasted thence 535
 Resenting deep our promised hire withheld
 Aid'st thou for this the Trojans ? Canst thou less
 Than seek, with us, to exterminate the whole
 Perfidious race, wives, children, husbands, all ?
 To whom the King of radiant shafts Apollo 540
 Me, Neptune, thou wouldst deem, thyself, unwise
 Contending for the sake of mortal men
 With thee , a wretched race, who like the leaves
 Now flourish rank, by fruits of earth sustain'd,
 Now sapless fall Here, therefore, us between 545
 Let all strife cease, far better left to Them
 He said, and turn'd away, fearing to lift
 His hand against the brother of his sire.
 But him Diana of the woods with sharp
 Rebuke, his huntress sister, thus reprov'd 550
 Fly'st thou, Apollo ! and to Neptune yield'st
 An unearn'd victory, the prize of fame

Resigning patient and with no dispute
 Fool! wherefore bearest thou the bow in vain
 Ah, let me never in my father's courts 555
 Hear thee among the Immortals vaunting more
 That thou would'st Neptune's self confront in arms
 So she, to whom Apollo nought replied
 But thus the consort of the Thunderer, fired
 With wrath, reproved the Archeress of heaven. 560
 How hast thou dared, impudent, to oppose
 My will? Bow-practised as thou art, the task
 To match my force were difficult to thee.
 Is it, because by ordinance of Jove
 Thou art a lioness to womankind, 565
 Killing them at thy pleasure? Ah beware,—
 Far easier is it, on the mountain-heights
 To slay wild beasts and chase the roving hind,
 Than to conflict with mightier than ourselves
 But, if thou wish a lesson on that theme, 570
 Approach—Thou shalt be taught with good effect
 How far my force in combat passes thine
 She said, and with her left hand seizing both
 Diana's wrists, snatch'd suddenly the bow
 Suspended on her shoulder with the right, 575
 And, smiling, smote her with it on the ears
 She, writhing oft and struggling, to the ground
 Shook forth her rapid shafts, then, weeping, fled
 As to her cavern in some hollow rock
 The dove, not destined to his talons, flies 580
 The hawk's pursuit, and left her arms behind.
 Then, messenger of heaven, the Argicide
 Address'd Latona Combat none with thee,
 Latona, will I wage Unsafe it were
 To cope in battle with a spouse of Jove 585
 Go, therefore, loudly as thou wilt, proclaim
 To all the Gods that thou hast vanquish'd me.
 Collecting, then, the bow and arrows fallen
 In wild disorder on the dusty plain,
 Latona with the sacred charge withdrew 590
 Following her daughter, she, in the abode
 Brass-built arriving of Olympian Jove,
 Sat on his knees, weeping till all her robe

Ambrosial shook The mighty Father smiled,
And to his bosom straining her, enquired 595

Daughter beloved ! who, which of all the Gods
Hath raised his hand, presumptuous, against Thee,
As if convicted of some open wrong ?

To whom the clear-voiced Huntress crescent-crown'd
My Father ! Juno, thy own consort fair 600
My sorrow caused, from whom dispute and strife
Perpetual, threaten the Immortal Powers

Thus they in heaven mutual conferr'd Meantime
Apollo into sacred Troy return'd 605
Mindful to guard her bulwarks, lest the Greeks
Too soon for Fate should desolate the town

The other Gods, some angry, some elate
With victory, the Olympian heights regain'd,
And sat beside the Thunderer. But the son
Of Peleus—He both Trojans slew and steeds 610

As when in volumes slow smoke climbs the skies
From some great city which the Gods have fired
Vindictive, sorrow thence to many ensues
With mischief, and to all labour severe,
So caused Achilles labour, on that day, 615
Severe, and mischief to the men of Troy

But ancient Priam from a sacred tower
Stood looking forth, whence soon he noticed vast
Achilles, before whom the Trojans fled,
All courage lost. Descending from the tower 620
With mournful cries and hasting to the wall
He thus enjoin'd the keepers of the gates

Hold wide the portals till the flying host
Re-enter, for himself is nigh, himself
Achilles drives them home Now, woe to Troy ' 625
But soon as safe within the walls received
They breathe again, shut fast the ponderous gates
At once, lest that destroyer also pass

He said, they, shooting back the bars, threw wide
The gates and saved the people, whom to aid 630
Apollo also sprang into the field

They, parch'd with drought and whiten'd all with dust,
Flew right toward the town, while, spear in hand,
Achilles press'd them, vengeance in his heart

And all on fire for glory Then, full sure, 635
 Ithum, the city of lofty gates, had fallen
 Won by the Grecians, had not Phœbus roused
 Antenor's valiant son, the noble Chief
 Agenor, him with dauntless might he fill'd,
 And shelding him against the stroke of fate 640
 Beside him, stood himself, by the broad beech
 Cover'd and wiapt in clouds. Agenor, then,
 Seeing the city-waster hero nigh
 Achilles, stood, but standing, felt his mind
 Tioabled with doubts, he groan'd, and thus he mused 645
 Alas ! if following the tumultuous flight
 Of these, I shun Achilles, swifter far
 He soon will lop my ignominious head
 But if, these leaving to be thus dispersed
 Before him, from the city-wall I fly 650
 Across the plain of Troy into the groves
 Of Ida, and in Ida's thuckets lurk,
 I may, at evening, to the town return
 Bathed and refreshed But whither tend my thoughts ?
 Should he my flight into the plain observe, 655
 And swift pursuing seize me, then, farewell
 All hope to 'scape a miserable death,
 For he hath strength passing the strength of man
 How then—shall I withstand him here before
 The city ? He hath also flesh to steal 660
 Pervious, within it but a single life,
 And men report him mortal, howsoe'er
 Saturnian Jove lift him to glory now
 So saying, he turn'd and stood, his dauntless heart
 Beating for battle As the pard springs forth 665
 To meet the hunter from her gloomy lair,
 Nor, hearing loud the hounds, fears or retires,
 But whether from afar or nigh at hand
 He pierce her first, although transfixt, the fight
 Still tries, and combats desperate till she fall, 670
 So, brave Antenor's son fled not, or shrank,
 Till he had proved Achilles, but his breast
 O'ershadowing with his buckler, and his spear
 Aiming well-poised against him, loud exclaim'd
 Renown'd Achilles ! Thou art high in hope 675

Doubtless, that thou shalt this day overthrow
 The city of the glorious sons of Troy
 Fool ! ye must labour yet ere she be won,
 For numerous are her citizens and bold,
 And we will guard her for our parents' sake
 Our wives and little ones But here thou diest
 Terrible Chief and dauntless as thou art 680

He said, and with full force hurling his lance
 Smote, and err'd not, his greave beneath the knee
 The glittering tin, forged newly, at the stroke
 Tremendous rang, but quick recoiled and vain
 The weapon, weak against that guard divine
 Then sprang Achilles in his turn to assail
 Godlike Agenor, but Apollo took
 That glory from him, snatching wrapt in clouds
 Agenor thence, whom calm he sent away 690

Then Phœbus from pursuit of Ilium's host
 By art averted Peleus' son, the form
 Assuming of Agenor, swift he fled
 Before him, and Achilles swift pursued
 While Him Apollo thus lured to the chase
 Wide o'er the fruitful plain, inclining still
 Toward Scamander's dizzy stream his course
 Nor flying far before, but with false hope
 Always beguiling him, the scatter'd host
 Meantime, in joyful throngs, regained the town.
 They fill'd and shut it fast, nor dared to wait
 Each other in the field, or to enquire
 Who lived and who had fallen, but all, whom fight
 Had rescued, like a flood pour'd into Troy 700 705

Autumnal, of all stars in dead of night
 Conspicuous most, and named Orion's dog,
 Brightest it shines, but ominous, and dire
 Disease portends to miserable man,
 So beam'd Achilles' armour as he flew 35
 Loud wail'd the hoary King, with lifted hands
 His head he smote, and, uttering doleful cries
 Of supplication, sued to his own son
 He, fix'd before the gate, desirous stood
 Of combat with Achilles, when his Sire 40
 With arms outstretch'd toward him, thus began.
 My Hector! wait not, oh my son! the approach
 Of this dread Chief, alone, lest premature
 Thou die, this moment by Achilles slain,
 For he is strongest far Oh that the Gods 45
 Him loved as I! then, soon should vultures rend
 And dogs his carcase, and my grief should cease
 He hath unchilded me of many a son,
 All valiant youths, whom he hath slain or sold
 To distant isles, and even now, I miss 50
 Two sons, whom since the shutting of the gates
 I find not, Polydorus and Lycaon,
 My children by Laothoe the fair.
 If they survive prisoners in yonder camp,
 I will redeem them with the gold and brass 55
 By noble Eltes to his daughter given,
 Large store, and still reserved But should they both,
 Already slain, have journey'd to the shades,
 We, then, from whom they sprang have cause to mourn
 And mourn them long, but shorter shall the grief 60
 Of Ilum prove, if thou escape and live
 Come then, my son! enter the city-gate
 That thou may'st save us all, nor in thy bloom
 Of life cut off, enhance Achilles' fame.
 Commiserate also thy unhappy Sire 65
 Ere yet distracted, whom Saturnian Jove
 Ordains to a sad death, and ere I die
 To woes innumerable, to behold
 Sons slaughter'd, daughters ravish'd, torn and stripp'd
 The matrimonial chamber, infants dash'd 70
 Against the ground in dire hostility,

And matrons dragg'd by ruthless Grecian hands.
 Me, haply, last of all, dogs shall devour
 In my own vestibule, when once the spear
 Or faulchion of some Greek hath laid me low. 75
 The very dogs fed at my table-side,
 My portal-guards, drinking their master's blood
 To drunkenness, shall wallow in my courts
 Fair falls the warlike youth in battle slain,
 And when he lies torn by the pointed steel, 80
 His death becomes him well, he is secure,
 Though dead, from shame, whatever next befalls.
 But when the silver locks and silver beard
 Of an old man slain by the sword, from dogs
 Receive dishonour, of all ills that wait 85
 On miserable man, that sure is worst.
 So spake the ancient King, and his grey hairs
 Pluck'd with both hands, but Hector firm endured.
 On the other side all tears his mother stood,
 And lamentation, with one hand she bared, 90
 And with the other hand produced her breast,
 Then in wing'd accents, weeping, him bespake.
 My Hector! reverence This, and pity me
 If ever, drawing forth this breast, thy griefs
 Of infancy I soothed, oh now, my son! 95
 Acknowledge it, and from within the walls
 Repulse this enemy, stand not abroad
 To cope with *Him*, for he is savage-fierce,
 And should he slay thee, neither shall myself
 Who bore thee, nor thy noble spouse weep o'er 100
 Thy body, but, where we can never come,
 Dogs shall devour it in the fleet of Greece
 So they with prayers importuned, and with tears
 Their son, but him sway'd not, unmoved he stood,
 Expecting vast Achilles now at hand 105
 As some fell serpent in his cave expects
 The traveller's approach, batten'd with herbs
 Of baneful juice to fury, forth he looks
 Hideous, and lies coil'd all around his den,
 So Hector, fill'd with confidence untamed, 110
 Fled not, but placing his bright shield against
 A buttress, with his noble heart conferr'd.

Alas for me ! should I repass the gate,
 Polydamas would be the first to heap
 Reproaches on me, for he bade me lead 115
 The Trojans back this last calamitous night
 In which Achilles rose to arms again
 But I refused, although to have complied,
 Had proved more profitable far, since then
 By rash resolves of mine I have destroy'd 120
 The people, how can I escape the blame
 Of all in Troy ? The meanest there will say—
 By his self-will he hath destroy'd us all
 So shall they speak, and then shall I regret
 That I return'd ere I had slain in fight 125
 Achilles, or that, by Achilles slain,
 I died not nobly in defence of Troy.
 But shall I thus ? Lay down my bossy shield,
 Put off my helmet, and my spear recline
 Against the city wall, then go myself 130
 To meet the brave Achilles, and at once
 Promise him Helen, for whose sake we strive,
 With all the wealth that Paris in his fleet
 Brought home, to be restored to Atreus' sons,
 And to distribute to the Greeks at large 135
 All hidden treasures of the town, an oath
 Taking beside from every senator,
 That he will nought conceal, but will produce
 And share in just equality what stores
 Soever our fair city still includes ? 140
 Ah, airy speculations, questions vain !
 I may not sue to Him, compassion none
 Will he vouchsafe me, or my suit respect,
 But, seeing me unarm'd, will sate at once
 His rage, and womanlike I shall be slain 145
 It is no time from oak or hollow rock
 With Him to parley, as a nymph and swain,
 A nymph and swain¹ soft parley mutual hold,
 But rather to engage in combat fierce

¹ The repetition follows the Original, and the Scholast is of opinion
 that Homer uses it here that he may express more emphatically the length
 to which such conferences are apt to proceed — *Δια την πολυλογίαν τη*
ἀναληψει ἐχρησατο

Incontinent, so shall we soonest learn 150
 Whom Jove will make victorious, Him or me
 Thus pondering he stood, meantime approach'd
 Achilles, terrible as fiery Mars,
 Crest-tossing God, and brandish'd as he came
 O'er his right shoulder high the Pelian spear. 155
 Like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun
 Ascending, beam'd his armour At that sight
 Trembled the Trojan Chief, nor dared expect
 His nearer step, but flying left the gates
 Far distant, and Achilles swift pursued 160
 As in the mountains, fleetest fowl of air,
 The hawk darts eager at the dove, she scuds
 Aslant, he, screaming, springs and springs again
 To seize her, all impatient for the prey,
 So flew Achilles constant to the track 165
 Of Hector, who with dreadful haste beneath
 The Trojan bulwarks plied his agile limbs
 Passing the prospect-mount where high in air
 The wild-fig waved², they rush'd along the road,
 Declining never from the wall of Troy 170
 And now they reach'd the running rivulets clear,
 Where from Scamander's dizzy flood arise
 Two fountains, tepid one, from which a smoke
 Issues voluminous as from a fire,
 The other, even in summer heats, like hail 175
 For cold, or snow, or chrystal-stream frost-bound
 Beside them may be seen the broad canals
 Of marble scoop'd, in which the wives of Troy
 And all her daughters fair were wont to lave
 Their costly rament, while the land had rest, 180
 And ere the warlike sons of Greece arrived
 By these they ran, one fleeing, one in chase.
 Valiant was he who fled, but valiant far
 Beyond him He who urged the swift pursuit,
 Nor ran they for a vulgar prize, a beast 185
 For sacrifice, or for the hide of such,
 The swift foot-racer's customary meed,
 But for the noble Hector's life they ran.
 As when two steeds, oft conquerors, trim the goal
² It grew near to the tomb of Ilus

For some illustrious prize, a tripod bright 190
 Or beauteous virgin, at a funeral game,
 So they with nimble feet the city thrice
 Of Priam compass'd All the Gods look'd on,
 And thus the Sire of Gods and men began
 Ah—I behold a warrior dear to me 195
 Around the walls of Ilium driven, and grieve
 For Hector, who the thighs of fatted bulls
 On yonder heights of Ida many-valed
 Burn'd oft to me, and in the heights of Troy :
 But Him Achilles, glorious Chief, around 200
 The city-walls of Priam now pursues.
 Consider this, ye Gods ! weigh the event
 Shall we from death save Hector ? or, at length,
 Leave him, although in battle high-renown'd,
 To perish by the might of Peleus' son ? 205
 Whom answer'd thus Pallas cœrulean-eyed
 Dread Sovereign of the storms ! what hast thou said ?
 Wouldst thou deliver from the stroke of fate
 A mortal man death-destined from of old ?
 Do it, but small thy praise shall be in heaven 210
 Then answer thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.
 Fear not, Tritonia, daughter dear ! that word
 Spake not my purpose, me thou shalt perceive
 Always to thee indulgent. What thou wilt
 That execute, and use thou no delay. 215
 So roused he Pallas of herself prepared,
 And from the heights Olympian down she flew.
 With unremitting speed Achilles still
 Urged Hector. As among the mountain-heights
 The hound pursues, roused newly from her lair 220
 The flying fawn through many a vale and grove,
 And though she trembling skulk the shrubs beneath,
 Tracks her continual, till he find the prey,
 So 'scaped not Hector, Peleus' rapid son
 Oft as toward the Dardan gates he sprang 225
 Direct, and to the bulwarks firm of Troy,
 Hoping some aid by volleys from the wall,
 So oft, outstripping him, Achilles thence
 Enforced him to the field, who, as he might,
 Still ever stretch'd toward the walls again. 230

As, in a dream,³ pursuit hesitates oft,
 This hath no power to fly, that to pursue,
 So these—One fled, and one pursued in vain.
 How, then, had Hector his impending fate
 Eluded, had not Phœbus, at his last, 235
 Last effort meeting him, his strength restored,
 And wing'd for flight his agile limbs anew?
 The son of Peleus, as he ran, his blows
 Shaking, forbade the people to dismiss
 A dart at Hector, lest a meaner hand 240
 Piercing him, should usurp the foremost praise
 But when the fourth time to those rivulets
 They came, then lifting high his golden scales,
 Two lots the everlasting Father placed
 Within them, for Achilles one, and one 245
 For Hector, balancing the doom of both
 Grasping it in the midst, he raised the beam
 Down went the fatal day of Hector, down
 To Ades, and Apollo left his side
 Then blue-eyed Pallas hastening to the son 250
 Of Peleus, in wing'd accents him address'd
 Now, dear to Jove, Achilles famed in arms!
 I hope that, fierce in combat though he be,
 We shall, at last, slay Hector, and return
 Crown'd with great glory to the fleet of Greece. 255
 No fear of his deliverance now remains,
 Not even should the King of radiant shafts
 Apollo toil in supplication, roll'd
 And roll'd again⁴ before the Thunderer's feet
 But stand, recover breath, myself, the while, 260
 Shall urge him to oppose thee face to face
 So Pallas spake, whom joyful he obey'd,
 And on his spear brass-pointed lean'd But she,
 (Achilles left) to noble Hector pass'd,
 And in the form, and with the voice loud-toned 265
 Approaching of Deiphobus, his ear
 In accents, as of pity, thus address'd
 Ah brother! thou art overtask'd, around

³ The numbers in the original are so constructed as to express the painful struggle that characterizes such a dream

⁴ *προπροκυλινδόμενος*

The walls of Troy by swift Achilles driven,
But stand, that we may chase him in his turn

270

To whom crest-tossing Hector huge replied
Deiphobus! of all my father's sons

Brought forth by Hecuba, I ever loved
Thee most, but more than ever love thee now,
Who hast not fear'd, seeing me, for my sake
To quit the town, where others rest content

275

To whom the Goddess, thus, cœrulean-eyed
Brother! our parents with much earnest suit
Clasping my knees, and all my friends implored me
To stay in Troy, (such fear hath seized on all)

280

But grief for thee prey'd on my inmost soul
Come—fight we bravely—spare we now our spears
No longer, now for proof if Peleus' son
Slaying us both, shall bear into the fleet
Our arms gore-stain'd, or perish slain by thee

285

So saying, the wily Goddess led the way
They soon, approaching each the other, stood
Opposite, and huge Hector thus began

Pelides! I will fly thee now no more
Thrice I have compass'd Priam's spacious walls
A fugitive, and have not daied abide
Thy onset, but my heart now bids me stand
Dauntless, and I will slay, or will be slain
But come We will attest the Gods, for they
Are fittest both to witness and to guard
Our covenant If Jove to me vouchsafe
The hard-earn'd victory, and to take thy life,
I will not with dishonour foul insult
Thy body, but, thine armour stipp'd, will give
Thee to thy friends, as thou shalt me to mine.

To whom Achilles, louting dark, replied
Hector! my bitterest foe! speak not to me
Of covenants! as concord can be none
Lions and men between, nor wolves and lambs
Can be unanimous, but hate perforce
Each other by a law not to be changed,
So cannot amity subsist between
Thee and myself, nor league make I with thee
Or compact, till thy blood in battle shed

305

Or mine, shall gratify the fiery Mars 310
 Rouse all thy virtue, thou hast utmost need
 Of valour now, and of address in arms.
 Escape me more thou canst not, Pallas' hand
 By mine subdues thee, now will I avenge
 At once the agonies of every Greek 315
 In thy unsparing fury slain by thee
 He said, and, brandishing the Pelian ash,
 Dismiss'd it, but illustrious Hector warn'd,
 Couch'd low, and, overflying him, it pierced
 The soul beyond, whence Pallas plucking it 320
 Unseen, restored it to Achilles' hand,
 And Hector to his godlike foe replied.
 Godlike Achilles¹ thou hast err'd, nor know'st
 At all my doom from Jove, as thou pretend'st,
 But seek'st, by subtlety and wind of words, 325
 All empty sounds, to rob me of my might
 Yet stand I firm. Think not to pierce my back.
 Behold my bosom¹ if the Gods permit,
 Meet me advancing, and transpierce me there.
 Meantime avoid my glittering spear, but oh 330
 May'st thou receive it all¹ since lighter far
 To Ilium should the toils of battle prove,
 Wert thou once slain, fiercest of her foes
 He said, and hurling his long spear with aim
 Unerring, smote the centre of the shield 335
 Of Peleus' son, but his spear glanced away.
 He, angry to have sent it forth in vain,
 (For he had other none) with eyes downcast
 Stood motionless awhile, then with loud voice
 Sought from Deiphobus, white-shielded Chief, 340
 A second, but Deiphobus was gone.
 Then Hector understood his doom, and said.
 Ah, it is plain, this is mine hour to die
 I thought Deiphobus at hand, but me
 Pallas beguiled, and he is still in Troy. 345
 A bitter death threatens me, it is nigh,
 And there is no escape, Jove, and Jove's son
 Apollo, from the first, although awhile
 My prompt deliverers, chose this lot for me,
 And now it finds me But I will not fall 350

Inglorious, I will act some great exploit
That shall be celebrated ages hence

So saying, his keen faulchion from his side
He drew, well-temper'd, ponderous, and rush'd
At once to combat As the eagle darts 355
Right downward through a sullen cloud to seize
Weak lamb or timorous hare, so brandishing
His splendid faulchion, Hector rush'd to fight
Achilles, opposite, with fellest ire
Full-fraught came on, his shield with various art 360
Celestial form'd, o'erspread his ample chest,
And on his radiant casque terrific waved
The bushy gold of his resplendent crest,
By Vulcan spun, and pour'd profuse around
Bright as, among the stars, the star of all 365
Most radiant, Hesperus, at midnight moves,
So, in the right-hand of Achilles beam'd
His brandish'd spear, while, meditating woe
To Hector, he explored his noble form,
Seeking where he was vulnerable most 370
But every part, his dazzling armour torn
From brave Patroclus' body, well secured,
Save where the circling key-bone from the neck
Disjoins the shoulder, there his throat appear'd,
Whence injured life with swiftest flight escapes, 375
Achilles, plunging in that part his spear,
Impell'd it through the yielding flesh beyond
The ashen beam his power of utterance left
Still unimpair'd, but in the dust he fell,
And the exulting conqueror exclaim'd 380

But Hector! thou hadst once far other hopes,
And, stripping slain Patroclus, thoughtst thee safe,
Nor caredst for absent me Fond dream and vain!
I was not distant far, in yonder fleet
He left one able to avenge his death, 385
And he hath slain thee Thee the dogs shall rend
Dishonourably, and the fowls of air,
But all Achaia's host shall him entomb
To whom the Trojan Chief languid replied
By thy own life, by theirs who gave thee birth, 390

And by thy knees⁵, oh let not Grecian dogs
 Rend and devour me, but in gold accept
 And brass a ransom at my father's hands,
 And at my mother's, an illustrious price,
 Send home my body, grant me burial rites 395
 Among the daughters and the sons of Troy
 To whom with aspect stern Achilles thus
 Dog! neither knees nor parents name to me.
 I would my fierceness of revenge were such,
 That I could carve and eat thee, to whose arms 400
 Such griefs I owe, so true it is and sure,
 That none shall save thy carcase from the dogs
 No, trust me, would thy parents bring me weigh'd
 Ten—twenty ransoms, and engage on oath
 To add still more, would thy Dardanian Sue 405
 Priam, redeem thee with thy weight in gold,
 Not even at that price would I consent
 That she who bare should place thee on thy bier
 With lamentation, dogs and avenging fowls
 Shall rend thy body while a scrap remains 410
 Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied
 Full well I knew before, how suit of mine
 Should speed prefer'd to thee Thy heart is steel
 But oh, while yet thou livest, think, lest the Gods
 Requite thee on that day, when pierced thyself 415
 By Paris and Apollo, thou shalt fall,
 Brave as thou art, before the Scæan gate
 He ceased, and death involved him dark around.
 His spirit, from his limbs dismiss'd, the house
 Of Ades sought, mourning in her descent 420
 Youth's prime and vigour lost, disastrous doom!
 But Him though dead, Achilles thus bespake.
 Die thou My death shall find me at what hour
 Jove gives commandment, and the Gods above
 He spake, and from the dead drawing away 425
 His brazen spear, placed it apart, then stipp'd
 His arms gore-stain'd Meantime the other sons
 Of the Achæans, gathering fast around,
 The bulk admired, and the proportion just

⁵ The knees of the conqueror were a kind of sanctuary to which the vanquished fled for refuge

Of Hector, neither stood a Grecian there
Who pierced him not, and thus the soldier spake 430

Ye Gods ! how far more patient of the touch
Is Hector now, than when he fired the fleet !

Thus would they speak, then give him each a stab
And now, the body stripp'd, their noble Chief 435
The swift Achilles standing in the midst,
The Grecians in wing'd accents thus address'd

Friends, Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host !
Since, by the will of heaven, this man is slain
Who harm'd us more than all our foes beside, 440
Essay we next the city, so to learn

The Trojan purpose, whether (Hector slain)
They will forsake the citadel, or still
Defend it, even though of Him deprived
But wherefore speak I thus ? still undeplored, 445

Unburied in my fleet Patroclus lies,
Him never, while alive myself, I mix
With living men and move, will I forget
In Ades, haply, they forget the dead,
Yet will not I Patroclus, even there 450

Now chaunting pæans, ye Achaian youths
Return we to the fleet with this our prize,
We have achieved great glory⁶, we have slain
Illustrious Hector, him whom Ilium praised
In all her gates, and as a God revered 455

He said, then purposing dishonour foul
To noble Hector, both his feet he boied
From heel to ancle, and, inserting thongs,
Them tied behind his chariot, but his head
Left unsustain'd to trail along the ground 460

Ascending next, the armour at his side
He placed, then lash'd the steeds, they willing flew
Thick dust around the body dragg'd arose,
His sable locks all swept the plain, and all
His head, so graceful once, now track'd the dust, 465
For Jove had given it into hostile hands
That they might shame it in his native soil

⁶ The lines of which these three are a translation, are supposed by some to have been designed for the *Επινίκιον*, or song of victory sung by the whole army

Thus, whelm'd in dust, it went The mother Queen
 Her son beholding, pluck'd her hair away,
 Cast far aside her lucid veil, and fill'd 470
 With shrieks the air. His father wept aloud,
 And, all around, long long complaints were heard
 And lamentations in the streets of Troy,
 Not fewer or less piercing, than if flames
 Had wrapt all Ilum to her topmost towers 475
 His people scarce detain'd the ancient King
 Grief-stung, and resolute to issue forth
 Through the Dardanian gates, to all he kneel'd
 In turn, then roll'd himself in dust, and each
 By name solicited to give him way 480
 Stand off, my fellow mourners ! I would pass
 The gates, would seek, alone, the Grecian fleet
 I go to supplicate the bloody man,
 Yon ravager, he may respect, perchance,
 My years, may feel some pity of my age, 485
 For, such as I am, his own father is,
 Peleus, who rear'd him for a curse to Troy,
 But chiefly rear'd him to myself a curse,
 So numerous have my sons in prime of youth
 Fall'n by his hand, all whom I less deplore 490
 (Through mourning all) than one, my agonies
 For Hector, soon shall send me to the shades
 Oh had he but within these arms expired,
 The hapless Queen who bore him, and myself
 Had wept him, then, till sorrow could no more ! 495
 So spake he weeping, and the citizens
 All sigh'd around, next, Hecuba began
 Amid the women, thus, her sad complaint
 Ah wherefore, oh my son ! wretch that I am,
 Breathe I forlorn of thee ? Thou, night and day, 500
 My glory wast in Ilum, thee her sons
 And daughters, both, hail'd as their guardian God,
 Conscious of benefits from thee received,
 Whose life prolong'd should have advanced them all
 To high renown Vain boast ! thou art no more 505
 So mourn'd the Queen But fair Andromache
 Nought yet had heard, nor knew by sure report
 Hector's delay without the city-gates

She in a closet of her palace sat,
 A twofold web weaving magnificent, 510
 With sprinkled flowers inwrought of various hues,
 And to her maidens had commandment given
 Through all her house, that compassing with fire
 An ample tripod, they should warm a bath
 For noble Hector from the fight return'd 515
 Tenderness ill-inform'd ' she little knew
 That in the field, from such refreshments far,
 Pallas had slain him by Achilles' hand
 She heard a cry of sorrow from the tower,
 Her limbs shook under her, her shuttle fell, 520
 And to her bight-hair'd train, alarm'd, she cried

Attend me two of you, that I may learn
 What hath befallen I have heard the voice
 Of the Queen-mother, my rebounding heart
 Chokes me, and I seem fetter'd by a frost 525
 Some mischief sure o'er Priam's sons impends
 Far be such tidings from me ' but I fear
 Horribly, lest Achilles, cutting off
 My dauntless Hector from the gates alone,
 Enforce him to the field, and quell perhaps 530
 The might, this moment, of that dreadful arm
 His hinderance long, for Hector ne'er was wont
 To seek his safety in the ranks, but flew
 First into battle, yielding place to none

So saying, she rush'd with palpitating heart 535
 And frantic an abroad, by her two maids
 Attended, soon arriving at the tower,
 And at the throng of men, awhile she stood
 Down-looking wistful from the city-wall,
 And, seeing him in front of Ilum, dragg'd 540
 So cruelly toward the fleet of Greece,
 O'erwhelm'd with sudden darkness at the view
 Fell backward, with a sigh heard all around
 Far distant flew dispersed her head-attire,
 Twist, frontlet, diadem, and even the veil 545
 By golden Venus given her on the day
 When Hector led her from Eetion's house
 Enrich'd with nuptial presents to his home
 Around her throng'd her sisters of the house

Of Priam, numerous, who within their arms 550
 Fast held her⁷ loathing life, but she, her breath
 At length and sense recovering, her complaint
 Broken with sighs amid them thus began
 Hector! I am undone, we both were born
 To misery, thou in Priam's house in Troy, 555
 And I in Hypoplacian Thebes wood-crown'd
 Beneath Eetion's roof He, doom'd himself
 To sorrow, me more sorrowfully doom'd,
 Sustain'd in helpless infancy, whom oh
 That he had ne'er begotten! thou descend'st 560
 To Pluto's subterraneous dwelling drear,
 Leaving myself destitute, and thy boy,
 Fruit of our hapless loves, an infant yet,
 Never to be hereafter thy delight,
 Nor love of thine to share or kindness more. 565
 For should he safe survive this cruel war,
 With the Achaeans penury and toil
 Must be his lot, since strangers will remove
 At will his landmarks, and possess his fields.
 Thee lost, he loses all, of father, both, 570
 And equal playmate in one day deprived,
 To sad looks doom'd, and never-ceasing tears.
 He seeks, necessitous his father's friends,
 One by his mantle pulls, one by his vest
 Whose utmost pity yields to his parch'd lips 575
 A thirst-provoking drop, and grudges more,
 Some happier child, as yet untaught to mourn
 A parent's loss, shoves rudely from the board
 My son, and, smiting him, reproachful cries—
 Away—Thy father is no guest of ours— 580
 Then, weeping, to his widow'd mother comes
 Astyanax, who on his father's lap
 Ate marrow only, once, and fat of lambs,
 And when sleep took him, and his crying fit
 Had ceased, slept ever on the softest bed, 585
 Warm in his nurse's arms, fed to his fill

⁷ It is an observation of the Scholast, that two more affecting spectacles cannot be imagined, than Priam struggling to escape into the field, and Andromache to cast herself from the wall, for so he understands *ἀνυζομένην ἀπολεσθαι*

With delicacies, and his heart at rest
But now, Astyanax (so named in Troy
For thy sake, guardian of her gates and towers)
His father lost, must many a pang endure. 590
And as for thee, cast naked forth among
Yon galleys, where no parent's eye of thine
Shall find thee, when the dogs have torn thee once
Till they are sated, worms shall eat thee next
Meantime, thy graceful raiment rich, prepared 595
By our own maidens, in thy palace lies ,
But I will burn it, burn it all, because
Useless to thee, who never, so adorn'd,
Shalt slumber more , yet every eye in Troy
Shall see, how glorious once was thy attire 600
So, weeping, she , to whom the multitude
Of Trojan dames responsive sigh'd around.

BOOK XXIII.

A R G U M E N T

The body of Patroclus is burned, and the funeral games ensue

SUCH mourning was in Troy, meantime the Greeks
 Their galleys and the shores of Hellespont
 Regaining, each to his own ship retired.
 But not the Myrmidons, Achilles them
 Close rank'd in martial order still detain'd, 5
 And thus his fellow-warriors brave address'd
 Ye swift-horsed Myrmidons, associates dear !
 Release not from your chariots yet your steeds
 Firm-hoof'd, but, steeds and chariots driving near,
 Bewail Patroclus, as the rites demand 10
 Of burial, then, satiate with grief and tears,
 We will release our steeds, and take repast
 He ended, and, himself leading the way,
 His numerous band all mourn'd at once the dead
 Around the body thrice their glossy steeds, 15
 Mourning they drove, while Thetis in their hearts
 The thirst of sorrow kindled, they with tears
 The sands bedew'd, with tears their radiant arms,
 Such deep regret of one so brave they felt
 Then, placing on the bosom of his friend 20
 His homicidal hands, Achilles thus
 The shade of his Patroclus, sad, bespake.
 Hail, oh Patroclus, even in Ades hail !
 For I will now accomplish to the full
 My promise pledged to thee, that I would give 25
 Hector dragg'd hither to be torn by dogs
 Piecemeal, and would before thy funeral pile
 The necks dissever of twelve Trojan youths
 Of noblest rank, resentful of thy death
 He said, and meditating foul disgrace 30
 To noble Hector, stretch'd him prone in dust

Beside the bier of Menœtiades
 Then all the Myrmidons their radiant arms
 Put off, and their shrill-neighing steeds released
 A numerous band beside the bark they sat 35
 Of swift Æacides, who furnish'd forth
 Himself a feast funereal for them all
 Many a white ox under the ruthless steel
 Lay bleeding, many a sheep and blatant goat,
 With many a saginated boar bright-tusk'd, 40
 Amid fierce flames Vulcanian stretch'd to roast.
 Copious the blood ran all around the dead
 And now the Kings of Greece conducted thence
 To Agamemnon's tent the royal son
 Of Peleus, loth to go, and won at last 45
 With difficulty, such his anger was
 And deep resentment of his slaughter'd friend
 Soon then as Agamemnon's tent they reach'd,
 The Sovereign bade his heralds kindle fire
 Around an ample vase, with purpose kind 50
 Moving Achilles from his limbs to cleanse
 The stains of battle, but he firm refused
 That suit, and bound refusal with an oath—
 No, by the Highest and the best of all,
 By Jove I will not Never may it be 55
 That brazen bath approach this head of mine,
 Till I shall first Patroclus' body give
 To his last fires, till I shall pile his tomb.
 And sheer my locks in honour of my friend,
 For, like to this, no second woe shall e'er 60
 My heart invade, while vital breath I draw
 But, all unwelcome as it is, repast
 Now calls us Agamemnon, King of men!
 Give thou command that at the dawn they bring
 Wood hither, such large portion as beseen is 65
 The dead, descending to the shades, to share,
 That hungry flames consuming out of sight
 His body soon, the host may war again
 He spake, they, hearing, readily obey'd
 Then, each his food preparing with dispatch, 70
 They ate, nor wanted any of the guests
 Due portion, and their appetite sufficed

To food and wine, all to their tents repair'd
 Seeking repose, but on the sands beside
 The billowy deep Achilles groaning lay 75
 Amidst his Myrmidons, where space he found
 With blood unstain'd beside the dashing wave.
 There, soon as sleep, deliverer of the mind,
 Wrapp'd him around (for much his noble limbs
 With chase of Hector round the battlements 80
 Of wind-swept Ithum wearied were and spent)
 The soul came to him of his hapless friend,
 In bulk resembling, in expressive eyes
 And voice Patroclus, and so clad as he
 Him, hovering o'er his head, the form address'd. 85
 Sleep'st thou, Achilles ! of thy friend become
 Heedless ? Him living thou didst not neglect
 Whom thou neglectest dead. Give me a tomb
 Instant, that I may pass the infernal gates
 For now, the shades and spirits of the dead 90
 Drive me afar, denying me my wish
 To mingle with them on the farthest shore,
 And in wide-portal'd Ades sole I roam.
 Give me thine hand, I pray thee, for the earth
 I visit never more, once burnt with fire, 95
 We never shall again close council hold
 As we were wont, for me my fate severe,
 Mine even from my birth, hath deep absorb'd.
 And oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods !
 Thou too predestined art beneath the wall 100
 To perish of the high-born Trojan race
 But hear my last injunction ! ah, my friend !
 My bones sepulchre not from thine apart,
 But as, together we were nourish'd both
 Beneath thy roof, (what time from Opoeis 105
 Menœtus led me to thy father's house,
 Although a child, yet fugitive for blood,
 Which, in a quarrel at the dice, I spilt,
 Killing my playmate by a casual blow,
 The offspring of Amphidamas, when, like 110
 A father, Peleus with all tenderness
 Received and cherish'd me, and call'd me thine)
 So, let one vase inclose, at last, our bones,

The golden vase, thy Goddess mother's gift
 To whom Achilles, matchless in the race
 Ah, loved and honour'd ! wherefore hast thou come ?
 Why thus enjoin'd me ? I will all perform
 With diligence that thou hast now desired
 But nearer stand, that we may mutual clasp
 Each other, though but with a short embrace,
 And sad satiety of grief enjoy

He said, and stretch'd his arms toward the shade,
 But him seized not, shrill-clamouring and light
 As smoke, the spirit pass'd into the earth
 Amazed, upsprang Achilles, clash'd aloud
 His palms together, and thus, sad, exclaim'd

Ah then, ye Gods ! there doubtless are below
 The soul and semblance both, but empty forms,
 For all night long, mourning, disconsolate,
 The soul of my Patroclus, hapless friend !
 Hath hover'd o'er me, giving me in charge
 His last requests, just image of himself

So saying, he call'd anew their sorrow forth,
 And rosy-palm'd Aurora found them all
 Mourning afresh the pitiable dead
 Then royal Agamemnon call'd abroad
 Mules and mule-drivers from the tents in haste
 To gather wood Uprose a valiant man,
 Friend of the virtuous Chief Idomeneus,
 Meriones, who led them to the task

They, bearing each in hand his sharpen'd axe
 And twisted cord, thence journey'd forth, the mules
 Driving before them, much uneven space
 They measured, hill and dale, right onward now,
 And now circuitous, but at the groves
 Arrived, at length, of Ida fountain-fed,

Their keen-edged axes to the towering oaks
 Dispatchful they applied, down fell the trees
 With crash sonorous Splitting, next, the trunks,
 They bound them on the mules, they, with firm hoofs
 The hill-side stamping, through the thickets rush'd,
 Desirous of the plain. Each man his log
 (For so the armour-bearer of the King
 Of Ciete, Meriones, had them enjoin'd)

Bore after them, and each his burthen cast 155
 Down on the beach regular, where a tomb
 Of ample size Achilles for his friend
 Patroclus had, and for himself, design'd
 Much fuel thrown together, side by side
 There down they sat, and his command at once 160
 Achilles issued to his warriors bold,
 That all should gird their armour, and the steeds
 Join to their chariots, undelaying each
 Complied, and in bright arms stood soon array'd
 Then mounted combatants and charioteers 165
 First, moved the chariots, next, the infantry
 Proceeded numerous, amid whom his friends,
 Bearing the body of Patroclus, went
 They poll'd then heads, and cover'd him with hair
 Shower'd over all his body, while behind 170
 Noble Achilles march'd the Hero's head
 Sustaining sorrowful, for to the realms
 Of Ades a distinguish'd friend he sent
 And now, arriving on the ground erewhile
 Mark'd by Achilles, setting down the dead, 175
 They heap'd the fuel quick, a lofty pile
 But Peleus' son, on other thoughts intent,
 Retiring from the funeral pile, shore off
 His amber ringlets, whose exuberant growth
 Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn, 180
 And looking o'er the gloomy Deep, he said
 Sperchius¹ in vain Peleus my father vow'd
 That, hence returning to my native land,
 These ringlets shorn I should present to thee
 With a whole hecatomb, and should, beside, 185
 Rans offer fifty at thy fountain head
 In thy own field, at thy own fragrant shrine.
 So vow'd the hoary Chief, whose wishes thou
 Leavest unperform'd Since, therefore, never more
 I see my native home, the Hero these 190
 Patroclus takes down with him to the shades
 He said, and filling with his hair the hand
 Of his dead friend, the sorrows of his train
 Waken'd afresh And now the lamp of day
 Westering¹ apace, had left them still in tears, 195

¹ Westering wheel MILTON

Had not Achilles suddenly address'd
 King Agamemnon, standing at his side.
 Atreides¹ (for Achaia's sons thy word
 Will readiest execute,) we may with grief
 Sate ourselves hereafter, but, the host 200
 Dispersing from the pile, now give command
 That they prepare repast, ourselves,² to whom
 These labours in peculiar appertain
 Will finish them, but bid the Chiefs abide
 Which when imperial Agamemnon heard, 205
 He scatter'd instant to their several ships
 The people, but the burial-dressers thence
 Went not, they, still abiding, heap'd the pile.
 An hundred feet of breadth from side to side
 They gave to it, and on the summit placed 210
 With sorrowing hearts the body of the dead
 Many a fat sheep, with many an ox full-horn'd
 They flay'd before the pile, busy their task
 Administering, and Peleus' son the fat
 Taking from every victim, overspread 215
 Complete the body with it of his friend
 Patroclus, and the flay'd beasts heap'd around
 Then, placing flagons on the pile, replete
 With oil and honey, he inclined their mouths
 Toward the bier, and slew and added next, 220
 Deep-groaning and in haste, four martial steeds.
 Nine dogs the Hero at his table fed,
 Of which beheading two, then carcasses
 He added also Last, twelve gallant sons
 Of noble Trojans slaying, (for his heart 225
 Teem'd with great vengeance,) he applied the force
 Of hungry flames that should devour the whole,
 Then, mourning loud, by name his friend invoked.
 Rejoice, Patroclus¹ even in the shades
 Behold my promise to thee all fulfill'd¹ 230
 Twelve gallant sons of Trojans famed in arms,
 Together with thyself, are all become
 Food for these fires but fire shall never feed
 On Hector, him I destine to the dogs
 So threaten'd he, but Him no dogs devour'd, 235

² Himself and the Myrmidons

Them, day and night, Jove's daughter Venus chased
 Afar, and smooth'd the Hero o'er with oils
 Of rosy scent ambrosial, lest his corse,
 Behind Achilles' chariot diagg'd along
 So rudely, should be torn, and Phœbus hung 240
 A veil of sable clouds from heaven to earth,
 O'ershadowing broad the space where Hector lay,
 Lest parching suns intense should stiffen him
 But the pile kindled not Then, Peleus' son
 Seeking a place apart, two Winds in prayer 245
 Boreas invoked and Zephyrus, to each
 Vowing large sacrifice With earnest suit
 (Libation pouring from a golden cup)
 Then coming he implored, that so the flames
 Kindling, incontinent might burn the dead 250
 Iris, his supplications hearing, swift
 Convey'd them to the Winds, they, in the hall
 Banquetting of the heavy-blowing West,
 Sat frequent Iris, sudden at the gate
 Appear'd, they, at the sight upstarting all, 255
 Invited each the Goddess to himself
 But she refused a seat and thus she spake.
 I sit not here. Borne over Ocean's stream
 Again, to Æthiopia's land I go
 Where hecatombs are offer'd to the Gods, 260
 Which, with the rest, I also wish to share
 But Peleus' son, earnest, the aid implores
 Of Boreas and of Zephyrus the loud,
 Vowing large sacrifice if ye will fan
 Briskly the pile on which Patroclus lies 265
 By all Achaia's warriors deep deplored
 She said, and went Then suddenly arose
 The Winds, and, roaring, swept the clouds along
 First, on the sea they blew, big rose the waves
 Beneath the blast At fruitful Troy arrived 270
 Vehement on the pile they fell, and dread
 On all sides soon a crackling blaze ensued
 All night, together blowing shrill, they drove
 The sheeted flames wide from the funereal pile,
 And all night long, a goblet in his hand 275
 From golden beakers fill'd, Achilles stood

With large libations soaking deep the soil,
 And calling on the spirit of his friend
 As some fond father mourns, burning the bones
 Of his own son, who, dying on the eve 280
 Of his glad nuptials, hath his parents left
 O'erwhelm'd with inconsolable distress,
 So mourn'd Achilles, his companion's bones
 Burning, and pacing to and fro the field
 Beside the pile with many a sigh profound 285
 But when the star, day's harbinger, arose,
 Soon after whom, in saffron vest attired
 The morn her beams diffuses o'er the sea,
 The pile, then wasted, ceased to flame, and then
 Back flew the Winds over the Thracian deep 290
 Rolling the flood before them as they pass'd
 And now Pelides lying down apart
 From the funereal pile, slept, but not long,
 Though weary, waken'd by the stir and din
 Of Agamemnon's train He sat erect, 295
 And thus the leaders of the host address'd
 Atreides, and ye potentates who rule
 The whole Achaian host ! first quench the pile
 Throughout with generous wine, where'er the fire
 Hath seized it We will then the bones collect 300
 Of Menœtiades, which shall with ease
 Be known, though many bones lie scatter'd near,
 Since in the middle pile Patroclus lay,
 But wide apart and on its verge we burn'd
 The steeds and Trojans, a promiscuous heap 305
 Them so collected in a golden vase
 We will dispose, lined with a double caul,
 Till I shall, also, to my home below
 I wish not now a tomb of amplest bounds
 But such as may suffice, which yet in height 310
 The Grecians and in breadth shall much augment
 Hereafter, who, survivors of my fate,
 Shall still remain in the Achaian fleet.
 So spake Pelides, and the Chiefs complied
 Where'er the pile had blazed, with generous wine 315
 They quench'd it, and the hills of ashes sank
 Then, weeping, to a golden vase, with lard

Twice lined, they gave their gentle comrade's bones
 Fire-bleach'd, and lodging safely in his tent
 The relics, overspread them with a veil 320
 Designing, next, the compass of the tomb
 They mark'd its boundary with stones, then fill'd
 The wide enclosure hastily with earth,
 And, having heap'd it to its height, return'd
 But all the people, by Achilles still 325
 Detain'd, there sitting, form'd a spacious ring,
 And he the destined prizes from his fleet
 Produced, capacious cauldrons, tripods bright,
 Steeds, mules, tall oxen, women at the breast
 Close-cinctured elegant, and unwrought³ upon 330
 First, to the chariot-drivers he proposed
 A noble prize, a beauteous maiden versed
 In arts domestic, with a tripod ear'd,
 Of twenty and two measures These he made
 The conqueror's meed The second should a mare 335
 Obtain, unbroken yet, six years her age,
 Pregnant, and bearing in her womb a mule
 A cauldron of four measures, never smurch'd
 By smoke or flame, but fresh as from the forge
 The third awaited; to the fourth he gave 340
 Two golden talents, and, unsullied yet
 By use, a twin-ear'd phial⁴ to the fifth
 He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried
 Atrides, and ye Chiefs of all the host!
 These prizes, in the circus placed, attend 345
 The charioteers Held we the present games
 In honour of some other Grecian dead,
 I would myself bear hence the foremost prize,
 For ye are all witnesses well-inform'd
 Of the superior virtue of my steeds 350
 They are immortal, Neptune on my sire
 Peleus conferr'd them, and my sire on me
 But neither I this contest share myself,
 Nor shall my steeds, for they would miss the force

³ Such it appears to have been in the sequel

⁴ Φιάλη—a vessel, as Athenæus describes it, made for the purpose of warming water. It was formed of brass, and expanded somewhat in the shape of a broad leaf.

And guidance of a charioteer so kind 355
 As they have lost, who many a time hath cleansed
 Then manes with water of the crystal brook,
 And made them sleek, himself, with limpid oil
 Him, therefore, mourning, motionless they stand
 With hair dishevell'd, streaming to the ground 360
 But ye, whoever of the host profess
 Superior skill, and glory in your steeds
 And well-built chariots, for the strife prepare !
 So spake Pelides, and the charioteers,
 For speed renown'd, arose Long ere the rest 365
 Eumelus, King of men, Admetus' son
 Arose, accomplish'd in equestrian arts
 Next, Tydeus' son, brave Diomedes, arose ,
 He yoked the Trojan coursers by himself
 In battle from Æneas won what time 370
 Apollo saved their master Third, upstood
 The son of Atreus with the golden locks,
 Who to his chariot Agamemnon's mare
 Swift Æthe and his own Podargus join'd
 Her Echepolus from Anchises sprung 375
 To Agamemnon gave, she was the price
 At which he purchased leave to dwell at home
 Excused attendance on the King at Troy,
 For, by the gift of Jove, he had acquired
 Great riches, and in wide-spread Sicyon dwelt 380
 Her wing'd with ardour, Menelaus yoked
 Antiochus, arising fourth, his steeds
 Bright-maned prepared, son of the valiant King
 Of Pylus, Nestor Neleides
 Of Pylan breed were they, and thus his sire, 385
 With kind intent approaching to his side,
 Advised him, of himself not uninform'd
 Antiochus ! Thou art, I know, beloved
 By Jove and Neptune both, from whom, though young,
 Thou hast received knowledge of every art 390
 Equestrian, and hast little need to learn
 Thou know'st already how to trim the goal
 With nicest skill, yet wondrous slow of foot
 Thy coursers are, whence evil may ensue
 But though their steeds be swifter, I account 395

Thee wise, at least, as they Now is the time
 For counsel, furnish now thy mind with all
 Precaution, that the prize escape thee not
 The feller of huge trees by skill prevails
 More than by strength, by skill the pilot guides 400
 His flying bark rock'd by tempestuous winds,
 And more by skill than speed the race is won
 But He who in his chariot and his steeds
 Trusts only, wanders here and wanders there
 Unsteady, while his coursers loosely rein'd 405
 Roam wide the field, not so the charioteer
 Of sound intelligence, he though he drive
 Inferior steeds, looks ever to the goal
 Which close he claps, not ignorant to check
 His coursers at the fist, but with tight rein 410
 Ruling his own, and watching those before
 Now mark, I will describe so plain the goal
 That thou shalt know it surely A dry stump
 Extant above the ground an ell in height
 Stands yonder, either oak it is, or pine 415
 More likely, which the weather least impairs
 Two stones, both white, flank it on either hand.
 The way is narrow there, but smooth the course
 On both sides It is either, as I think,
 A monument of one long since deceased, 420
 Or was, perchance, in ancient days design'd,
 As now by Peleus' mighty son, a goal
 That mark in view, thy steeds and chariot push
 Near to it as thou may'st, then, in thy seat
 Inclining gently to the left, prick smart 425
 Thy right-hand horse challenging him aloud,
 And give him rein, but let thy left-hand horse
 Bear on the goal so closely, that the nave
 And felly^s of thy wheel may seem to meet
 Yet fear to strike the stone, lest foul disgrace 430
 Of broken chariot and of crippled steeds

^s This could not happen unless the felly of the wheel were nearly horizontal to the eye of the spectator, in which case the chariot must be infallibly overturned—There is an obscurity in the passage which none of the commentators explain The Scholiast, as quoted by Clarke, attempts an explanation, but, I think, not successfully

Ensue, and thou become the public jest
 My boy beloved ' use caution , for if once
 Thou turn the goal at speed, no man thenceforth
 Shall reach, or if he reach, shall pass thee by, 435
 Although Arion in thy rear he drove
 Adrastus' rapid horse of race divine,
 Or those, Troy's boast, bred by Laomedon.

So Nestor spake, inculcating with care
 On his son's mind these lessons in the art, 440
 And to his place retiring, sat again.
 Meriones his coursers glossy-maned
 Made ready last Then to his chariot-seat
 Each mounted, and the lots were thrown , himself
 Achilles shook them First, forth leap'd the lot 445
 Of Nestor's son Antiochus, after whom
 The king Eumelus took his destined place
 The third was Menelaus spear-renown'd ,
 Meriones the fourth , and last of all
 Bravest of all, heroic Diomede 450

The son of Tydeus took his lot to drive.
 So ranged they stood , Achilles show'd the goal
 Far on the champaign, nigh to which he placed
 The godlike Phoenix servant of his sire,
 To mark the race and make a true report 455

All raised the lash at once, and with the reins
 At once all smote their steeds, urging them on
 Vociferous , they, sudden, left the fleet
 Far, far behind them, scouring swift the plain.
 Dark, like a stormy cloud, uprose the dust 460
 Their chests beneath, and scatter'd in the wind
 Their manes all floated , now the chariots swept
 The low declivity unseen, and now
 Emerging started into view , erect
 The drivers stood , emulous, every heart 465
 Beat double , each encouraged loud his steeds ,
 They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air
 But when returning to the hoary deep
 They ran their last career, then each display'd
 Brightest his charioteership, and the race 470
 Lay stretch'd, at once, into its utmost speed

Then, soon the mares of Pheretiades⁶
 Pass'd all, but Diomede behind him came,
 Borne by his unemasculated steeds
 Of Trojan pedigree, they not remote, 475
 But close pursued him, and at every pace
 Seem'd entering both, the chariot at their head,
 For blowing warm into Eumelus' neck
 Behind, and on his shoulders broad, they went,
 And their chins rested on him as they flew 480
 Then had Tydides pass'd him, or had made
 Decision dubious, but Apollo struck,
 Resentful⁷, from his hand the glittering scourge.
 Fast roll'd the tears indignant down his cheeks,
 For he beheld the mares with double speed, 485
 Flying, and of the spur deprived, his own
 Retarded steeds continual thrown behind
 But not unnoticed by Minerva pass'd
 The art by Phœbus practised to impede
 The son of Tydeus, whom with winged haste 490
 Following, she gave to him his scourge again,
 And with new force his lagging steeds inspired.
 Eumelus, next, the angry Goddess, swift
 Pursuing, snapt his yoke, wide flew the mares
 Asunder, and the pole fell to the ground 495
 Himself, roll'd from his seat, fast by the wheel
 With lacerated elbows, nostrils, mouth,
 And batter'd brows lay prone, sorrow his eyes
 Deluged, and disappointment choak'd his voice.
 Then, far outstripping all, Tydides push'd 500
 His steeds beyond, which Pallas fill'd with power
 That she might make the glorious prize his own.
 Him follow'd Menelaus amber-hair'd,
 The son of Atreus, and his father's steeds
 Encouraging, thus spake Antilochus 505
 Away—now stretch ye forward to the goal
 I bid you not to an unequal strife
 With those of Diomede, for Pallas them
 Quickens that he may conquer, and the Chief
 So far advanced makes competition vain. 510

⁶ Eumelus.

⁷ Resentful of the attack made on him by Diomede in the fifth Book

But reach the son of Atreus, fly to reach
 His steeds, incontinent, ah, be not shamed
 For ever, foil'd by Æthe, by a mare!
 Why fall ye thus behind, my noblest steeds?
 I tell you both, and ye shall prove me true, 515
 No favour shall ye find at Nestor's hands,
 My valiant Sire, but he will thrust his spear
 Right through you, should we lose, for sloth of yours,
 Or by your negligence, the nobler prize
 Haste then—pursue him—reach the royal Chief— 520
 And how to pass him in yon narrow way
 Shall be my care, and not my care in vain
 He ended, they, awhile, awed by his voice,
 With more exertion ran, and Nestor's son
 Now saw the hollow straight mark'd by his Sire. 525
 It was a chasm abrupt, where winter-floods,
 Wearing the soil, had gullied deep the way
 Thither Atreides, anxious to avoid
 A clash of chariots drove, and thither drove
 Also, but somewhat devious from his track, 530
 Antilochus Then Menelaus fear'd,
 And with loud voice the son of Nestor hail'd.
 Antilochus, at what a madman's rate
 Drivest thou! stop—check thy steeds,—the way is here
 Too straight, but widening soon, will give thee scope 535
 To pass me by, beware, lest chariot close
 To chariot driven, thou maim thyself and me
 He said, but still more rapid and the scourge
 Plying continual, as he had not heard,
 Antilochus came on Far as the quoit 540
 By some broad-shoulder'd youth for trial hurl'd
 Of manhood flies, so far Antilochus
 Shot forward, but the coursers fell behind
 Of Atreus' son, who now abated much
 By choice his driving, lest the steeds of both 545
 Justling, should overturn with sudden shock
 Both chariots, and themselves in dust be roll'd,
 Through hot ambition of the foremost prize.
 Him then the Hero golden-hair'd reprov'd.
 Antilochus! the man lives not on earth 550
 Like thee for love of mischief. Go, extoll'd

For wisdom falsely by the sons of Greece.
 Yet, trust me, not without an oath, the prize
 Thus foully sought shall even now be thine.

He said, and to his coursers call'd aloud
 Ah be not tardy, stand not sorrow-check'd,
 Their feet will fail them sooner far than yours,
 For years have pass'd since they had youth to boast

555

So He, and springing at his voice, his steeds
 Regan'd apace the vantage lost. Meantime
 The Grecians, in full circus seated, mark'd
 The steeds, they flying, fill'd with dust the air.
 Then, ere the rest, Idomeneus discern'd

560

The foremost pair, for, on a rising ground
 Exalted, he without the circus sat,
 And hearing, though remote, the driver's voice
 Chiding his steeds, knew it, and knew beside
 The leader horse distinguish'd by his hue,
 Chestnut throughout, save that his forehead bore
 A splendid blazon white, round as the moon

565

570

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried
 Friends! Chiefs and senators of Argos' host!
 Discern I sole the steeds, or also ye?

The horses, foremost now, to me appear
 Other than erst, and I descry at hand

575

A different charioteer, the mares of late
 Victorious, somewhere distant in the race
 Are hurt, I plainly saw them at the first
 Turning the goal, but see them now no more;
 And yet with eyes inquisitive I range

580

From side to side the whole broad plain of Troy.
 Either the charioteer hath slipp'd the reins,
 Or rounded not successfully the goal
 Through want of guidance. Thrown, as it should seem,
 Forth from his seat, he hath his chariot maim'd,
 And his ungovern'd steeds have roam'd away.

585

Arise and look ye forth yourselves, for I
 With doubtful ken behold him, yet the man
 Seems, in my view, Ætolian by descent,
 A Chief of prime renown in Argos' host,
 The Hero Tydeus' son, brave Diomedes.

590

But Ajax Oilades the swift

Him sharp reproved. Why art thou always given
To prate, Idomeneus? thou seest the mares,
Remote indeed, but posting to the goal 595
Thou art not youngest of the Argives here
So much, nor from beneath thy brows look forth
Quick-sighted more than ours, thine eyes abroad,
Yet still thou pratest, although silence more
Should suit thee, among wiser far than thou 600
The mares which led, lead still, and he who drives
Eumelus, is the same who drove before.

To whom the Cretan Chief, angry, replied
Ajax! whom none in wrangling can excel
Or rudeness, though in all beside thou fall 605
Below the Argives, being boorish-rough,
Come now—a tripod let us wager each,
Or cauldron, and let Agamemnon judge
Whose horses lead, that, losing, thou may'st learn.

He said, then sudden from his seat upsprang 610
Swift Ajax Oiliades, prepared
For harsh retort, nor had the contest ceased
Between them, but had grown from ill to worse,
Had not himself, Achilles, interposed
Ajax—Idomeneus—abstain ye both 615
From bitter speech offensive, and such terms
As ill become you Ye would feel, yourselves,
Resentment, should another act as ye,
Survey the course, peaceable, from your seats,
The charioteers, by competition wing'd, 620
Will soon themselves arrive, then shall ye know
Distinctly, both who follows and who leads

He scarce had said, when nigh at hand appear'd
Tydides, lashing, as he came, his steeds
Continual, they with hoofs uplifted high 625
Their yet remaining ground shorten'd apace,
Sprinkling with dusty drops at every stroke
Their charioteer, while close upon their heels
Radiant with tin and gold the chariot ran,
Scarce tracking light the dust, so swift they flew. 630
He stood in the mid-circus, there the sweat
Ran'd under them from neck and chest profuse,
And Diomedes from his resplendent seat

Leaping, reclined his scourge against the yoke
 Nor was his friend brave Sthenelus remiss, 635
 But, seizing with alacrity the prize,
 Consign'd the tripod and the virgin, first,
 To his own band in charge, then loosed the steeds
 Next came, by stratagem, not speed advanced
 To that distinction, Nestor's son, whom yet 640
 The Hero Menelaus close pursued
 Near as the wheel runs to a courser's heels,
 Drawing his master at full speed, his tail
 With its extremest hairs the felly sweeps
 That close attends him o'er the spacious plain, 645
 So near had Menelaus now approach'd
 Antilochus, for though at first he fell
 A full quoit's cast behind, he soon retrieved
 That loss, with such increasing speed the mare
 Bright-maned of Agamemnon, Æthe, ran, 650
 She, had the course few paces more to both
 Afforded, should have clearly shot beyond
 Antilochus, nor dubious left the prize
 But noble Menelaus threw behind
 Meriones, companion in the field, 655
 Of King Idomeneus, a lance's flight,
 For slowest were his steeds, and he, to rule
 The chariot in the race, least skill'd of all.
 Last came Eumelus drawing to the goal,
 Himself, his splendid chariot, and his mares 660
 Driving before him Peleus' rapid son
 Beheld him with compassion, and, amid
 The Argives, in wing'd accents thus he spake.
 Here comes the most expert, driving his steeds
 Before him Just it were that he received 665
 The second prize, Tydides claims the first.
 He said, and all applauded the award
 Then had Achilles to Eumelus given
 The mare (for such the pleasure seem'd of all)
 Had not the son of mighty Nestor risen, 670
 Antilochus, who pleaded thus his right.
 Achilles' acting as thou hast proposed,
 Thou shalt offend me much, for thou shalt take
 The prize from me, because the Gods, his steeds

And chariot-yoke disabling, render'd vain 675
 His efforts, and no failure of his own
 It was his duty to have sought the Gods
 In prayer, then had he not, following on foot
 His coursers, hindmost of us all arrived
 But if thou pity him, and deem it good, 680
 Thou hast much gold, much brass, and many sheep
 In thy pavilion, thou hast maidens fair,
 And coursers also Of thy proper stores
 Hereafter give to him a richer prize
 Than this, or give it now, so shall the Greeks 685
 Applaud thee, but this mare yield I to none,
 Stand forth the Grecian who desires to win
 That recompense, and let him fight with me
 He ended, and Achilles, godlike Chief,
 Smiled on him, gratulating his success, 690
 Whom much he loved, then, ardent, thus replied.
 Antilochus! if thou wouldst wish me give
 Eumelus of my own, even so I will.
 I will present to him my corslet bright
 Won from Asteropæus, edged around 695
 With glittering tin, a precious gift, and rare
 So saying, he bade Automedon his friend
 Produce it from the tent, he at his word
 Departing, to Achilles brought the spoil,
 Which at his hands Eumelus glad received 700
 Then, stung with grief, and with resentment fired
 Immeasurable, Menelaus rose
 To charge Antilochus His herald gave
 The sceptre to his hand, and (silence bidden
 To all) the godlike Hero thus began. 705
 Antilochus! oh heretofore discreet!
 What hast thou done? Thou hast dishonour'd foul
 My skill, and wrong'd my coursers, throwing thine,
 Although inferior far, by fraud before them.
 Ye Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host! 710
 Impartial judge between us, lest of these,
 Some say hereafter, Menelaus bore
 Antilochus by falsehood down, and led
 The mare away, because, although his steeds
 Were worse, his arm was mightier, and prevail'd 715

Yet hold—myself will judge, and will to all
 Contentment give, for I will judge aright.
 Hither, Antilochus, illustrious youth !
 And, as the law prescribes, standing before
 Thy steeds and chariot, holding too the scourge 720
 With which thou drovest, lay hand on both thy steeds,
 And swear by Neptune, circler of the earth,
 That neither wilfully, nor yet by fraud
 Thou didst impede my chariot in its course
 Then, prudent, thus Antilochus replied 725
 Oh royal Menelaus ! patient bear
 The fault of one thy junior far, in years
 Alike unequal and in worth to thee
 Thou know'st how rash is youth, and how propense
 To pass the bounds by decency prescribed, 730
 Quick, but not wise Lay, then, thy wrath aside ,
 The mare now given me I will myself
 Deliver to thee, and if thou require
 A larger recompense, will rather yield
 A larger much than from thy favour fall 735
 Deservedly for ever, mighty Prince !
 And sin so heinously against the Gods.
 So saying, the son of valiant Nestor led
 The mare, himself, to Menelaus' hand,
 Who with heart-freshening joy the prize received 740
 As on the ears of growing corn the dews
 Fall grateful, while the spiry grain erect
 Bristles the fields, so, Menelaus, felt
 Thy inmost soul a soothing pleasure sweet !
 Then answer thus the Hero quick return'd. 745
 Antilochus ! exasperate though I were,
 Now, such no longer, I relinquish glad
 All strife with thee, for that at other times
 Thou never inconsiderate wast or light,
 Although by youthful heat misled to-day 750
 Yet safer is it not to over-reach
 Superiors, for no other Grecian here
 Had my extreme displeasure calm'd so soon ,
 But thou hast suffer'd much, and much hast toil'd,
 As thy good father and thy brother have, 755
 On my behalf ; I, therefore, yield, subdued

By thy entreaties, and the mare, though mine,
Will also give thee, that these Grecians all
May know me neither proud nor hard to appease

So saying, the mare he to Noemon gave, 760

Friend of Antilochus, and, well-content,
The polish'd cauldron for *his* prize received.

The fourth awarded lot (for he had fourth
Arrived) Meriones asserted next,
The golden talents, but the phial still 765

Left unappropriated Achilles bore
Across the circus in his hand, a gift
To ancient Nestor, whom he thus bespake

Thou also, oh my father! this accept,
Which, in remembrance of the funeral rites 770

Of my Patroclus, keep, for him thou seest
Among the Greeks no more Receive a prize,

Thine by gratuity, for thou shalt wield
The cæstus, wrestle, at the spear contend,
Or in the foot-race (fallen as thou art 775
Into the wane of life) never again

He said, and placed it in his hands He, glad,
Receiving it, in accents wing'd replied

True, oh my son! is all which thou hast spoken
These limbs, these hands, young friend! (their vigour lost) 780

No longer, darted from the shoulder, spring
At once to battle Ah that I could grow

Young yet again, could feel again such force
Athletic, as when in Buprasium erst

The Epeans with sepulchral pomp entomb'd 785

King Amarynceus, where his sons ordam'd
Funereal games in honour of their Sire!

Epean none or even Pylian there
Could cope with me, or yet Ætohan bold

Boxing, I vanquish'd Clytomedes, son 790
Of Enops, wrestling, the Pleuronian Chief

Anceus, in the foot-race Iphiclus,
Though a fleet runner, and I over-pitch'd

Phyleus and Pelydorus at the spear
The sons of Actor in the chariot-race 795

Alone surpass'd me, being two for one,

And jealous both lest I should also win
 That prize, for to the victor charioteer
 They had assign'd the noblest prize of all
 They were twin-brothers, and one ruled the steeds, 800
 The steeds one ruled^s, the other lash'd them on.
 Such once was I, but now, these sports I leave
 To younger, me submission most befits
 To withering age, who then outshone the best
 But go. The funeral of thy friend with games 805
 Proceed to celebrate, I accept thy gift
 With pleasure, and my heart is also glad
 That thou art mindful evermore of one
 Who loves thee, and such honour in the sight
 Yield'st me of all the Greeks, as is my due 810
 May the Gods bless thee for it more and more!
 He spake, and Peleus' son, when he had heard
 At large his commendation from the lips
 Of Nestor, through the assembled Greeks return'd
 He next proposed, not lightly to be won, 815
 The boxer's prize. He tether'd down a mule,
 Untamed and hard to tame, but strong to toil,
 And in her prime of vigour, in the midst,
 A goblet to the vanquish'd he assign'd,
 Then stood erect, and to the Greeks exclaim'd 820
 Atridæ¹ and ye Argives brazen-greaved!
 I call for two bold combatants expert
 To wage fierce strife for these, with lifted fists
 Smiting each other. He, who by the aid
 Of Phœbus shall o'ercome, and whom the Greeks 825
 Shall all pronounce victorious, leads the mule
 Hence to his tent, the vanquish'd takes the cup
 He spake, and at his word a Greek arose
 Big, bold, and skilful in the boxer's art,
 Epeus, son of Panopeus, his hand 830
 He on the mule imposed, and thus he said
 Approach the man ambitious of the cup!
 For no Achaian here shall with his fist
 Me foiling, win the mule. I boast myself
 To all superior. May it not suffice 835
 That I to no pre-eminence pretend

^s The repetition follows the Original.

In battle? To attain to foremost praise
 Alike in every art is not for one
 But this I promise, and will well perform—
 My blows shall lay him open, split him, crush 840
 His bones to splinters, and let all his friends,
 Attendant on him, wait to bear him hence,
 Vanquish'd by my superior force in fight.
 He ended, and his speech found no reply.
 One godlike Chief alone, Euryalus, 845
 Son of the King Mecisteus, who, himself,
 Sprang from Talaion, opposite arose
 He, on the death of Oedipus, at Thebes
 Contending in the games held at his tomb,
 Had overcome the whole Cadmean race. 850
 Him Diomedes spear-famed for fight prepared,
 Giving him all encouragement, for much
 He wish'd him victory First then he threw⁹
 His cincture to him, next, he gave him thongs¹⁰
 Cut from the hide of a wild buffalo. 855
 Both girt around, into the midst they moved
 Then, lifting high their brawny arms, and fists
 Mingling with fists, to furious fight they fell,
 Dire was the crash of jaws, and the sweat stream'd
 From every limb. Epeus fierce advanced, 860
 And while Euryalus with cautious eye
 Watch'd his advantage, pash'd him on the cheek.
 He stood no longer, but, his shapely limbs,
 Unequal to his weight, sinking, he fell.
 As by the rising North-wind driven ashore 865
 An huge fish flounces on the weedy beach,
 Which soon the sable flood covers again,
 So, beaten down, he bounded. But Epeus,
 Heroic Chief, upraised him by his hand,
 And his own comrades from the circus forth 870
 Led him, step dragging after step, the blood
 Ejecting grumous, and at every pace
 Rolling his head languid from side to side.
 They placed him all unconscious on his seat
 In his own band, then fetch'd his prize, the cup. 875

⁹ παραβάβαλε¹⁰ With which they bound on the cæstus

Still other prizes, then, Achilles placed
 In view of all, the sturdy wrestler's meed
 A large hearth-tripod, valued by the Greeks
 At twice six beeves, should pay the victor's toil,
 But for the vanquish'd, in the midst he set 880
 A damsel in variety expert
 Of arts domestic, valued at four beeves
 He rose erect, and to the Greeks he cried
 Arise ye, now, who shall this prize dispute.
 So spake the son of Peleus, then arose 885
 Huge Telamonian Ajax, and upstood
 Ulysses also, in all wiles adept.
 Both girt around, into the midst they moved.
 With vigorous gripe each lock'd the other fast,
 Like rafters, standing, of some mansion built 890
 By a prime artist, proof against all winds
 Their backs, tugg'd vehemently, creak'd¹¹, the sweat
 Trickled, and on their flanks and shoulders, red
 The welks arose, they bearing still in mind
 The tripod, ceased not struggling for the prize. 895
 Nor could Ulysses from his station move
 And cast down Ajax, nor could Ajax him
 Unsettle, fixt so firm Ulysses stood
 But when, long time expectant, all the Greeks
 Grew weary, then, huge Ajax him bespake 900
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd¹
 Lift, or be lifted, and let Jove decide
 He said, and heaved Ulysses Then, his wiles
 Forgat not He, but on the ham behind
 Chopp'd him, the limbs of Ajax at the stroke 905
 Disabled sank, he fell supine, and bore
 Ulysses close adhering to his chest
 Down with him Wonder rivetted all eyes
 Then brave Ulysses from the ground awhile
 Him lifted in his turn, but ere he stood, 910
 Inserting his own knee the knees between¹²

¹¹ *terpiysi*.—It is a circumstance on which the Scholast observes that it denotes in a wrestler the greatest possible bodily strength and firmness of position.—See Villoisson

¹² I have given what seems to me the most probable interpretation, and such a one as to any person who has ever witnessed a wrestling-match, will, I presume, appear intelligible

Of Ajax, threw him. To the earth they fell
 Both, and with dust defiled lay side by side.
 And now, arising to a third essay,
 They should have wrestled yet again, had not 915
 Achilles, interfering, them restrain'd
 Strive not together more, cease to exhaust
 Each other's force, ye both have earn'd the prize.
 Depart alike requited, and give place
 To other Grecians who shall next contend 920
 He spake, they glad complied, and wiping off
 The dust, put on their tunics Then again
 Achilles other prizes yet proposed,
 The rapid runner's meed. First, he produced
 A silver goblet of six measures, earth 925
 Own'd not its like for elegance of form.
 Skilful Sidonian artists had around
 Embellish'd it, and o'er the sable Deep
 Phœnician merchants into Lemnos' port
 Had borne it, and the boon to Thoas¹³ given, 930
 But Jason's son, Euneus, in exchange
 For Priam's son Lycaon, to the hand
 Had pass'd it of Patroclus famed in arms.
 Achilles this, in honour of his friend,
 Set forth, the swiftest runner's recompense 935
 The second should a fatted ox receive
 Of largest size, and he assign'd of gold
 A just half-talent to the worst and last
 He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
 Now stand ye forth who shall this prize dispute. 940
 He said, and at his word instant arose
 Swift Ajax Oiliades, upsprang
 The shrewd Ulysses next, and after him
 Brave Nestor's son Antilochus, with whom
 None vied in speed of all the youths of Greece. 945
 They stood prepared Achilles show'd the goal
 At once all started Oiliades
 Led swift the course, and closely at his heels
 Ulysses ran Near as some cinctured maid
 Industrious holds the distaff to her breast, 950

¹³ King of Lemnos

While to and fro with practised finger neat
 She tends the flax drawing it to a thread, •
 So near Ulysses follow'd him, and press'd
 His footsteps, ere the dust fill'd them again,
 Pouring his breath into his neck behind, 955
 And never slackening pace His ardent thirst
 Of victory with universal shouts
 All seconded, and, eager, bade him On
 And now, the contest shortening to a close,
 Ulysses his request silent and brief 960
 To azure-eyed Minerva thus preferr'd
 Oh Goddess hear, prosper me in the race !
 Such was his prayer, with which Minerva pleased,
 Freshen'd his limbs, and made him light to run
 And now, when in one moment they should both 965
 Have darted on the prize, then Ajax' foot
 Sliding, he fell, for where the dung of beeves
 Slain by Achilles for his friend, had spread
 The soil, there¹⁴ Pallas tripp'd him. Ordure foul
 His mouth, and ordure foul his nostrils fill'd. 970
 Then brave Ulysses, first arriving, seized
 The cup, and Ajax took his prize, the ox
 He grasp'd his horn, and sputtering as he stood
 The ordure forth, the Argives thus bespake
 Ah—Pallas tripp'd my footsteps, she attends 975
 Ulysses ever with a mother's care
 Loud laugh'd the Grecians Then, the remnant prize
 Antilochus receiving, smil'd and said
 Ye need not, fellow-warriors, to be taught
 That now as ever, the immortal Gods 980
 Honour on seniority bestow
 Ajax is elder, yet not much, than I.
 But Laertiades was born in times
 Long past, a Chief coeval with our Sires,
 Not young, but vigorous, and, of the Greeks, 985
 Achilles may alone with Him contend
 So saying, the ment of superior speed
 To Peleus' son he gave, who thus replied.
 Antilochus ! thy praise of me shall prove

¹⁴ That is to say, Ulysses, who, from the first intending it, had run close behind him

Nor vain nor unproductive to thyself, 990
For the half-talent doubled shall be thine

He spake, and, doubling it, the talent placed
Whole in his hand. He glad the gift received
Achilles, then, Sarpedon's arms produced,
Stripp'd from him by Patroclus, his long spear, 995
Helmet and shield, which in the midst he placed.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried

I call for two brave warriors arm'd to prove
Each other's skill with weapons keen, this prize
Disputing, next, in presence of us all 1000

Who first shall through his armour reach the skin
Of his antagonist, and shall draw his blood,
To Him this silver-studded faulchion bright
I give, the blade is Thracian, and of late
Asteropæus wore it, whom I slew 1005

These other arms shall be their common meed,
And I will banquet both within my tent

He said, then Telamonian Ajax huge
Arose, and opposite the son arose
Of warlike Tydeus, Diomede the brave 1010
Apart from all the people each put on

His arms, then moved into the middle space,
Louring terrific, and on fire to fight
The host look'd on amazed. Approaching each
The other, thrice they sprang to the assault, 1015
And thrice struck hand to hand Ajax the shield

Pierced of his adversary, but the flesh
Attain'd not, baffled by his mail within
Then Tydeus' son, sheer o'er the ample disk
Of Ajax, thrust a lance home to his neck, 1020
And the Achæians for the life appall'd

Of Ajax, bade them, ceasing, share the prize
But the huge faulchion with its sheath and belt—
Achilles them on Diomede bestow'd

The Hero, next, an iron clod produced 1025
Rough from the forge, and wont to task the might
Of King Eetion, but, when him he slew,
Pelides, glorious Chief, with other spoils

From Thebes convey'd it in his fleet to Troy
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried. 1030

Come forth who also shall this prize dispute !
 How far soe'er remote the winner's fields,
 This lump shall serve his wants five cycling years ,
 His shepherd shall not, or his plougher, need
 In quest of iron seek the distant town, 1035
 But hence he shall himself their wants supply
 Then Polypoetes brave in fight arose,
 Arose Leonteus also, godlike Chief,
 With Ajax son of Telamon Each took
 His station, and Epeus seized the clod 1040
 He swung, he cast it, and the Grecians laugh'd
 Leonteus, branch of Mars, quoited it next
 Huge Telamonian Ajax with strong arm
 Dismiss'd it third, and overpitch'd them both.
 But when brave Polypoetes seized the mass 1045
 Far as the vigorous herdsman flings his staff
 That twirling flies his numerous beeves between,
 So far his cast outmeasured all beside,
 And the host shouted Then the friends arose
 Of Polypoetes valiant Chief, and bore 1050
 His ponderous acquisition to the ships.
 The archers' prize Achilles next proposed,
 Ten double and ten single axes, form'd
 Of steel convertible to arrow points
 He fix'd, far distant on the sands, the mast 1055
 Of a brave bark cerulean-prow'd, to which
 With small cord fasten'd by the foot he tied
 A timorous dove, their mark at which to aim
¹⁵Who strikes the dove, he conquers, and shall bear
 These double axes all into his tent. 1060
 But who the cord alone, missing the bird,
 Successful less, he wins the single blades
 The might of royal Teucer then arose,
 And, fellow-warrior of the King of Crete,
 Valiant Meriones. A brazen casque 1065
 Received the lots , they shook them, and the lot
 Fell first to Teucer He, at once, a shaft
 Sent smartly forth, but vow'd not to the King¹⁶

¹⁵ The transition from narrative to dramatic follows the Original.

¹⁶ Apollo , frequently by Homer called the King without any addition.

An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock
 He therefore (for Apollo greater praise
 Denied him) miss'd the dove, but struck the cord 1070
 That tied her, at small distance from the knot,
 And with his arrow sever'd it Upsprang
 The bird into the air, and to the ground
 Depending fell the cord Shouts rent the skies. 1075
 Then, all in haste, Meriones the bow
 Caught from his hand holding a shaft the while
 Already aim'd, and to Apollo vow'd
 An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock
 He eyed the dove aloft, under a cloud, 1080
 And, while she wheel'd around, struck her beneath
 The pinion, through her and beyond her pass'd
 The arrow, and, returning, pierced the soil
 Fast by the foot of brave Meriones
 She, perching on the mast again, her head 1085
 Reclined, and hung her wide-unfolded wing,
 But, soon expiring, dropp'd and fell remote.
 Amazement seized the people To his tent
 Meriones the ten best axes bore,
 And Teucer the inferior ten to his 1090
 Then, last, Achilles in the cinctus placed
 A ponderous spear and cauldron yet unfired,
 Emboss'd with flowers around, its worth an ox.
 Upstood the spear-expert, Atrides first,
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, King of men, 1095
 And next, brave fellow-warrior of the King
 Of Crete, Meriones, when thus his speech
 Achilles to the royal Chief address'd
 Atrides ! (for we know thy skill and force
 Matchless ! that none can hurl the spear as thou) 1100
 This prize is thine, order it to thy ship,
 And if it please thee, as I would it might,
 Let brave Meriones the spear receive
 He said, nor Agamemnon not complied,
 But to Meriones the brazen spear 1105
 Presenting, to Talthyrus gave in charge
 The cauldron, next, his own illustrious prize.

BOOK XXIV.

ARGUMENT

Priam, by command of Jupiter, and under conduct of Mercury, seeks Achilles in his tent, who admonished previously by Thetis, consents to accept ransom for the body of Hector. Hector is mourned, and the manner of his funeral, circumstantially described, concludes the poem

THE games all closed, the people went dispersed
 Each to his ship, they mindful of repast,
 And to enjoy repose, but other thoughts
 Achilles' mind employ'd, he still deplored
 With tears his loved Patroclus, nor the force 5
 Felt of all-conquering sleep, but turn'd and turn'd
 Restless from side to side, mourning the loss
 Of such a friend, so manly, and so brave
 Their fellowship in toil, their hardships oft
 Sustain'd in fight laborious, or o'ercome 10
 With difficulty on the perilous Deep—
 Remembrance busily retracing themes
 Like these, drew down his cheeks continual tears.
 Now on his side he lay, now lay supine,
 Now prone, then starting from his couch he roam'd 15
 Forlorn the beach, nor did the rising morn
 On seas and shores escape his watchful eye,
 But joining to his chariot his swift steeds,
 He fasten'd Hector to be dragg'd behind.
 Around the tomb of Menœtiades 20
 Him thrice he dragg'd, then rested in his tent,
 Leaving him at his length stretch'd in the dust.
 Meantime Apollo with compassion touch'd
 Even of the lifeless Hector, from all taint
 Saved him, and with the golden ægis broad 25
 Covering, preserved him, although dragg'd, untorn.
 While he, indulging thus his wrath, disgraced
 Brave Hector, the Immortals, at that sight

With pity moved, exhorted Mercury
 The watchful Aigicide, to steal him thence 30
 That counsel pleased the rest, but neither pleased
 Juno, nor Neptune, nor the blue-eyed maid.
 They still, as at the first, held fast their hate
 Of sacred Troy, detested Priam still,
 And still his people, mindful of the crime 35
 Of Paris, who when to his rural hut
 They came, those Goddesses affronting, praise
 And admiration gave to Her alone
 Who with vile lusts his preference repaid
 But when the twelfth ensuing morn arose, 40
 Apollo, then, the Immortals thus address'd
 Ye Gods, your dealings now injurious seem
 And cruel Was not Hector wont to burn
 Thighs of fat goats and bullocks at your shrines?
 Whom now, though dead, ye cannot yet endure 45
 To rescue, that Andromache once r'ore
 Might view him, his own mother, his own son,
 His father and the people, who would soon
 Yield him his just demand, a funereal fire
 But, oh ye Gods! your pleasure is alone 50
 To please Achilles, that pernicious Chief,
 Who neither right regards, nor owns a mind
 That can relent, but as the lion, urged
 By his own dauntless heart and savage force,
 Invades without remorse the rights of man, 55
 That he may banquet on his herds and flocks,
 So Peleus' son all pity from his breast
 Hath driven, and shame, man's blessing¹ or his curse¹
 For whosoever hath a loss sustain'd
 Still dearer, whether of his brother born 60
 From the same womb, or even of his son,
 When he hath once bewail'd him, weeps no more,
 For fate itself gives man a patient mind
 Yet Peleus' son, not so contented, slays
 Illustrious Hector first, then drags his corse 65
 In cruel triumph at his chariot-wheels
 Around Patroclus' tomb, but neither well

¹ His blessing, if he is properly influenced by it, his curse in its consequences if he is deaf to its dictates.

He acts, nor honourably to himself,
 Who may, perchance, brave though he be, incur
 Our anger, while to gratify revenge 70
 He pours dishonour thus on senseless clay
 To whom, incensed, Juno white-arm'd replied.
 And be it so, stand fast this word of thine,
 God of the Silver bow ! if ye account
 Only such honour to Achilles due 75
 As Hector claims, but Hector was by birth
 Mere man, and suckled at a woman's breast
 Not such Achilles, him a Goddess bore,
 Whom I myself nourish'd, and on my lap
 Fondled, and in due time to Peleus gave 80
 In marriage, to a Chief beloved in heaven
 Peculiarly, ye were yourselves, ye Gods !
 Partakers of the nuptial feast, and thou
 Wast present also with thine harp in hand,
 Thou comrade of the vile ! thou faithless ever ! 85
 Then answer thus cloud-gatherer Jove return'd
 Juno, forbear Indulge not always wrath
 Against the Gods They shall not share alike,
 And in the same proportion our regards
 Yet even Hector was the man in Troy 90
 Most favour'd by the Gods, and him no less
 I also loved, for punctual were his gifts
 To us, mine altar never miss'd from him
 Libation, or the steam of sacrifice,
 The meed allotted to us from of old 95
 But steal him not, since by Achilles' eye
 Unseen ye cannot, who both day and night
 Watches him, as a mother tends her son
 But call ye Thetis hither, I would give
 The Goddess counsel, that, at Priam's hands 100
 Accepting gifts, Achilles loose the dead
 He ceased. Then Iris tempest-wing'd arose
 Samos between, and Imbrus rock-begirt,
 She plunged into the gloomy flood, loud groan'd
 The briny pool, while sudden down she rush'd, 105

² This is the sense preferred by the Schohast, for it is not true that Thetis was always present with Achilles, as is proved by the passage immediately ensuing

As sinks the bull's³ horn with its leaden weight,
 Death bearing to the raveners of the Deep
 Within her vaulted cave Thetis she found
 By every nymph of Ocean round about
 Encompass'd, she, amid them all, the fate 110
 Wept of her noble son ordain'd to death
 At fertile Troy, from Phthia far remote
 Then, Iris, drawing near, her thus address'd
 Arise, O Thetis! Jove, the author dread
 Of everlasting counsels, calls for thee. 115
 To whom the Goddess of the Silver feet
 Why calls the mighty Thunderer me? I fear,
 Oppress'd with countless sorrows as I am,
 To mingle with the Gods —Yet I obey—
 No word of his can prove an empty sound 120
 So saying, the Goddess took her sable veil,
 (Eye ne'er beheld a darker,) and began
 Her progress, by the storm-wing'd Iris led,
 On either hand the billows open'd wide
 A pass before them, they, ascending soon 125
 The shore, updarted swift into the skies
 They found loud-voiced Saturnian Jove around
 Environ'd by the ever blessed Gods
 Convened in full assembly, she beside
 Her Father Jove (Pallas returning) sat 130
 Then, Juno, with consolatory speech,
 Presented to her hand a golden cup,
 Of which she drank, then gave it back again,
 And thus the Sire of Gods and men began
 Goddess of ocean, Thetis! thou hast sought 135
 Olympus, bearing in thy bosom grief
 Never to be assuaged, as well I know
 Yet shalt thou learn, afflicted as thou art,
 Why I have summoned thee Nine days the Gods,
 Concerning Hector's body and thy own 140
 Brave city-spoiler son, have held dispute,
 And some have urged oft-times the Argicide
 Keen-sighted Mercury, to steal the dead.
 But I forbid it for Achilles' sake,

³ The angler's custom was, in those days, to guard his line above the hook from the fishes' bite, by passing it through a pipe of horn

Whom I exalt, the better to insure 145
 Thy reverence and thy friendship evermore
 Haste, therefore, seek thy son, and tell him thus
 The Gods resent it, say (but most of all
 Myself am angry) that he still detains
 Amid his fleet, through fury of revenge, 150
 Unransom'd Hector, so shall he, at length,
 Through fear of me, perchance, release the slain
 Myself to generous Priam will, the while,
 Send Iris, who shall bid him to the fleet
 Of Greece, such ransom bearing as may soothe 155
 Achilles, for redemption of his son
 So spake the God, nor Thetis not complied
 Descending swift from the Olympian heights
 She reach'd Achilles' tent Him there she found
 Groaning disconsolate, while others ran 160
 To and fro, occupied around a sheep
 New-slaughter'd, large, and of exuberant fleece
 She sitting close beside him, softly stoak'd
 His cheek, and thus, affectionate, began
 How long, my son! sorrowing and mourning here, 165
 Wilt thou consume thy soul, nor give one thought
 Either to food or love? Yet love is good,
 And woman grief's best cure, for length of days
 Is not thy doom, but, even now, thy death
 And ruthless destiny are on the wing 170
 Mark me,—I come a heger sent from Jove
 The Gods, he saith, resent it, but himself
 More deeply than the rest, that thou detain'st
 Amid thy fleet, through fury of revenge,
 Unransom'd Hector Be advised, accept 175
 Ransom, and to his friends resign the dead
 To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
 Come then the ransomer, and take him hence,
 If Jove himself command it,—Be it so
 So they, among the ships, conferring sat 180
 On various themes, the Goddess and her son,
 Meantime Saturnian Jove commanded down
 His swift ambadress to sacred Troy
 Hence, rapid Iris, leave the Olympian heights,
 And, finding noble Priam, bid him haste 185

Into Achaia's fleet, bearing such gifts
 As may assuage Achilles, and prevail
 To liberate the body of his son
 Alone, he must, no Trojan of them all
 May company the senior thither, save 190
 An ancient herald to direct his mules
 And his wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead
 Back into Ilum, whom Achilles slew
 Let neither fear of death nor other fear
 Trouble him aught, so safe a guard and sure 195
 We give him, Mercury shall be his guide
 Into Achilles' presence in his tent.
 Nor will himself Achilles slay him there,
 Or even permit his death, but will forbid
 All violence, for he is not unwise 200
 Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,
 But will his suppliant with much grace receive ⁴
 He ceased, then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,
 Jove's messenger, and, at the gates arrived
 Of Priam, woe and wailing found within 205
 Around their father, in the hall, his sons
 Their robes with tears water'd, while them amidst
 The hoary king sat mantled, muffled close,
 And on his venerable head and neck
 Much dust was spread, which, rolling on the earth, 210
 He had shower'd on them with unsparing hands
 The palace echoed to his daughters' cries,
 And to the cries of matrons calling fresh
 Into remembrance many a valiant Chief
 Now stretch'd in dust by Argive hands destroy'd. 215
 The messenger of Jove at Priam's side
 Standing, with whisper'd accents low his ear
 Saluted, but he trembled at the sound
 Courage, Dardanian Priam! fear thou nought,
 To thee no prophetess of ill, I come, 220
 But with kind purpose Jove's ambassadress
 Am I, who though remote, yet entertains
 Much pity, and much tender care for thee

⁴ Jupiter justifies him against Apollo's charge, affirming him to be free from those mental defects which chiefly betray men into sin, folly, improvidence, and perverseness

Olympian Jove commands thee to redeem
 The noble Hector, with an offering large 225
 Of gifts that may Achilles' wrath appease
 Alone, thou must, no Trojan of them all
 Hath leave to attend thy journey thither, save
 An ancient herald to direct thy mules
 And thy wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead 230
 Back into Ithum, whom Achilles slew.
 Let neither fear of death nor other fear
 Trouble thee aught, so safe a guard and sure
 He gives thee, Mercury shall be thy guide
 Even to Achilles' presence in his tent. 235
 Nor will himself Achilles slay thee there,
 Or even permit thy death, but will forbid
 All violence, for he is not unwise
 Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,
 But will his suppliant with much grace receive. 240
 So spake the swift ambassadress, and went
 Then, calling to his sons, he bade them bring
 His litter forth, and bind the coffer on,
 While to his fragrant chamber he repair'd
 Himself, with cedar lined and lofty roof'd, 245
 A treasury of wonders, into which
 The Queen he summon'd, whom he thus bespake
 Hecuba! the ambassadress of Jove
 Hath come, who bids me to the Grecian fleet,
 Bearing such presents thither as may soothe 250
 Achilles, for redemption of my son.
 But say, what seems this enterprize to thee?
 Myself am much inclined to it, I feel
 My courage prompting me amain toward
 The fleet, and into the Achaian camp 255
 Then wept the Queen aloud, and thus replied.
 Ah! whither is thy wisdom fled, for which
 Both strangers once, and Trojans honour'd *thee*?
 How canst thou wish to penetrate alone
 The Grecian fleet, and to appear before 260
 His face by whom so many valiant sons
 Of thine have fallen? Thou hast an iron heart!
 For should that savage man and faithless once
 Seize and discover thee, no pity expect

With angry taunts he drove the gather'd crowds
 Away¹ away¹ ye dregs of earth, away,
 Ye shame of human kind! Have ye no griefs 305
 At home, that ye come hither troubling *me*?
 Deem ye it little that Saturnian Jove
 Afflicts me thus, and of my very best,
 Best boy deprives me? Ah! ye shall be taught
 Yourselves that loss, far easier to be slain 310
 By the Achæans now, since he is dead
 But I, ere yet the city I behold
 Taken and pillaged, with these aged eyes,
 Shall find safe hiding in the shades below.
 He said, and chased them with his staff, they left 315
 In haste the doors, by the old King expell'd
 Then, chiding them aloud, his sons he call'd,
 Helenus, Paris, noble Agathon,
 Pammon, Antiphonus, and bold in fight
 Polites, Dios of illustrious fame, 320
 Hippothous and Deiphobus—all nine
 He call'd, thus issuing, angry, his commands,
 Quick! quick! ye slothful in your father's cause,
 Ye worthless brood! would that in Hector's stead 325
 Ye all had perish'd in the fleet of Greece!
 Oh altogether wretched! in all Troy
 No man had sons to boast valiant as mine,
 And I have lost them all Nestor is gone
 The godlike, Troilus the steed-renown'd,
 And Hector, who with other men compared 330
 Seem'd a Divinity, whom none had deem'd
 From mortal man derived, but from a God
 These Mars hath taken, and hath left me none
 But scandals of my house, void of all truth,
 Dancers, exact step-measurers⁶, a band 335
 Of public robbers, thieves of kids and lambs.
 Will ye not bring my litter to the gate
 This moment, and with all this package quick
 Charge it, that we may hence without delay?
 He said, and by his chiding awed, his sons 340
 Drew forth the royal litter, neat, new-built,
 And following swift the draught, on which they bound

⁶ κοροιστιπῆσιν ἄριστοι.

The coffer, next, they lower'd from the wall
 The sculptured boxen yoke with its two rings⁷,
 And with the yoke its furniture, in length 315
 Nine cubits, this to the extremest end
 Adjusting of the pole, they cast the ring
 Over the ring-bolt, then, thrice through the yoke
 They drew the brace on both sides, made it fast
 With even knots, and tuck'd⁸ the dangling ends 350
 Producing, next, the glorious ransom-price
 Of Hector's body, on the litter's floor
 They heap'd it all, then yoked the sturdy mules,
 A gift illustrious by the Mysians erst
 Conferred on Priam, to the chariot, last, 355
 They led forth Priam's steeds, which the old King
 (In person serving them) with freshest corn
 Constant supplied, meantime, himself within
 The palace, and his herald, were employ'd
 Girding⁹ themselves, to go, wise each and good 360
 And now came mournful Hecuba, with wine
 Delicious charged, which in a golden cup
 She brought, that not without libation due
 First made, they might depart Before the steeds
 Her steps she stay'd, and Priam thus address'd 365
 Take this, and to the Sire of all perform
 Libation, praying him a safe return
 From hostile hands, since thou art urged to seek
 The Grecian camp, though not by my desire
 Pray also to Idæan Jove cloud-girt, 370
 Who oversees all Ilium, that he send
 His messenger, or ere thou go, the bird
 His favourite most, surpassing all in strength,
 At thy right-hand, him seeing, thou shalt tend

⁷ Through which the reins were passed

⁸ The yoke being flat at bottom, and the pole round, there would of course be a small aperture between the band and the pole on both sides, through which, according to the Scholium in Villoissson, they thrust the ends of the tackle lest they should dangle

⁹ The text here is extremely intricate, as it stands now, the sons are, first, said to yoke the horses, then Priam and Idæus are said to do it, and in the palace too I have therefore adopted an alteration suggested by Clarke, who with very little violence to the copy, proposes instead of ζευγνύσθην to read—ζωγνύσθην.

With better hope toward the fleet of Greece 375
 But should loud-thundering Jove his heger swift
 Withhold, from me far be it to advise
 This journey, howsoe'er thou wish to go
 To whom the godlike Priam thus replied.
 This exhortation will I not refuse, 380
 O Queen ! for, lifting to the Gods his hands
 In prayer for their compassion, none can err
 So saying, he bade the maiden o'er the rest,
 Chief in authority, pour on his hands
 Pure water, for the maiden at his side 385
 With ewer charged and laver, stood prepared.
 He laved his hands , then, taking from the Queen
 The goblet, in his middle area stood
 Pouring libation with his eyes upturn'd
 Heaven-waid devout, and thus his prayer preferr'd 390
 Jove, great and glorious above all, who rulest,
 On Ida's summit seated, all below !
 Grant me arrived within Achilles' tent
 Kindness to meet and pity, and oh send
 Thy messenger or ere I go, the bird 395
 Thy favourite most, surpassing all in strength,
 At my right hand, which seeing, I shall tend
 With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.
 He ended, at whose prayer, incontinent,
 Jove sent his eagle, surest of all signs, 400
 The black-plumed bird voracious, Morphnos¹⁰ named,
 And Perenos¹⁰ Wide as the well-guarded door
 Of some rich potentate his vans he spread
 On either side , they saw him on the right,
 Skimming the towers of Troy , glad they beheld 405
 That omen, and all felt their hearts consoled.
 Delay'd not then the hoary King, but quick
 Ascending to his seat, his coursers urged
 Through vestibule and sounding porch abroad
 The four-wheel'd litter led, drawn by the mules 410
 Which sage Idæus managed, behind whom
 Went Priam, plying with the scourge his steeds
 Continual through the town, while all his friends,
 Following their sovereign with dejected hearts,

¹⁰ The words both signify—sable

Lamented him as going to his death. 415
 But when from Ilium's gate into the plain
 They had descended, then the sons-in-law
 Of Priam, and his sons, to Troy return'd
 Nor they, now traversing the plain, the note
 Escaped of Jove the Thunderer, he beheld 420
 Compassionate the venerable King,
 And thus his own son Mercury bespake
 Mercury ! (for above all others thou
 Delightest to associate with mankind
 Familiar, whom thou wilt winning with ease 425
 To converse free,) go thou, and so conduct
 Priam into the Grecian camp, that none
 Of all the numerous Danaï may see
 Or mark him, till he reach Achilles' tent.
 He spake, nor the ambassador of heaven 430
 The Argicide delay'd, but bound in haste
 His undecaying sandals to his feet,
 Golden, divine, which waft him o'er the floods
 Swift as the wind, and o'er the boundless earth
 He took his rod with which he charms to sleep 435
 All eyes, and theirs who sleep opens again
 Arm'd with that rod, forth flew the Argicide
 At Ilium and the Hellespontic shores
 Arriving sudden, a King's son he seem'd,
 Now clothing first his ruddy cheek with down, 440
 Which is youth's loveliest season, so disguised,
 His progress he began They now (the tomb
 Magnificent of Ilus past) beside
 The river stay'd the mules and steeds to drink,
 For twilight dimm'd the fields Idæus first 445
 Perceived him near, and Priam thus bespake
 Think, son of Dardanus ! for we have need
 Of our best thought I see a warrior Now,
 Now we shall die, I know it Turn we quick
 Our steeds to flight, or let us clasp his knees 450
 And his compassion suppliant essay
 Terror and consternation at that sound
 The mind of Priam felt, erect the hair
 Bristled his limbs, and with amaze he stood
 Motionless. But the God, meantime, approach'd, 455

And, seizing ancient Priam's hand, enquired

Whither, my father! in the dewy night
Drivest thou thy mules and steeds, while others sleep?
And fear'st thou not the fiery host of Greece,
Thy foes implacable, so nigh at hand?

460

Of whom should any, through the shadow dun
Of fitting night, discern thee bearing forth
So rich a charge, then what wouldst thou expect?
Thou art not young thyself, nor with the aid
Of this thine ancient servant, strong enough
Force to repulse, should any threaten force
But injury fear none or harm from me,
I rather much from harm by other hands
Would save thee, thou resemblest so my sire.

465

Whom answer'd godlike Priam, hoar with age
My son! well spoken Thou hast judged aright
Yet even me some Deity protects

470

Thus far, to whom I owe it that I meet
So seasonably one like thee, in form
So admirable, and in mind discreet
As thou art beautiful Blest parents, thine!

475

To whom the messenger of heaven again,
The Argicide Oh ancient and revered!
Thou hast well spoken all Yet thus declare,
And with sincerity, bear'st thou away
Into some foreign country, for the sake
Of safer custody, this precious charge?
Or, urged by fear, forsake ye all alike
Troy's sacred towers? since he whom thou hast lost,
Thy noble son, was of excelling worth
In arms, and nought inferior to the Greeks.

180

485

Then thus the godlike Priam, hoary King
But tell me first, who *Thou* art, and from whom
Descended, loveliest youth! who hast the fate
So well of my unhappy son rehearsed?

490

To whom the herald Mercury replied
Thy questions, venerable Sire! proposed
Concerning noble Hector, are design'd
To prove me Him, not seldom, with these eyes
In man-ennobling fight I have beheld
Most active, saw him when he thinn'd the Greeks

495

With his sharp spear, and drove them to the ships
 Amazed we stood to notice him, for us,
 Incensed against the ruler of our host,
 Achilles suffer'd not to share the fight. 500

I serve Achilles, the same gallant bark
 Brought us, and of the Myrmidons am I,
 Son of Polyctor, wealthy is my Sire,
 And such in years as thou, six sons he hath,
 Beside myself the seventh, and, (the lots cast 505
 Among us all,) mine sent me to the wars
 That I have left the ships, seeking the plain,
 The cause is this, the Greeks, at break of day,
 Will compass, arm'd, the city, for they loathe
 To sit inactive, neither can the chiefs 510
 Restrain the hot impatience of the host

Then godlike Priam answer thus return'd
 If of the band thou be of Peleus' son,
 Achilles, tell me undisguis'd the truth
 My son, subsists he still, or hath thy Chief 515
 Limb after limb given him to his dogs?

Him answer'd then the herald of the skies.
 Oh venerable Sir! him neither dogs
 Have eaten yet, nor fowls, but at the ships
 His body, and within Achilles' tent 520
 Neglected lies Twelve days he so hath lain,
 Yet neither worm which diets on the brave
 In battle fallen, hath eaten him, or taint
 Invaded He around Patroclus' tomb
 Drags him indeed pitiless, oft as day 525
 Reddens the East, yet safe from blemish still
 His corse remains Thou would'st, thyself, admire,
 Seeing how fresh the dew-drops, as he lies,
 Rest on him, and his blood is cleans'd away
 That not a stain is left. Even his wounds 530

(For many a wound they gave him) all are closed,
 Such care the blessed Gods have of thy son,
 Dead as he is, whom living much they loved
 So he, then, glad, the ancient King replied 535
 Good is it, oh my son! to yield the Gods
 Their just demands. My boy, while yet he lived,
 Lived not unmindful of the worship due

To the Olympian powers, who, therefore, him
 Remember, even in the bands of death
 Come then—this beauteous cup take at my hand— 540
 Be thou my guard, and, if the Gods permit,
 My guide, till to Achilles' tent I come
 Whom answer'd then the messenger of heaven
 Sir! thou perceivest me young, and art disposed
 To try my virtue, but it shall not fail 545
 Thou bidd'st me at thine hand a gift accept,
 Whereof Achilles knows not, but I fear
 Achilles, and on no account should dare
 Defraud him, lest some evil find me next.
 But Thee I would with pleasure hence conduct 550
 Even to glorious Argos, over sea
 Or over land, nor any, through contempt
 Of such a guard, should dare to do thee wrong
 So Mercury, and to the chariot seat
 Upspringing, seized at once the lash and reins, 555
 And with fresh vigour mules and steeds inspired
 Arriving at the foss and towers, they found
 The guard preparing now their evening cheer,
 All whom the Argicide with sudden sleep
 Oppress'd, then oped the gates, thrust back the bars, 560
 And introduced, with all his litter-load
 Of costly gifts, the venerable King
 But when they reach'd the tent for Peleus' son
 Raised by the Myrmidons (with trunks of pine
 They built it, lopping smooth the boughs away, 565
 Then spread with shaggy mowings of the mead
 Its lofty roof, and with a spacious court
 Surrounded it, all fenced with driven stakes,
 One bar alone of pine secured the door,
 Which ask'd three Grecians with united force 570
 To thrust it to its place, and three again
 To thrust it back, although Achilles oft
 Would heave it to the door himself alone,)

Then Hermes, benefactor of mankind,
 That bar displacing for the King of Troy, 575
 Gave entrance to himself and to his gifts
 For Peleus' son design'd, and from the seat
 Alighting, thus his speech to Priam-turn'd.

Oh ancient Priam ! an immortal God
 Attends thee , I am Hermes, by command 580
 Of Jove my father thy appointed guide
 But I return I will not, entering here,
 Stand in Achilles' sight , immortal Powers
 May not so unreservedly indulge
 Creatures of mortal kind But enter thou, 585
 Embrace his knees, and by his father both
 And by his Goddess mother sue to him,
 And by his son, that his whole heart may melt
 So Hermes spake, and to the skies again
 Ascended Then leap'd Priam to the ground, 590
 Leaving Idæus , he, the mules and steeds
 Watch'd, while the ancient King into the tent
 Proceeded of Achilles dear to Jove
 Him there he found, and sitting found apart
 His fellow-warriors, of whom two alone 595
 Served at his side, Alcimus, branch of Mars,
 And brave Automedon , he had himself
 Supp'd newly, and the board stood unremoved
 Unseen of all huge Priam enter'd, stood
 Near to Achilles, clasp'd his knees, and kiss'd 600
 Those terrible and homicidal hands
 That had destroy'd so many of his sons
 As when a fugitive for blood the house
 Of some Chief enters in a foreign land,
 All gaze, astonish'd at the sudden guest, 605
 So gazed Achilles, seeing Priam there,
 And so stood all astonish'd, each his eyes
 In silence fastening on his fellow's face
 But Priam kneel'd, and suppliant thus began
 Think, oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods ! 610
 On thy own father full of days like me,
 And trembling on the gloomy verge of life
 Some neighbour Chief, it may be, even now,
 Oppresses him, and there is none at hand
 No friend to succour him in his distress 615
 Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,
 He still rejoices, hoping day by day,
 That one day he shall see the face again

Of his own son from distant Troy return'd
 But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons, 620
 So late the flower of Ilum, all are slain
 When Greece came hither, I had fifty sons,
 Nineteen were children of one bed, the rest
 Born of my concubines A numerous house!
 But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it One I had, 625
 One, more than all my sons the strength of Troy,
 Whom standing for his country thou hast slain—
 Hector—His body to redeem I come
 Into Achaia's fleet, bringing, myself,
 Ransom inestimable to thy tent 630
 Reverence the Gods, Achilles! recollect
 Thy father, for his sake compassion show
 To me more pitiable still, who draw
 Home to my lips, (humiliation yet
 Unseen on earth) his hand who slew my son 635
 So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret
 Of his own Sire, softly he placed his hand
 On Priam's hand, and push'd him gently away.
 Remembrance melted both Rolling before
 Achilles' feet, Priam his son deplored 640
 Wide-slaughtering Hector, and Achilles wept
 By turns his father, and by turns his friend
 Patroclus, sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent
 But when, at length satiate, Achilles felt
 His heart from grief, and all his frame relieved, 645
 Upstarting from his seat, with pity moved
 Of Priam's silver locks and silver beard,
 He raised the ancient father by his hand,
 Whom in wing'd accents kind he thus bespake
 Wretched indeed! ah what must thou have felt!
 How hast thou dared to seek alone the fleet 650
 Of the Achaians, and his face by whom
 So many of thy valiant sons have fallen?
 Thou hast an heart of iron, terror-proof
 Come—sit beside me—Let us, if we may, 655
 Great mourners both, bid sorrow sleep awhile
 There is no profit of our sighs and tears,
 For thus, exempt from care themselves, the Gods

Ordain man's miserable race to mourn
 Fast by the threshold of Jove's courts are placed 660
 Two casks, one stored with evil, one with good,
 From which the God dispenses as he wills
 For whom the glorious Thunderer mingles both,
 He leads a life checker'd with good and ill
 Alternate, but to whom he gives unmix'd 665
 The bitter cup, he makes that man a curse,
 His name becomes a by-word of reproach,
 His strength is hunger-bitten, and he walks
 The blessed earth, unblest, go where he may.
 So was my father Peleus at his birth 670
 Nobly endow'd with plenty and with wealth
 Distinguish'd by the Gods past all mankind,
 Lord of the Myrmidons, and, though a man,
 Yet match'd from heaven with an immortal bride
 But even him the Gods afflict, a son 675
 Refusing him, who might possess his throne
 Hereafter, for myself, his only heir,
 Pass as a dream, and while I live, instead
 Of solacing his age, here sit, before
 Your distant walls, the scourge of thee and thine. 680
 Thee also, ancient Priam, we have heard
 Reported, once possessor of such wealth
 As neither Lesbos, seat of Macar, owns,
 Nor Eastern Phrygia, nor yet all the ports
 Of Hellespont, but thou didst pass them all 685
 In riches, and in number of thy sons
 But since the Powers of Heaven brought on thy land
 This fatal war, battle and deeds of death
 Always surround the city where thou reign'st
 Cease, therefore, from unprofitable tears, 690
 Which, ere they raise thy son to life again,
 Shall, doubtless, find fresh cause for which to flow
 To whom the ancient king godlike replied
 Hero, forbear No seat is here for me,
 While Hector lies unburned in your camp 695
 Loose him, and loose him now, that with these eyes
 I may behold my son, accept a price
 Magnificent, which may'st thou long enjoy,

And, since my life was precious in thy sight,
 May'st thou revisit safe thy native shore¹ 700
 To whom Achilles, luring, and in wrath¹¹
 Urge me no longer, at a time like this,
 With that harsh note, I am already inclined
 To loose him Thetis; my own mother came
 Herself on that same errand, sent from Jove 705
 Priam! I understand thee well I know
 That, by some God conducted, thou hast reach'd
 Achaia's fleet, for, without aid divine,
 No mortal even in his prime of youth,
 Had dared the attempt, guards vigilant as ours 710
 He should not easily elude, such gates,
 So massy, should not easily unbar
 Thou, therefore, vex me not in my distress,
 Lest I abhor to see thee in my tent,
 And, borne beyond all limits, set at nought 715
 Thee and thy prayer, and the command of Jove
 He said, the old King trembled, and obey'd.
 Then sprang Pelides like a lion forth,
 Not sole, but with his two attendant friends
 Alcimus and Automedon the brave, 720
 For them (Patroclus slain) he honour'd most
 Of all the Myrmidons They from the yoke
 Released both steeds and mules, then introduced
 And placed the herald of the hoary King.
 They lighten'd next the litter of its charge 725
 Inestimable, leaving yet behind
 Two mantles and a vest, that, not unveil'd
 The body might be borne back into Troy
 Then, calling forth his women, them he bade
 Lave and anoint the body, but apart, 730
 Lest haply Priam, noticing his son,
 Through stress of grief should give resentment scope,
 And irritate by some affront himself
 To slay him, in despite of Jove's commands

¹¹ Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown to Priam, still distrusted, and that the impatience of the old king threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what he could not be expected to do willingly

They, therefore, laving and anointing first 735
 The body, cover'd it with cloak and vest ,
 Then, Peleus' son disposed it on the bier,
 Lifting it from the ground, and his two friends
 Together heaved it to the Royal wain
 Achilles, last, groaning, his friend invoked 740
 Patroclus ! should the tidings reach thine ear,
 Although in Ades, that I have released
 The noble Hector at his father's suit,
 Resent it not , nor sordid gifts have paid
 His ransom-price, which thou shalt also share 745
 So saying, Achilles to his tent return'd,
 And on the splendid couch whence he had risen
 Again reclined, opposite to the seat
 Of Priam, whom the Hero thus bespake
 Priam ! at thy request thy son is loosed, 750
 And lying on his bier , at dawn of day
 Thou shalt both see him and convey him hence
 Thyself to Troy But take we now repast ,
 For even bright-hair'd Niobe her food
 Forgat not, though of children twelve bereft, 755
 Of daughters six, and of six blooming sons
 Apollo these struck from his silver bow,
 And those shaft-arm'd Diana, both incensed
 That oft Latona's children and her own
 Numbering, she scorn'd the Goddess who had borne 760
 Two only, while herself had twelve to boast
 Vain boast ! those two sufficed to slay them all
 Nine days they welter'd in their blood, no man
 Was found to bury them, for Jove had changed
 To stone the people , but themselves, at last, 765
 The Powers of Heaven entomb'd them on the tenth
 Yet even she, once satisfied with tears,
 Remember'd food , and now, the rocks among
 And pathless solitudes of Sipylus,
 The rumour'd cradle of the nymphs who dance 770
 On Achelous' banks, although to stone
 Transform'd, she broods her heaven-inflicted woes
 Come, then, my venerable guest ! take we
 Refreshment also , once arrived in Troy

With thy dear son, thou shalt have time to weep 775
 Sufficient, nor without most weighty cause
 So spake Achilles, and, upstarting, slew
 A sheep white-fleeced, which his attendants flay'd,
 And busily and with much skill then task
 Administering, first scored the viands well, 780
 Then pieced them with the spits, and when the roast
 Was finish'd, drew them from the spits again
 And now, Automedon dispensed around
 The polish'd board bread in neat baskets piled,
 Which done, Achilles portion'd out to each 785
 His share, and all assail'd the ready feast
 But when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,
 Dardanian Priam, wond'ring at his bulk
 And beauty, (for he seem'd some God from heaven)
 Gazed on Achilles, while Achilles held 790
 Not less in admiration of his looks
 Benign, and of his gentle converse wise,
 Gazed on Dardanian Priam, and, at length,
 (The eyes of each gratified to the full)
 The ancient King thus to Achilles spake. 795
 Hero¹ dismiss us now each to our bed,
 That there at ease reclined, we may enjoy
 Sweet sleep, for never have these eyelids closed
 Since Hector fell and died, but without cease
 I mourn, and nourishing unnumber'd woes, 800
 Have roll'd me in the ashes of my courts
 But I have now both tasted food, and given
 Wine to my lips, untasted till with thee
 So he, and at his word Achilles bade
 His train beneath his portico prepare 805
 With all dispatch two couches, purple rugs,
 And arras, and warm mantles over all
 Forth went the women bearing lights, and spread
 A couch for each, when feigning needful fear¹²,

¹² Ἐπικεπρομένην. Clarke renders the word in this place *false metū ludens*, and Eustathius says that Achilles suggested such cause of tear to Priam, to excuse his lodging him in an exterior part of the tent. The general import of the Greek word is sarcastic, but here it signifies rather—to intimidate. See also Dacier.

Achilles thus his speech to Priam turn'd 810
 My aged guest beloved! sleep thou without,
 Lest some Achaian Chief (for such are wont
 Oftimes, here sitting, to consult with me)
 Hither repair, of whom should any chance
 To spy thee through the gloom, he would at once 815
 Convey the tale to Agamemnon's ear,
 Whence hindrance might arise, and the release
 Haply of Hector's body be delay'd
 But answer me with truth How many days
 Would'st thou assign to the funereal rites 820
 Of noble Hector, for so long I mean
 Myself to rest, and keep the host at home?
 Then thus the ancient King godlike replied.
 If thou indeed be willing that we give
 Burial to noble Hector, by an act 825
 So generous, O Achilles! me thou shalt
 Much gratify, for we are shut, thou know'st,
 In Ilium close, and fuel must procure
 From Ida's side remote, fear, too, hath seized
 On all our people Therefore thus I say 830
 Nine days we wish to mourn him in the house,
 To his interment we would give the tenth,
 And to the public banquet, the eleventh
 Shall see us build his tomb, and on the twelfth
 (If war we must) we will to war again 835
 To whom Achilles, matchless in the race
 So be it, ancient Priam! I will curb
 Twelve days the rage of war, at thy desire
 He spake, and at his wrist the right hand grasp'd 840
 Of the old Sovereign, to dispel his fear.
 Then in the vestibule the herald slept
 And Priam, prudent both, but Peleus' son
 In the interior tent, and at his side
 Briseis, with transcendent beauty adorn'd
 Now all, all night, by gentle sleep subdued, 845
 Both Gods and chariot-ruling warriors lay,
 But not the benefactor of mankind,
 Hermes, him sleep seized not, but deep he mused
 How likest from amid the Grecian fleet

He might deliver by the guard unseen 850
 The King of Ilium, at his head he stood
 In vision, and the senior thus bespake
 Ah heedless and secure! hast thou no dread
 Of mischief, ancient King, that thus by foes
 Thou sleep'st surrounded, lull'd by the consent 855
 And sufferance of Achilles? Thou hast given
 Much for redemption of thy darling son,
 But thrice that sum thy sons who still survive
 Must give to Agamemnon and the Greeks
 For *thy* redemption, should they know thee here 860
 He ended, at the sound alarm'd uprising
 The King, and roused his herald Hermes yoked
 Himself both mules and steeds, and through the camp
 Drove them incontinent, by all unseen
 Soon as the windings of the stream they reach'd, 865
 Deep-edded Xanthus, progeny of Jove,
 Mercury the Olympian summit sought,
 And saffron-vested morn o'erspread the earth
 They, loud lamenting, to the city drove
 Their steeds, the mules close follow'd with the dead 870
 Nor warrior yet, nor cinctured matron knew
 Of all in Ilium aught of their approach,
 Cassandra sole except She, beautiful
 As golden Venus, mounted on the height
 Of Pergamus, her father first discern'd, 875
 Borne on his chariot-seat erect, and knew
 The herald heard so oft in echoing Troy,
 Him also on his bier outstretch'd she mark'd,
 Whom the mules drew Then, shrieking through the streets
 She ran of Troy, and loud proclaim'd the sight 880
 Ye sons of Ilium and ye daughters, haste,
 Haste all to look on Hector, if ye e'er
 With joy beheld him, while he yet survived,
 From fight returning, for all Ilium erst
 In him, and all her citizens rejoiced 885
 She spake Then neither male nor female more
 In Troy remain'd, such sorrow seized on all
 Issuing from the city-gate, they met
 Priam conducting, sad, the body home,

And, foremost of them all, the mother flew 890
 And wife of Hector to the bier, on high
 Then torn-off tresses with unsparing hands
 They shower'd, while all the people wept around
 All day, and to the going down of day
 They thus had mourn'd the dead before the gates, 895
 Had not their Sovereign from his chariot-seat
 Thus spoken to the multitude around

Fall back on either side, and let the mules
 Pass on, the body in my palace once
 Deposited, ye then may weep your fill 900

He said, they, opening, gave the litter way
 Arrived within the royal house, they stretch'd
 The breathless Hector on a sumptuous bed,
 And singers placed beside him, who should chaunt
 The strain funereal, they with many a groan 905
 The dirge began, and still, at every close,
 The female train with many a groan replied
 Then, in the midst, Andromache white-arm'd
 Between her palms the dreadful Hector's head
 Pressing, her lamentation thus began. 910

My Hero! thou hast fallen in prime of life,
 Me leaving here desolate, and the fruit
 Of our ill-fated loves, an helpless child,
 Whom grown to manhood I despair to see
 For ere that day arrive, down from her height 915
 Precipitated shall this city fall,
 Since thou hast perish'd once her sure defence,
 Faithful protector of her spotless wives,
 And all their little ones Those wives shall soon
 In Grecian barks capacious hence be borne, 920
 And I among the rest But thee, my child!
 Either thy fate shall with thy mother send
 Captive into a land where thou shalt serve
 In sordid drudgery some cruel lord,
 Or haply some Achaian here, thy hand 925
 Seizing, shall hurl thee from a turret-top
 To a sad death, avenging brother, son,
 Or father by the hands of Hector slain,
 For He made many a Grecian bite the ground

Thy father, boy, bore never into fight 930
 A milky mind, and for that self-same cause
 Is now bewailed in every house of Troy
 Sorrow unutterable thou hast caused
 Thy parents, Hector! but to me hast left
 Largest bequest of misery, to whom, 935
 Dying, thou neither didst thy arms extend
 Forth from thy bed, nor gavest me precious word
 To be remember'd day and night with tears
 So spake she weeping, whom her maidens all
 With sighs accompanied, and her complaint 940
 Mingled with sobs Hecuba next began
 Ah Hector! dearest to thy mother's heart
 Of all her sons, much must the Gods have loved
 Thee living, whom, though dead, they thus preserve
 What son soever of our house beside 945
 Achilles took, over the barren Deep
 To Samos, Imbrus, or to Lemnos girt
 With rocks inhospitable, him he sold,
 But thee, by his dread spear of life deprived,
 He dragg'd and dragg'd around Patroclus' tomb, 950
 As if to raise again his friend to life
 Whom thou hadst vanquish'd, yet he raised him not
 But as for thee, thou liest here with dew
 Besprinkled, fresh as a young plant¹³, and more
 Resemblest some fair youth by gentle shafts 955
 Of Phœbus pierced, than one in battle slain
 So spake the Queen, exciting in all hearts
 Sorrow immeasurable, after whom
 Thus Helen, third, her lamentation pou'd
 Ah, dearer far than all my brothers else 960
 Of Priam's house! for being Paris' spouse,
 Who brought me (would I had first died!) to Troy,
 I call thy brothers mine, since forth I came
 From Sparta, it is now the twentieth year,
 Yet never heard I once hard speech from thee, 965
 Or taunt morose, but if it ever chanced,
 That of thy father's house female or male

¹³ This, according to the Scholast, is a probable sense of *προσφατος* —
 He derives it *απο των νεωσι πεφασμενων εκ γης φυτων* — See Villousson

Blamed me, and even if herself the Queen,
 (For in the King, whate'er befell, I found
 Always a father,) thou hast interposed 970
 Thy gentle temper and thy gentle speech
 To soothe them, therefore, with the same sad drops
 Thy fate, oh Hector! and my own I weep,
 For other friend within the ample bounds
 Of Ilium have I none, nor hope to hear 975
 Kind word again, with horror view'd by all
 So Helen spake weeping, to whom with groans
 The countless multitude replied, and thus
 Their ancient Sovereign next his people chaged
 Ye Trojans, now bring fuel home, nor fear 980
 Close ambush of the Greeks, Achilles' self
 Gave me, at my dismissal from his fleet,
 Assurance, that from hostile force secure
 We shall remain, till the twelfth dawn arise
 All, then, their mules and oxen to the wains 985
 Join'd speedily, and under Ilium's walls
 Assembled numerous, nine whole days they toil'd,
 Bringing much fuel home, and when the tenth
 Bright morn, with light for human kind arose,
 Then bearing noble Hector forth with tears 990
 Shed copious, on the summit of the pile
 They placed him, and the fuel fired beneath
 But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,
 Redden'd the East, then, thronging forth, all Troy
 Encompass'd noble Hector's pile around 995
 The whole vast multitude convened, with wine
 They quench'd the pile throughout, leaving no part
 Unvisited, on which the fire had seized
 His brothers, next, collected, and his friends,
 His white bones, mourning and with tears profuse 1000
 Watering their cheeks, then in a golden urn
 They placed them, which with mantles soft they veil'd
 Mæonian-hued, and, delving, buried it,
 And overspread with stones the spot adust.
 Lastly, short time allowing to the task, 1005
 They heap'd his tomb, while, posted on all sides,
 Suspicious of assault, spies watch'd the Greeks

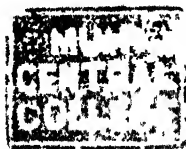
The tomb once heap'd, assembling all again
 Within the palace, they a banquet shared
 Magnificent, by godlike Priam given.

Such burial the illustrious Hector found¹⁴

¹⁴ Ὡς δὲ γ' ἀμφιέπον τάφον Ἑκτορος ἰπποδάμοιο

I cannot take my leave of this noble poem, without expressing how much I am struck with this plain conclusion of it. It is like the exit of a great man out of company whom he has entertained magnificently, neither pompous nor familiar, not contemptuous, yet without much ceremony. I recollect nothing, among the works of mere man, that exemplifies so strongly the true style of great antiquity.

END OF THE ILIAD



J. BILLING,
 PRINTER AND STEREOTYPING,
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